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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE:

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VOLUME the SIXTH.

CONTAINING,

KING LEAR.
TIMON of ATHENS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
MACBETH.
CORIOLANUS.

LONDON:

Printed *for* J. *and* R. Tonſon, H. Woodfall, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, L. Hawes, Clarke *and* Collins, T. Longman, W. Johnſton, T. Caſlon, C. Corbet, T. Lownds, *and the* Executors *of* B. Dod.

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THE

LIFE *and* DEATH

OF

KING *LEAR.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEAR, *King of* Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ſter.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, *Son to* Glo'ſter.
Edmund, *Baſtard Son to* Glo'ſter.
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Doctor.
Fool.
Oſwald, *Steward to* Gonerill.
A Captain, employ'd by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ſter.
Servant to Cornwall.
1ſt. } *Servants to* Glo'ſter.
2d. }

Gonerill, }
Regan, } *Daughters to* Lear.
Cordelia, }

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE *lies in* Britain.

KING *LEAR.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *the King's Palace.*

Enter Kent, Glo'ſter, *and* Edmund *the Baſtard.*

KENT.

I Thought, the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* than *Cornwall.*

Glo. It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the Diviſion of the Kingdom, it appears not, which of the Dukes he values moſt; for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my lord?

Glo. His Breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, Sir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I have a ſon, Sir, by order of law, ſome year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came ſomewhat ſaucily to the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good ſport at his making, and the whoreſon muſt be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmund?*

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of *Kent*;——
Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy your deſerving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again. [*Trumpets ſound, within.*
The King is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Glo'ſter.*

Glo. I ſhall, my Liege. [*Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe.
Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided,
In three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our faſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age;
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl tow'rd death. Our ſon of *Cornwall*,
And you, our no leſs loving ſon of *Albany*,
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſev'ral Dow'rs, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their am'rous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell me, daughters,
(Since now we will diveſt us, both of rule,
Int'reſt of territory, cares of ſtate;)
Which of you, ſhall we ſay, doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon.

Gon. I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* do? love and be ſilent.
[*Aſide.*

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, ev'n from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champions rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and *Albany*'s iſſue
Be this perpetual.—What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*? ſpeak.

Reg. I'm made of that ſelf-metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth, in my true Heart. (1)
I find, ſhe names my very deed of love;
Only ſhe comes too ſhort: that I profeſs
Myſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highneſs' love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia!*
And yet not ſo, ſince, I am ſure, my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue. [*Aſide.*

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;
No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Than that conferr'd on *Gonerill.*—Now our joy,
Although our laſt, not leaſt; to whoſe young love,
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be int'reſs'd: what ſay you, to draw
A third, more opulent than your ſiſters? ſpeak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

(1) *And prize me at her worth. In my true heart.*] Mr. *Biſhop* preſcrib'd the pointing of this paſſage, as I have regulated it in the text. *Regan* would ſay, that in the truth of her heart and affection, ſhe equals the worth of her ſiſter. Without this change in the pointing, ſhe makes a *boaſt of herſelf without* any cauſe aſſign'd.

Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; ſpeak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majeſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſs.
Lear. How, how, *Cordelia?* mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return thoſe duties back, as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay,
They love you, all? hap'ly, when I ſhall wed,
That lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all.——
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower:
For by the ſacred radiance of the ſun,
The myſteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation, meſſes
To gorge his appetite; ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my ſometime daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege——
Lear. Peace, *Kent!*
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt

On

On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my ſight!—
[*To* Cor.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who ſtirs?
Call *Burgundy*.——*Cornwall* and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dowers, digeſt the third.
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my Power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majeſty. Our ſelf by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King:
The ſway, revenue, execution,
Beloved ſons, be yours; which to confirm,
This Cor'onet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*
Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs——
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad: what would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? to plainneſs Honour
Is bound, when Majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy State; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs; with my life I anſwer,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thy foes; nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my ſight!
Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*——
Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.
Lear. O vaſſal! miſcreant!——
[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.
Kent. Kill thy phyſician, and thy fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe; revoke thy doom,
Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou doſt evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear;)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world;
And, on the ſixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our Kingdom; if, the tenth day following,
Thy baniſh'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! By *Jupiter*,
This ſhall not be revok'd.
Kent. Fare thee well, King; ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and baniſhment is here;
The gods to their dear ſhelter take thee, maid,
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid;
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may ſpring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll ſhape his old courſe in a country new. [*Exit.*

Enter Glo'ſter, *with* France *and* Burgundy, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord. (2)

(2) Cor. *Here*'s France, *and* Burgundy, *my noble lord.*] The generality of the editions, ancient and modern, ſtupidly place this verſe to *Cordelia*. But I have, upon the authority of the old 4to, reſtor'd it to the right owner, *Glo'ſter*; who was, but a little before, ſent by the King to conduct *France* and *Burgundy* to him.

Lear. My lord of *Burgundy*,
We firſt addreſs tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at leaſt
Will you require in preſent dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of love?

Bur. Moſt royal Majeſty,
I crave no more than what your Highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was dear to us, we held her ſo;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If aught within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.

Bur. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowr'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir;
Election makes not up on ſuch conditions. [me,

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made
I tell you all her wealth.——For you, great King,
[*To* France.
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you,
T' avert your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch, whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, who ev'n but now was your beſt object,
Your Praiſe's argument, balm of your age,
Deareſt and beſt; ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! ſure, her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it; (3) or your fore-voucht affection
Fal'n

(3) *As monſtrous is,*] *This bald* reading is a modern ſophiſtication: *the eldeſt and beſt copies* read; That

Fal'n into taint; which to believe of her,
Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty.
(If, for I want that glib and oily art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A ſtill ſolliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though, not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadſt not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke,
That it intends to do? my lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the lady? love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtand
Aloof from th' intire point. Say, will you have her?
She is herſelf a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your ſelf propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing: —— I've ſworn.

Bur. I'm ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,

That monſters *it*——
i. e. that makes a monſter, a prodigy, of it: And our poet uſes this verb elſewhere in ſuch a ſenſe. So *Albany*, afterwards in this play, ſays to *Gonerill*, his wife;

Thou chang'd, and ſelf-converted thing! for ſhame,
Be-monſter not thy features.

And ſo, in *Coriolanus*;

I'd rather have one ſcratch my head i' th' Sun,
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my nothings *monſter'd.*

Since

Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich, being poor,
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:
Be't lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dow'rleſs daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:
Not all the Dukes of wat'riſh *Burgundy*
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious, maid of me.
Bid them farewel, *Cordelia*, tho' unkind;
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her, *France*; let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch daughter; nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benizon:
Come, noble *Burgundy*. [*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt* Lear
[*and* Burgundy.

France. Bid farewel to your ſiſters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your profeſſing boſoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewel to you both.

Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the Want that you have wanted. (4)

(4) *And well are worth the* Want *that you have* wanted.] This is a very obſcure expreſſion, and muſt be pieced out with an implied ſenſe, to be underſtood. This I take to be the poet's meaning, ſtript of the jingle which makes it dark; "You well deſerve to meet with that "*Want* of love from your huſband, which you have profeſs'd to *want* "for our father."

Cor.

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair *Cordelia.*

[*Exeunt* France *and* Cor.

Gon. Siſter, it is not little I've to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both;
I think, our father will go hence to night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little; he always lov'd our ſiſter moſt, and with what poor judgment he hath now caſt her off, appears too groſsly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look, from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardneſs, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent*'s baniſhment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between *France* and him; pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' th' heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Caſtle belonging to the Earl of *Glo'ſter.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a Letter.*

Edm. THOU, *Nature*, art my Goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound; wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom, and permit
The curteſy of nations to deprive me, (5)

For

(5) *The* nicety *of nations.*] This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading, *ex Cathedra*; for it has the ſanction of none of the copies, that I have met with.

They

For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moon-ſhines
Lag of a brother? Why *baſtard?* wherefore *baſe?*
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my ſhape as true:
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take (6)
More compoſition and fierce quality;
Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,

They all, indeed, give it us, by a fooliſh corruption,——*the* Curioſity *of nations*; but I ſome time ago prov'd, that our Author's word was, *Curteſy*. So, again, in *As You like it*;

The *curteſy of nations* allows you my better, in that you are the *firſt born*.

And again, in *Cymbeline*, this word ſtands for *Birth-right*;

——————aye hopeleſs
To have the *curteſy* your cradle promis'd.

Nor muſt we forget that tenure in our laws, whereby ſome lands are held by the *Curteſy* of *England*. And I ought to take notice, that I had the concurrence of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*, who hinted to me this very emendation, before he knew I made it.

(6) *Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature,*] Theſe fine lines are a very ſignal proof of our author's admirable art, in giving proper ſentiments to his characters. And ſuch a proof, as hath in it ſomething very extraordinary. The *Baſtard*'s character is that of a confirm'd atheiſt; and the poet's making him ridicule *judicial Aſtrology* was deſign'd as one inſtance of that character: For that impious juggle had a religious reverence paid it at that time: and *Shakeſpeare* makes his beſt characters in this very play, own and acknowledge the force of the ſtars influence. The poet, in ſhort, gives an atheiſtical turn to all his ſentiments; and how much the lines, following this, are in this character, may be ſeen by that ſtrange monſtrous wiſh, which *Vanini*, the infamous *Neapolitan* atheiſt, made in his tract *De Admirandis Naturæ*; printed at *Paris* in 1616, the very year that our author dy'd. "*O!* "*Utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum eſſem pro reatu! Ita* "*enim progenitores mei* in venerem incaluiſſent ardentiùs, *ac* cumula- "tim affatimque generoſa Semina contuliſſent; *e quibus ego formæ* "*blanditiam et elegantiam, robuſtas corporis vires, mentemque innubilam* "*conſequutus fuiſſem. At quia* Conjugatorum ſum ſobole, his orbatus "ſum bonis."——Now had this book been publiſh'd ten years before, who would not have ſworn that *Shakeſpeare* hinted at this paſſage? But the divinity of his genius here, as it were, foretold what ſuch an atheiſt, as *Vanini* was, would ſay, when he wrote upon this ſubject. Mr. *Warburton*.

Got

Got 'tween a-ſleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your land;
Our father's love is to the baſtard *Edmund*,
As to th' legitimate; fine word—legitimate—
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall be th' legitimate.—I grow, I proſper;
Now, Gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

To him, Enter Glo'ſter.

Glo. Kent baniſh'd thus! and *France* in choler parted!
And the King gone to-night! ſubſcrib'd his pow'r!
Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone
Upon the gad!—*Edmund*, how now? what news?

Edm. So pleaſe your lordſhip, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelf. Let's ſee; come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain, or give it; the contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] *This policy and reverence of ages makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny; which ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would ſleep,*

ſleep, till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother Edgar.——Hum ——Conſpiracy!——ſleep, 'till I wake him——you ſhould enjoy half his revenue——My ſon *Edgar!* had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durſt ſwear, it were his; but in reſpect of that, I would fain think, it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as a ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, deteſted, brutiſh villain! worſe than brutiſh! Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord; if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, 'till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certain courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction: and that, without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Edm. Nor is not, ſure.

Glo. To his Father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him——Heav'n and Earth! *Edmund*, ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom. I would unſtate myſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Edm. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently: convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us; tho' the wiſdom of nature can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds itſelf ſcourg'd by the frequent effects. Love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in Palaces, treaſon; and the bond crack'd 'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's ſon againſt father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders follow us diſquietly to our graves! Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully——and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* baniſh'd! his offence, Honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exit.*

Manet Edmund.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſurfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon and ſtars (7); as if we were villains on neceſſity; fools, by heavenly compulſion; knaves,

(7) *We make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon, and ſtars:*] It was the opinion of *judicial aſtrologers*, that whatſoever good diſpoſitions the infant, unborn, might be endow'd with, either from nature or traductively from its parents; yet if, at the hour of birth, its delivery was by any caſual accident ſo accelerated, or retarded, that it fell in with the predominancy of a malignant conſtellation; that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities.——This was ſo wretched and monſtrous an opinion, that it well deſerved and was well fitted for the laſh of ſatire.

Mr. *Warburton.*

thieves,

thieves, and treacherous, by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of whore-maſter Man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a ſtar! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Urſa major*; ſo that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I ſhould have been what I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Pat!——he comes, like the Cataſtrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villanous Melancholy, with a ſigh like *Tom* o' *Bedlam*—O, theſe eclipſes portend theſe diviſions! fa, ſol, la, me——

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſy your ſelf with that?

Edm. I promiſe you, the effects, he writes of, ſucceed unhappily. When ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourſelf, wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his preſence, until ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchief of your perſon it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear; I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower: and as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord ſpeak: pray you,

go

go, there's my key: if you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; I am no honeſt man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [*Exit.*

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs.
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſy: I ſee the buſineſs.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE, the Duke of *Albany*'s Palace.

Enter Gonerill, *and Steward.*

Gon. DID my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick.
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe.
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to queſtion.
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd: Idle old Man, (8)

That

(8) *Idle old Man,*] The following lines, as they are fine in themſelves, and very much in character for *Gonerill*, I have reſtor'd from the

That ſtill would manage thoſe Authorities,
That he hath giv'n away!—Now, by my Life,
Old Fools are Babes again; and muſt be uſed
With checks, like flatt'rers when they're ſeen t'abuſe us.
Remember, what I have ſaid.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it, no matter; adviſe your fellows ſo: I'll write ſtrait to my ſiſter to hold my courſe: prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to an open Place before the Palace.

Enter Kent *diſguis'd.*

Kent. IF but as well I other accents borrow,
And can my ſpeech diffuſe, my good intent (9)
May carry thro' itſelf to that full iſſue,
For which I raz'd my likeneſs. Now, baniſh'd *Kent*,
If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy maſter, whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

the old 4to. The laſt verſe, which I have ventur'd to amend, is there printed thus;

With Checks, like Flatt'ries *when they are ſeen* abus'd.

(9) *And can my ſpeech* diſuſe,] This reading we deriv'd firſt from Mr. *Rowe*'s edition; and from thence it has taken poſſeſſion in the two impreſſions given us by Mr. *Pope*. But the poet's word was certainly, *diffuſe:* And *Kent* would ſay, "If I can but ſo ſpread out my "accents," (*de telle ſorte eſpandre*, as the *French* term it;) "vary my "tone, and utterance, ſo *widely* from what it uſed to be as to *diſguiſe* "it; &c." And *diffuſed* in this ſenſe of *obſolete, diſguiſed*, our poet has more than once employ'd.

Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once,
With ſome *diffuſed* ſong:—— Merry Wives *of* Windſor.
To ſwearing, and ſtern looks, *diffus'd* attire,
King *Henry* Vth.
Vouchſafe, *diffus'd* infection of a man,
King *Richard* IIId.

Horns

Horns within. Enter Lear, *Knights and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner, go, get it ready: How now, what art thou? [*To* Kent.

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? what would'ſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly, that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe and ſays little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eat no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beeſt as poor for a ſubject, as he is for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner——where's my knave? my fool? go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Enter

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you—— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? call the clotpole back: where's my fool, ho?——I think, the world's aſleep: how now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my Judgment, your Highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your Highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſs; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not ſeen him theſe two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into *France*, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would ſpeak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my lord's knave!——you whoreſon dog, you ſlave, you cur.

Stew.

Stew. I am none of theſe, my lord; I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you raſcal?

[*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away, go to: have you wiſdom? ſo.— [*Puſhes the Steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'ſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part, that is out of favour; nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? would, I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my ſelf; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.———

Fool. Truth's a dog muſt to kennel, he muſt be whip'd out, when the lady brach may ſtand by th' fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech. [*To* Kent.

Lear.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throweſt,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't; can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. [*To* Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool!——

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet one?

Lear. No lad, teach me. [Land, (10)

Fool. That Lord, that counſel'd thee to give away thy
Come, place him here by me! do Thou for him ſtand;
The ſweet and bitter Fool will preſently appear,
The One, in motley here; the Other, found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou waſt born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith; Lords, and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to myſelf, they'll be ſnatching.

(10) Fool. *That Lord, that counſel'd thee* ——] Theſe four lines I have reſtor'd from the old 4to; and, ſurely, the retrenchment of them by the players was very injudicious. For, without them, how very abſurdly does *Lear reply, Doſt thou call me fool, boy?*

Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg: when thou cloveſt thy Crown i' th' middle and gav'ſt away both parts, thou bor'ſt thine aſs on thy back o'er the dirt; thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden one away: if I ſpeak like myſelf in this, let him be whip'd that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools ne'er had leſs grace in a year, [*Singing.*
For wiſemen are grown foppiſh;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, e'er ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thine own breeches,

Then they for ſudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*
And I for ſorrow ſung;
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchool-maſter that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, ſirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, ſometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i' th' middle: here comes one o' th' parings.

To them, Enter Gonerill,

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without

out a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.——Yes, forſooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To* Gonerill.] ſo your face bids me, tho' you ſay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. [*Singing.*
That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.
I thought by making this well known unto you,
T' have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what yourſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance; if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which elſe were ſhame,) that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-ſparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit off by its Young;
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter? [wiſdom,

Gon. I would, you would make uſe of your good
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an aſs know when the cart draws the horſe? whoop, *Jug*, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not *Lear:*
Does *Lear* walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargied——Ha! waking——'tis not ſo;
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Lear's ſhadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of ſovereignty, of knowledge, and of reaſon,
I ſhould *be falſe perſuaded I* had daughters.

Your name, fair gentlewoman?——

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o' th' ſavour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you,
To underſtand my purpoſes aright.
You, as you're old and reverend, ſhould be wiſe.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd and bold,
That this our Court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd Palace. Shame itſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
‡ Of fifty to diſquantity your train;
And the remainders, that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſes, call my train together.——
Degen'rate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſorder'd rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

To them, Enter Albany. [come?

Lear. Woe! that too late repents—O, Sir, are you
Is it your will, ſpeak, Sir? prepare my horſes.—
[*To* Albany.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter,

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt. [*To* Gonerill,
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their names. O moſt ſmall fault!

‡ A little *is the common reading; but it appears, from what* Lear *ſays in the next Scene, that this number fifty was requir'd to be cut off, which (as the editions ſtood) is no where ſpecify'd by* Gonerill. *Mr.* Pope.

How

How ugly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew?
Which, like an engine, wrencht my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear!*
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I'm guiltleſs, as I'm ignorant,
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be ſo, my lord——
Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddeſs, hear a Father!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With candent tears fret chanels in her cheeks: (11)
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel,
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs child.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourſelf to know of it:
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope,
That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?——

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

(11) *With* cadent *tears*,] Mr. *Warburton* very happily here ſuſpects our author wrote, *candent*; as an epithet of much more energy, and more likely to effect *Lear*'s imprecation He brings in confirmation, what the king ſays preſently after;

That theſe hot tears, *that break from me perforce*,
And what he ſays towards the end of the 4th act:

——but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own *tears*
Do *ſcald* like *molten lead*.

Lear. I'll tell thee——life and death! I am aſham'd,
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus;
[*To* Gon.
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.——blaſts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curſe (12)
Pierce every ſenſe about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo: I have another daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever. [*Ex.* Lear *and attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, *Goneril*,
To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, *Oſwald*, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.

Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the fool with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter,
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

(12) *Th'* untender *woundings,*] I have here reſtor'd the reading of all the genuine copies, which Mr. *Pope* had degraded; as it ſeems the moſt expreſſive, and conveys an image exactly ſuiting with the poet's thought. 'Tis true, *untender* ſignifies, *ſharp*, *ſevere*, *harſh*, and all the oppoſites to the idea of *tender*. But as a wound *untented* is apt to rankle inwards, ſmart, and feſter, I doubt not, but *Shakeſpeare* meant to intimate here; that a father's curſe ſhall be a wounding of ſuch a ſharp, inveterate nature, that nothing ſhall be able to *tent* it; i. e. to ſearch the bottom, and help in the cure of it. We have a paſſage in *Cymbeline*, that very ſtrongly confirms this meaning.

I've heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater wound,
Nor *tent* to *bottom* that.

Gon.

Gon. This man hath had good counſel,——a hundred
'Tis politick, and ſafe, to let him keep [Knights!
A hundred Knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy. *Oſwald*, I ſay.
Alb. Well, you may fear too far;——
Gon. Safer than truſt too far.
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be harm'd. I know his heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;
If ſhe'll ſuſtain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have ſhew'd th' unfitneſs——

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oſwald?*
What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?
Stew. Ay, Madam.
Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe;
Inform her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own,
As may compact it more. So get you gone,
And haſten your return. [*Exit Steward.*
——— No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleneſs and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at taſk for want of wiſdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay, then———
Alb. Well, well, th' event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Court-yard belonging to the Duke of *Albany's* Palace.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, *Gentleman and Fool.*

Lear. GO you before to *Glo'ſter* with theſe letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of

the letter; if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not ſleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee, thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly; for though ſhe's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'ſt tell, boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Can'ſt thou tell, why one's noſe ſtands i' th' middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either ſide one's noſe; that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong——

Fool. Can'ſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature: ſo kind a father! be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon, why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldſt make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce!——monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have been old, 'till thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet heav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, A Caſtle belonging to the Earl of *Glo'ſter.*

Enter Edmund *and* Curan, *ſeverally.*

EDMUND.

SAVE thee, *Curan.*

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whiſper'd ones; for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Edm. The Duke be here to-night! the better! beſt! This weaves itſelf *perforce* into my buſineſs;

My father hath ſet guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy queſtion
Which I muſt act: briefneſs, and fortune work!
Brother, a word; deſcend; Brother, I ſay;——

To him, Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night——
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornwall?*
He's coming hither, now i' th' night, i' th' haſte,
And *Regan* with him; have you nothing ſaid
Upon his Party 'gainſt the Duke of *Albany?*
Adviſe yourſelf.

Edg. I'm ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me——
In cunning, I muſt draw my ſword upon you——
Draw, ſeem to defend yourſelf.
Now quit you well——
Yield——come before my father—light hoa, here!——
Fly, brother—Torches!—ſo farewel— [*Ex.* Edg.
Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opinion.
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour. I've ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport. Father! father!
Stop, ſtop, no help?——

To him, Enter Glo'ſter, *and ſervants with torches.*

Glo. Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain?

Edm. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the moon
To ſtand 's auſpicious miſtreſs.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund?*

Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could--

Glo. Purſue him, ho! go after. By no means, what—

Edm. Perſuade me to the murder of your lordſhip;
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainſt Parricides did all the thunder bend,

Spoke

Spoke with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to th' father.—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnat'ral purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared ſword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd my arm;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarmed ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught
And found; diſpatch—the noble Duke my maſter,
My worthy and arch-patron, comes to-night; (13)
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murd'rous coward to the ſtake:
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing Baſtard! do'ſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? no; what I ſhould deny,—
(As this I would, although thou did'ſt produce
My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs
To make thee ſeek it. [*Trumpets within.*

Glo. O ſtrange, faſten'd, villain!
Would he deny his letter?——I never got him.——

(13) *My worthy* arch and *patron*] I can meet with no authority of this word uſed in this manner, to ſignify, my prince, my chief; but always as an epitatic particle prefix'd and annex'd to another noun: and therefore I have ventur'd to ſuppoſe a tranſpoſition of the copulative, and that we ought to read, *arch-patron*, as *arch-duke*, *arch-angel*, *arch-biſhop*, &c.

Hark,

Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:
All Ports I'll bar; the villain ſhall not 'ſcape;
The Duke muſt grant me that; beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the Kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
(Loyal and natural Boy!) I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard ſtrange news,
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort,
Which can purſue th' offender; how does my lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar?*
Glo. O lady, lady, Shame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights,
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, Madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that conſort.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expence and waſte of his revenues.
I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them; and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, aſſure thee, *Regan;*
Edmund, I hear, that you have ſhewn your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he purſued?
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe. As for you, *Edmund,*
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth this inſtant

So

So much commend itſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Natures of ſuch deep Truſt we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Edm. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir,
Truly, however elſe.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to viſit you—

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon threading dark-ey'd night; (14)
Occaſions, noble *Glo'ſter*, of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice.——
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of diff'rences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home: the ſev'ral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſom; and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſſes,
Which crave the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you, Madam:
Your Graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kent, *and Steward, ſeverally.*

Stew. Good evening to thee, friend; art of this houſe?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipſbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

(14) ——threading *dark-ey'd night.*] I have not ventur'd to diſplace this reading, tho' I have great ſuſpicion that the poet wrote,
——treading *dark-ey'd night.*
i. e. travelling in it. The other carries too obſcure, and mean an alluſion. It muſt either be borrow'd from the cant-phraſe of *threading of alleys*, i. e. going thro' bye-paſſages to avoid the high ſtreets; or to *threading* a *needle* in the *dark.*

Kent.

Kent. A knave, a raſcal, an eater of broken meats, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred-pound, filthy worſted-ſtocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, knave; a whorſon, glaſs-gazing, ſuperſerviceable finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd in way of good ſervice; and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the ſon and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'ſt me? is it two days ago, ſince I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o' th' moonſhine of you; you whorſon, cullionly, barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal; you come with letters againſt the King; and take Vanity, the Puppet's part, againſt the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks—draw, you raſcal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!———

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue, ſtand, you neat ſlave, ſtrike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!———

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Edm. How now, what's the matter? Part——

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe; come, I'll fleſh ye; come on, young maſter.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies, that ſtrikes again; what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your valour; you cowardly raſcal! nature diſclaims all ſhare in thee: a taylor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow; a taylor make a man?

Kent. I, a taylor, Sir; a ſtone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him ſo ill, tho' they had been but two hours o' th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd at ſuit of his grey beard——

Kent. Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter! my lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wagtail!—

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhou'd wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain (15)
Too

(15) *Like rats, oft bite the* holy *cords atwaine,*
Which are t' intrince, t' unlooſe;] Thus the firſt editors blunder'd this paſſage into unintelligible nonſenſe. Mr. *Pope* ſo far has diſengag'd them, as to give us plain ſenſe; but by throwing out the epithet *holy*, 'tis evident, he was not aware of the poet's fine meaning. I'll firſt eſtabliſh and prove the reading; then explain the alluſion. Thus the poet gave it;

Like rats, oft bite the holy *cords in twain,*
Too 'intrinſicate *t' unlooſe*——

This word again occurs in our author's *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, where ſhe is ſpeaking to the aſpick;

——————— Come, mortal wretch;
With thy ſharp teeth this knot *intrinſicate*
Of life at once untie.

And we meet with it in *Cynthia's Revels* by *Ben. Jonſon.*

Yet there are certain *puntilio's*, or (as I may more nakedly inſinuate them) certain *intrinſicate* ſtrokes and wards, to which your activity is not yet amounted; &c.

It means, inward, hidden; perplext; as a knot, hard to be unravell'd; it is deriv'd from the *Latin* adverb *intrinſecus*; from which, the

Too 'intrinſicate t' unlooſe: ſooth every paſſion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry Gale and Vary of their maſters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptick viſage!
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon *Sarum*-plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*. (16)

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? ſay that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave.

Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? what is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtand on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,——

the *Italians* have coin'd a very beautiful phraſe, *intrinficarſi col uno*, i. e, to grow intimate with, to wind one ſelf into another. And now to our author's ſenſe. *Kent* is rating the ſteward, as a parafite of *Gonerill*'s; and ſuppoſes very juſtly, that he has fomented the quarrel betwixt that princeſs and her father: in which office, he compares him to a ſacrilegious rat: and by a fine metaphor, as Mr. *Warburton* obſerved to me, ſtiles the union between parents and children the *holy cords*.

(16) ——— *cackling home to* Camelot.] As *Sarum*, or *Saliſbury*, plain is mention'd in the preceding verſe, I preſume this *Camelot* to be that mention'd by *Holingſhead*, and call'd *Camaletum*, in the marſhes of *Somerſetſhire*, where there was an old tradition of a very ſtrong *Caſtle*. *Langham* in his account of queen *Elizabeth*'s reception at *Kenilworth*, ſays, from king *Arthur*'s acts, that that Prince kept his royal court at *Camelot*: but whether this be the place already mention'd, or ſome other of that name in *Wales*, or the *Camelot* in *Sterling*-County in *Scotland*, I am not able to ſay.

An

An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth;
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aſpect,
Whoſe influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering *Phœbus'* front——

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much: I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he, that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his maſter very lately
To ſtrike at me upon his miſconſtruction;
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his diſpleaſure,
Tript me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man, that
That worthied him; got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting who was ſelf-ſubdu'd;
And, in the fleſhment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of theſe rogues and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks.
You ſtubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your Stocks for me, I ſerve the King;
On whoſe employment I was ſent to you.
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I have *life and honour, there* ſhall he ſit 'till noon.

Reg.

Reg. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord, and all night too.
Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not uſe me ſo.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*
Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame nature
Our ſiſter ſpeaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.
Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace not to do ſo;
His fault is much, and the good King his maſter
Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and the meaneſt wretches
For pilf'rings, and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſh'd with. The King muſt take it ill,
That he, ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrain'd.
Corn. I'll anſwer that.
Reg. My Siſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs ——
[Kent *is put in the Stocks.*
Come, my lord, away. [*Exeunt* Regan *and* Cornwall.
Glo. I'm ſorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor ſtop'd. I'll intreat for thee.
Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;
Give you good morrow.
Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit.*
Kent. Good King, that muſt approve the common Saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,
[*Looking up to the moon.*
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruſe this letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles,
But miſery. I know, 'tis from *Cordelia*;
Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. I ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate, and ſeek to give

Loſſes

Loſſes their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; ſmile once more, turn thy wheel.
[*He ſleeps.*

SCENE changes to a part of a Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I'VE heard myſelf proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
That Guard and moſt unuſual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and the pooreſt ſhape,
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elfe all my hair in knots; (17)
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and preſident
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,

(17) ——————put *all my hair in knots*;] This is a modern reading: All the old copies intended to read, and the firſt *folio* actually does;

——————elfe *all my hair in knots.*

i. e. twiſt it in the manner of *elfe-locks*: i. e. hairs ſo intricately interwove, as not to be diſengag'd; and by ſuperſtition ſuppos'd to have been twiſted by *Elves*, or *Fairies*. We find them mention'd in our author's *Romeo* and *Juliet*;

That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
And cakes the *elf-locks* in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

And in the induction to *Ben. Jonſon's Magnetick Lady.*

——————But if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot or *elf-lock*; which nothing but the ſheers, or a candle, will undo or ſeparate.

Poor

Poor pelting villages, ſheep-coats and mills,
Sometimes with lunatick bans, ſometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity; poor *Turlygood!* poor *Tom!*——
That's ſomething yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes, again, to the Earl of *Glo'ſter*'s Caſtle.

Enter Lear, *Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'TIS ſtrange, that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble maſter!
Lear. Ha! mak'ſt thou thy ſhame thy paſtime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horſes are ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over-luſty at legs, then he wears wooden nether ſtocks.
Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtook,
To ſet thee here?
Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I ſay.
Kent. I ſay, yea.
Lear. By *Jupiter*, I ſwear, no.
Kent. By *Juno*, I ſwear, ay.
Lear. They durſt not do't.
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murder,
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe, this uſage,
Coming from us?
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſs' letters to them,

Ere

Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking Poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his miſtreſs, ſalutation;
Deliver'd letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read: on whoſe contents
They ſummon'd up their meiny, ſtrait took horſe;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poiſon'd mine;
(Being the very fellow, which of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſaucily againſt your Highneſs,)
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries:
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geeſe fly that way.
Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolours from
Thy dear daughters, as thou canſt tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother ſwells up tow'rd my heart!
Hyſterica paſſio, —— down, thou climbing ſorrow,
Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within,

Lear. Follow me not; ſtay here. [*Exit.*

Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you ſpeak of?

Kent. None;
How chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?

Fool. An thou hadſt been ſet i' th' ſtocks for that queſtion, thou'dſt well deſerved it?

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an Ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i' th' winter. All, that follow

their

their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking—let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe man gives thee better counſel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That Sir, which ſerves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the ſtorm:
But I will tarry, the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' th' Stocks, fool.

Enter Lear *and* Glo'ſter.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? they're ſick, they're weary,
They have travell'd all the night? mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Bring me a better anſwer——

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke:
How unremoveable, and fixt he is
In his own courſe.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!——
Fiery? what fiery quality? why, *Glo'ſter*,
I'd ſpeak with th' Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them ſo.

Lear. Inform'd them? doſt thou underſtand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornwall*, the dear father
Wou'd with his daughter ſpeak; commands her ſervice:
Are they inform'd of this?—my breath and blood!——
Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke, that—
No, but not yet; may be, he is not well;

Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourſelves,
When Nature, being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man.—Death on my ſtate! but wherefore
Should he ſit here? this Act perſuades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my ſervant forth;
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd ſpeak with them:
Now, preſently,—bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, ſleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. Oh me, my heart! my riſing heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the Eels, when ſhe put them i' th' Paſty alive; ſhe rapt 'em o' th' coxcombs with a ſtick, and cry'd, down wantons, down; 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindneſs to his horſe butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good-morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace! [Kent *is ſet at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſs.

Lear. Regan, I think, you are; I know, what reaſon
I have to think ſo; if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'reſs. O, are you free? [*To* Kent.
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan,*
Thy ſiſter's nought: oh *Regan,* ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here;
[*Points to his heart.*
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality—oh *Regan!*—

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope,
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.

Lear,

Lear. Say? How is that?——

Reg. I cannot think, my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,
She have reſtrain'd the riots of your followers;
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſom end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curſes on her!——

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine; you ſhould be rul'd and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you yourſelf: therefore, I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Aſk her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark, how this becomes the Uſe? (18)
Dear daughter, I confeſs, that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.

Lear. Never, *Regan:*
She hath abated me of half my train;

(18) *Do you but mark how this becomes the* houſe?] This phraſe is to me unintelligible, and ſeems to ſay nothing to the purpoſe: Neither can it mean, as I conceive, how this becomes the order of families. *Lear* would certainly intend to reply, how does aſking my daughter's forgiveneſs become me as a father, and agree with common faſhion, the eſtabliſh'd rule and cuſtom of nature? And therefore it ſeems no doubt to me, but the poet wrote, as I have alter'd the text. Let us examine, how he has expreſs'd elſewhere upon this ſentiment. *Alonſo* ſays, in the *Tempeſt*;

But, oh, how *oddly* will it ſound, that I
Muſt *aſk* my *child forgiveneſs?*

And *Volumnia*, in *Coriolanus*, ſays to her ſon;

I kneel before thee, and *unproperly*
Shew *duty* as *miſtaken* all the while
Between the *child* and *parent.*

Now what is *odd*, and *improper*, and *miſtaken*, muſt be concluded to be againſt rule and cuſtom: And that *Shakeſpeare* employs *Uſe* in this ſignification, is too obvious to want a proof.

Look'd

Look'd blank upon me; ſtruck me with her tongue, (19)
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful Top! ſtrike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!——
Corn. Fie, Sir! fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! infect her beauty,
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful ſun
To fall, and blaſt her pride.
Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.
Lear. No, *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted nature ſhall not give (20)
Thee

(19) *Look'd* black *upon me,*] This is a phraſe which I do not underſtand; neither have I any where elſe met with it. But to *look blank* is a known expreſſion, ſignifying, either to give diſcouraging looks to another, or to ſtand diſmay'd and diſappointed one's-ſelf. The poet means here, that *Regan* gave him *cold looks*, as he before phraſes it in this play. In *Hamlet*, he has chang'd the adjective into a verb;

Each oppoſite, that *blanks* the face of joy.

Milton (a ſtudious imitator not only of our poet's words, but phraſes;) often uſes *blank* in our author's ſenſe here;

There without ſign of boaſt, or ſign of joy,
Sollicitous and *blank*, he thus began. Par. Reg. B. 2.
And with confuſion *blank* his worſhippers. Sampſ. Agoniſt.
And noble grace, that daſh'd brute violence;
With ſudden adoration and *blank* awe,
Maſque *at* Ludlow-*Caſtle.*
——*Adam*, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by *Eve*, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood and *blank*. Par. Loſt. B. 9.

And in another paſſage, with an equivalent expreſſion;

Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion *dimm'd* his face. Ibid. B. 4.

(20) *Thy* tender-hearted *nature*] This, as I preſume, was Mr. *Pope*'s ſophiſtication; I have reſtored from the old copies, *tender-hefted*; (which, I am ſatisfied, was the poet's word) i. e. whoſe boſom is *heav'd* with tender paſſions. So in *Winter's Tale.*

——————But if one preſent
Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides,
With violent *hefts.*

Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And, in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in. Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of courteſy, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o' th' Kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpoſe. [*Trumpet within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's: this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my ſight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my ſervant? *Regan*, I've good hope,
Thou didſt not know on't. ——Who comes here?
O Heav'ns,
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway (21)
Hallow obedience, if yourſelves are old,

Make

And again afterwards in the ſame play;

——'Tis ſuch as you,
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do figh
At each his needleſs *heavings*.

So, ſpeaking of *Cordelia*'s grief, in our preſent play,

Once, or twice,
She *heav'd* the name of father
Pantingly forth.

And ſo the *Dauphin*, in King *John*.

Lift up thy brow, renowned *Saliſbury*;
And with a great heart *heave* away this ſtorm.

(21) ——— *if your ſweet ſway*
Allow *obedience*,] Could any man in his ſenſes, and *Lear* has 'em yet, make it a queſtion whether heaven *allow'd* obedience? undoubtedly, the

Make it your cauſe; ſend down and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage terms ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—how came my man i' th' Stocks?
Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.
Lear. You? did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her? and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuſe (22)
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;
To wage, againſt the enmity o' th' air,
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like penſion beg,
To keep baſe life a-foot;—Return with her?
Perſuade me rather to be ſlave, and ſumpter,
To this deteſted groom.
Gon. At your choice, Sir.

the poet wrote----hallow *obedience*,----i. e. if by your ordinances you hold and pronounce it *ſanctified*; and puniſh the violators of it as ſacrilegious perſons. Mr. *Warburton*.

(22) ---------- *and chuſe*
To wage againſt the enmity o' th' air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch.] The breach of the ſenſe here is a manifeſt proof, that theſe lines were tranſpos'd by the firſt editors: Neither can there be any ſyntax or grammatical coherence, unleſs we ſuppoſe *Neceſſity's ſharp pinch* to be the accuſative to *wage*. As I've plac'd the verſes, the ſenſe is fine and eaſy; and the ſentence compleat and finiſh'd.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another;
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-ſore, or imboſſed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove.*
Mend, when thou can'ſt; be better, at thy leiſure.
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*;
I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether ſo;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo——
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſince both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number: how in one houſe
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chanc'd to ſlack ye,
We could controul them; if you'll come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all———

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd

With

With ſuch a number; muſt I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't again, my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked: Not being worſt,
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe; I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What needs one?
Lear. O, reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſts. Thou art a Lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,
You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!
You ſee me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you, that ſtir theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger; (23)

O

(23) *touch me with noble anger.*] It would puzzle one at firſt, to find the ſenſe, and drift, and coherence of this petition. For if the gods ſent this affliction for his puniſhment, how could he expect that they would defeat their own deſign, and aſſiſt him to revenge his injuries by *touching him with noble anger?* This queſtion cannot well be anſwer'd, without going a little further than ordinary for the ſolution. We may be aſſured then, that *Shakeſpeare* had here in his mind thoſe opinions the ancient poets held of the misfortunes of particular families. They tell us, that when the anger of the gods (for any act of impiety) was rais'd againſt an offending family, that their method of puniſhment was this: firſt, they inflamed the breaſts of the children to unnatural acts againſt their parents; and then, of the parents againſt their children; that they might deſtroy one another: and that both theſe outrages were the acts of the gods. To conſider

O let not womens weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both, (24)
That all the world ſhall——I will do ſuch things,
What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth: you think, I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep. I have full cauſe of weeping:
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws,
Or ere I weep. O fool, I ſhall go mad.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Glo'ſter, Kent *and* Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.

[*Storm and tempeſt.*

Reg. This houſe is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well beſtow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himſelf from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of *Glo'ſter?*

Enter Glo'ſter.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth;——he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whither.

Lear as alluding to this, makes his prayer exceeding pertinent and fine. Mr. *Warburton.*

(24) *I will have ſuch revenges on you both,*
That all the world ſhall-----] This fine abrupt breaking off, and ſuppreſſion of paſſion in its very height, (a figure, which the *Greek* rhetoricians have call'd, ἀποσιώπησις) is very familiar with our author, as with other good writers, and always gives an energy to the ſubject. That, by *Neptune* in the firſt book of the *Æneis*, is always quoted as a celebrated inſtance of this figure:

Quos ego-----Sed motos præſtat componere fluctus.

What *Lear* immediately ſubjoins here, *I will do ſuch things,----What they are, yet I know not-----*ſeems to carry the viſible marks of imitation.

----------Magnum eſt quodcunque paravi;
Quid ſit, adhuc; dubito. Ovid. *Metam.* l. 6.
----------Haud, quid ſit, ſcio;
Sed grande quiddam eſt. Senec. *in Thyeſt.*

Corn.

Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way, he leads himſelf.
Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to ſtay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on: and the high winds
Do ſorely ruffle, for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.
Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their ſchool-maſters: ſhut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſp'rate train;
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night.
My *Regan* counſels well: come out o' th' ſtorm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, A Heath.

A ſtorm is heard with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman, ſeverally.*

KENT.

WHO's there, beſides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.
Kent. I know you, where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea;
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or ceaſe: tears his white hair,
(Which the impetuous blaſts with eyeleſs rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.)
Strives in his little World of Man t' outſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,

The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their furr dry; unbonnetted he runs,
And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's diviſion
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:
Who have (as who have not, whom their great ſtars (25)
Thron'd and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs;
Which are to *France* the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes;
Or the hard rein, which both of them have borne
Againſt the old kind King; or ſomething deeper,
(Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings——)
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret ſea
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhew their open banner—Now to you,
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to *Dover*, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance of you,
Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

(25) *Who have, as who have not,*---] The eight ſubſequent verſes were degraded by Mr. *Pope*, as unintelligible, and to no purpoſe. For my part, I ſee nothing in them but what is very eaſy to be underſtood; and the lines ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to clear up the motives, upon which *France* prepar'd his invaſion: nor without them is the *ſenſe of* the context compleat.

For

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
(As, fear not, but you ſhall) ſhew her that ring,
And ſhe will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King, (in which you take
That way, I this:) he that firſt lights on him,
Hollow the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Storm ſtill. Enter Lear *and Fool.*

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout
'Till you have drencht our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins ſpill at once (26)
That make ingrateful man.

Fool.

(26) *Crack nature's mould, all* germains *ſpill at once.*] Thus all the editions have given us this paſſage, and Mr. *Pope* has explain'd *germains*, to mean, *relations*, or *kindred* elements. Then it muſt have been *germanes* (from the *Latin* adjective, *germanus*;) a word more than once uſed by our author, tho' always falſe ſpelt by his editors. So, in *Hamlet*;

The phraſe would be more *germane* to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides:

And ſo in *Othello*;

You'll have your nephews neigh to you; You'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for *germanes*.

But the poet means here, "Crack nature's mould, and ſpill all "the *ſeeds of matter*, that are hoarded within it." To retrieve which ſenſe, we muſt write *germins*; (a ſubſtantive deriv'd from *germen*, σπορὰ: as the old gloſſaries expound it;) and ſo we muſt again in *Macbeth*;

——Tho' the treaſure
Of nature's *germins* tumble all together,
Ev'n till deſtruction ſicken.

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry houſe is better than the rain-waters out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and aſk thy daughters bleſſing: here's a night, that pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain;
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure;—here I ſtand, your ſlave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good head-piece:
The cod-piece that will houſe, before the head has any;
The head and he ſhall louſe; ſo beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his ſleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a wiſe man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wand'rers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: ſince I was man,

And to put this emendation beyond all doubt, I'll produce one more paſſage, where our author not only uſes the ſame thought again, but the word that aſcertains my explication. In *Winter's Tale*;

Let nature cruſh the ſides o' th' earth together,
And marr the *ſeeds* within.

Such

Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, (27)
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou Perjure, and thou Simular of virtue, (28)
That art inceſtuous: caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming,
Haſt practis'd on man's life!—Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and aſk
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.—I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How doſt, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myſelf. Where is the ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;

(27) Tremble, *thou wretch,*] Thus *Juvenal* in his 13th ſatire;

Hi *funt qui* trepidant, *& ad omnia fulgura* pallent,
Cum tonat; &c.

(28) *Thou* perjur'd, *and thou ſimular man of virtue,*] The firſt *Folio* leaves out *man* in this verſe; and, I believe, rightly to the poet's mind. He would uſe a ſimular of virtue to ſignify, a falſe pretender to it; a diſſembler, that would make an outward ſhew of it: as he elſewhere employs *perjure* ſubſtantively, for a perjur'd creature.

So in *Love's Labour loſt*;

Why, he comes like a *Perjure*, wearing papers.

And ſo, in his *Troubleſom Reign* of King *John*, in two parts;

But now black-ſpotted *Perjure* as he is.

Poor

Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart,
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has an a little tyny wit,
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy: come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exit.*

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a curtezan.
I'll ſpeak a prophecy, or ere I go;
When prieſts are more in words than matter,
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their taylors tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches ſuitors;
When every caſe in law is right,
No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i' th' field,
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then ſhall the realm of *Albion*
Come to great confuſion:
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy *Merlin* ſhall make, for I do live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE, An apartment in *Glo'ſter*'s caſtle.

Enter Glo'ſter, *and* Edmund.

Glo. ALack, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I deſired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe; charg'd me, on pain of perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtain him.

Edm. Moſt ſavage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; ſay you nothing. There is diviſion between

tween the Dukes, and a worſe matter than that: I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken; (I have lock'd the letter in my cloſet:) theſe injuries, the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; (†) we muſt incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he aſk for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no leſs is threaten'd me, the King my old maſter muſt be relieved. There are ſtrange things toward, *Edmund*; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courteſy, forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that letter too.
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father loſes; no leſs than all.
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to a part of the Heath, with a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, *and Fool.*

Kent. HEre is the place, my Lord; good my Lord, enter;
The tyranny o' th' open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

(†) *There is part of a power already landed.*] This reading, notwithſtanding Mr. *Pope*'s declaration in his preface, is not *ex fide Codicum*. All the authentick copies read, *footed*, i. e. on foot, on their march. If this gentleman's nice ear was offended at the word in this place, how came he to let it paſs undiſturb'd in ſome others? As, for inſtance, afterwards in this play;

And what confed'racy have you with the traitors,
Late *footed* in the kingdom?

And again, in *Henry* Vth.

Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is *footed in this land already.*

Lear.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my Lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' th' mouth; when the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't?——But I'll puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more—In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out?—pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill,*
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all——
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that.——

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe:
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more——but I'll go in,
In, boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs poverty——
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep——
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! take phyſick, Pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heavens more juſt. [*Tom.*

Edg. within. Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit; help me, help me. [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays, his name's poor *Tom.*

Kent.

Kent. What art thou, that doſt grumble there i' th' ſtraw? come forth.

Enter Edgar, *diſguis'd like a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this? (29)

Edg.

(29) *Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?*] Here *Lear*'s madneſs firſt begins to break out. His mind, long beating on his afflictions, had laid a preparation for his frenzy: and nothing was wanting but ſuch an object as *Edgar*, to ſet it on work, as it were by ſympathy. In this our author has ſhewn an exquiſite knowledge of nature; as he has, with no leſs propriety, diſtinguiſh'd the King's *real*, from the other's *aſſum'd* paſſion. What *Lear* ſays, for the moſt part, ſprings either from the ſource and fountain of his diſorder; the injuries done him by his daughters; or his deſire of being reveng'd on them. What *Edgar* ſays, ſeems a fantaſtick wildneſs, only extorted to diſguiſe ſenſe, and to blunt the ſuſpicion of his concealment. This makes it, that we are always moſt ſtrongly affected with the King's madneſs, as we know it to be a real diſtreſs. But tho' what *Edgar* ſays, ſeems extravagance of thought, and the coinage of the poet's brain only, to the end already mention'd; yet I'll venture to aſſure my readers, his whole frenzy is ſatire levell'd at a modern fact, which made no little noiſe at that period of time: and conſequently, muſt have been a rapturous entertainment to the ſpectators, when it was firſt preſented. The ſecret is this: While the *Spaniards* were preparing their armado againſt *England*, the *Jeſuits* were here buſily at work to promote the ſucceſs by making converts. One method they uſed, to do this, was to diſpoſſeſs pretended demoniacks of their own church: by which artifice, they made ſeveral hundred converts among the common people, and grew ſo elate upon their ſucceſs, as to publiſh an account of their exploits in this wonderful talent of *exorciſing*. A main ſcene of their buſineſs, in this ſeeming-holy diſcipline, lay in the family of one Mr. *Edmund Peckham*; where *Marwood* a ſervant of *Antony Babington*'s, (who was afterwards executed for treaſon) *Trayford* an attendant upon Mr. *Peckham*, and *Sarah* and *Friſwood Williams* and *Anne Smith* (three chambermaids in that family) were ſuppoſed to be poſſeſs'd by devils, and came under the hands of the prieſts for their cure. The parties either ſo little lik'd the diſcipline, or the jeſuits behav'd with ſuch ill addreſs, that the conſequence was, the impoſture was diſcover'd: the demoniacks were examin'd; and their confeſſions taken upon oath before the privy council. The whole matter being blown up, the criminals

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom?* whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe, over four inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor, —bleſs thy five wits; *Tom's* a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de;—bleſs thee from whirl-winds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking; do poor *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs?
Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? did'ſt thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd nature

criminals brought to the ſtake, and the trick of *devil-hunting* brought into ridicule; Dr. *Harſenet* (who was chaplain to archbiſhop *Bancroft*, and himſelf afterwards archbiſhop of *York*) wrote a ſmart narrative of this whole proceeding under the following title: "A declaration of "egregious popiſh impoſtures, to withdraw the hearts of her majeſ-"ty's ſubjects from their allegiance, *&c.* under the pretence of caſt-"ing out devils, practis'd by *Edmunds*, alias *Weſton*, a jeſuit; and "divers *Romiſh* prieſts, his wicked aſſociates. Whereunto are an-"nex'd the copies of the confeſſions and examinations of the parties "themſelves, which were pretended to be poſſeſs'd and diſpoſſeſs'd, "*&c.* Printed by *James Roberts*, in 1603."——This tranſaction was ſo riſe in every body's mouth, upon the acceſſion of King *James* the 1ſt to the crown; that our poet thought proper to make his court, by helping forward the ridicule of it. I need only obſerve now, that *Edgar* thro' all his frenzy ſuppoſes himſelf poſſeſs'd by fiends; and that the greateſt part of his diſſembled lunacy, the names of his devils, and the deſcriptive circumſtances he alludes to in his own caſe, are all drawn from this pamphlet, and the confeſſions of the poor deluded wretches. The addreſs of our author in this popular piece of ſatire, and that excentrick madneſs he has built upon it, made me imagine, the ſtating a fact, ſo little known, might apologize for the length of this note on the occaſion.

To

To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill, alow, alow, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' th' foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly; ſwear not; commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet-heart on proud array. *Tom*'s a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind; that (30) curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her: ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n. One that ſlept

(30) ——*that curl'd my hair, wore* gloves *in my cap*;] A learned gentleman, whom I have no privilege to name, intimated to me, that *Shakeſpeare*'s reading muſt have been----*wore* cloves *in my cap*,---alluding to the prevailing mode, in thoſe days, among the ſpruce gallants, of quilting *ſpices* and other perfumes within the linings of their hats. I thought it but juſtice to mention a hint ſo ſerviceably deſign'd; tho', with deference, I muſt be oblig'd to diſſent in opinion, and think that the text calls for no alteration. It was a frequet cuſtom to wear gloves in the hat, upon three different motives; either as the favour of a miſtreſs; in honour of ſome other reſpected friend; or as a mark to be challeng'd by an adverſary where a duel was depending. And to this cuſtom in all theſe three caſes, has our author at different times alluded. King *Richard* II.

His anſwer was, he would unto the ſtews,
And from the common'ſt creature pluck a *glove*,
And wear it as a *favour*.

King *Henry* V.

Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this *glove* with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an *honour* in thy *cap*.

And, again, in the ſame play.

K. *Henry*. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my *bonnet*; then if ever thou durſt *acknowledge* it, I will make it my *quarrel*.

Will. Here's my *glove*.

in the contriving luſt, and awak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lender's books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ſays ſuum, mun, nonny, dolphin, my boy, boy, *Seſſey:* let him trot by. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies. Is man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing itſelf; unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings: come, unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to ſwim in. Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old letcher's heart, a ſmall ſpark, and all the reſt on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the firſt cock; he gives the web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

St. *Withold* footed thrice the *Wold*; (31)
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,

(31) Swithold *footed thrice the* old,] What idea the editors had, or whether any, of *footing the old*, I cannot pretend to determine. My ingenious friend Mr. *Biſhop* ſaw it muſt be *Wold*, which ſignifies a down, or champion ground, hilly and void of wood. And as to St. *Withold*, we find him again mention'd in our author's *troubleſom reign* of King *John*, in two parts:

Sweet St. *Withold*, of thy lenity,
Defend us from extremity.

Bid

Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Enter Glo'ſter, *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you ſeek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for ſallets; ſwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and ſtock-puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body;

Horſe to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer
Have been *Tom*'s food for ſeven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, *Smolkin*, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkneſs is a gentleman, *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my Lord, is grown ſo vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. *Tom*'s a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
T' obey in all your Daughters hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out,
And bring you, where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt, let me talk with this Philoſopher;——
What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord, take his offer,
Go into th' houſe.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned *Theban*:
What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear.

Lear. Let us aſk you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord, His Wits begin t' unſettle.

Glo. Can'ſt thou blame him? [*Storm ſtill.*

His Daughters ſeek his death: ah, that good *Kent!* He ſaid, it would be thus; poor baniſh'd man!— Thou ſay'ſt, the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend, I'm almoſt mad myſelf; I had a ſon, Now out-law'd from my blood; he ſought my life, But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend, No father his ſon dearer: true to tell thee, The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this? I do beſeech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir: Noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him; I will keep ſtill with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian.*

Glo. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came, His word was ſtill, fy, foh, and fum, I ſmell the blood of a *Britiſh* man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Glo'ſter*'s Caſtle.

Enter Cornwall, *and* Edmund.

Corn. I Will have revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Edm. How, my Lord, I may be cenſur'd, that Nature thus gives way to loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's

brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death: but a provoking merit, ſet a-work by a reprovable badneſs in himſelf.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt? this is the letter, which he ſpoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. Oh heavens! that this treaſon were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of *Gloſter:* ſeek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully--[*aſide.*] I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Chamber, in a Farm-houſe.

Enter Kent *and* Glo'ſter.

Glo. HEre is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindneſs!

Enter Lear, Edgar, *and Fool.*

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkneſs: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend. (32)

(32) Fraterrito *cal's me,*] As Mr. *Pope* had begun to inſert ſeveral ſpeeches in the mad way, into this ſcene, from the old edition; I have ventur'd to replace ſeveral others, which ſtand upon the ſame footing, and had an equal right of being reſtor'd.

Fool.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman, that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em——

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, the health of a horſe, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign 'em ſtrait.
Come ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer;
Thou ſapient Sir, ſit here—now, ye ſhe-foxes!—

Edg. Look, where ſhe ſtands and glares. Wanteſt thou eyes
At tryal, Madam?
Come o'er the Broom, *Beſſy*, to me.

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak
Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in *Tom*'s belly for two white herrings. Croak not black angel I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? ſtand you not ſo amaz'd;
Will you lye down, and reſt upon the cuſhions?

Lear. I'll ſee their tryal firſt, bring me in the evidence.
Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke fellow of equity,
Bench by his ſide. You are o' th' commiſſion, ſit you too.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly.——
Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly Shepherd?
Thy Sheep be in the Corn;
And for one Blaſt of thy minikin Mouth,
Thy Sheep ſhall take no Harm.

Purre, the cat, is grey.

Lear. Arraign her firſt, 'tis *Gonerill.* I here take my Oath before this honourable Aſſembly, ſhe kick'd the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, Miſtreſs, is your name *Gonerill?*

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-ſtool.

Lear. And here's another, whoſe wrapt looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, arms, ſword, fire,—Corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-heart*; ſee, they bark at me—

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them; avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,
Hound or ſpaniel, brache, or hym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: *Seſſey*, come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market towns; poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize *Regan*——ſee what breeds about her heart——Is there any cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay, they are *Perſian*; but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ſter.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lye here and reſt a while.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains;
So, ſo, we'll go to ſupper i' th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the King, my maſter?

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

Glo.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter.
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppreſt Nature ſleeps: (33)
This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,
Which, if conveniency will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy maſter;
Thou muſt not ſtay behind. [*To* Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the* King.

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i' th' mind;
Leaving free things, and happy ſhows behind:
But then the mind much ſuff'rance does o'erſkip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.
How light, and portable, my pain ſeems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—*Tom*, away;
Mark the high noiſes, and thyſelf bewray,
When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy juſt proof repeals, and reconciles thee.

(33) —— *oppreſt Nature ſleeps:*] Theſe two concluding ſpeeches by *Kent* and *Edgar*, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have reſtored from the old quarto. The ſoliloquy of *Edgar* is extremely fine; and the ſentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the ſubject. Beſides, with regard to the ſtage it is abſolutely neceſſary: For as *Edgar* is not deſign'd, in the conſtitution of the play, to attend the king to *Dover*; how abſurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the ſcene without one word ſaid, or the leaſt intimation what we are to expect from him?

What

What will, hap more to night; ſafe ſcape the King!
Lurk, lurk.—— [*Exit* Edgar.

SCENE changes to *Gloſter*'s Caſtle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund *and Servants.*

Corn. POſt ſpeedily to my Lord your huſband, ſhew him this letter; the army of *France* is landed; ſeek out the traitor *Glo'ſter*.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure, *Edmund*, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges, we are bound to take upon your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke, where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our Poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear ſiſter; farewel, my lord of *Glo'ſter*.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of *Glo'ſter* hath convey'd him hence. Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights, Hot Queſtriſts after him, met him at gate; Who with ſome other of the Lords dependants, Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boaſt To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewel, ſweet Lord, and ſiſter. [*Exeunt* Gon. *and* Edm.

Corn. Edmund, farewel:—go ſeek the traitor *Glo'ſter*; Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us: Though well we may not paſs upon his life Without the form of juſtice; yet our pow'r Shall do a court'ſy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not controul.

Enter Glo'ſter, *brought in by Servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?
Reg. Ungrateful fox! 'tis he.
Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms. [conſider.
Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my Friends,
You are my Gueſts: Do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I ſay. [*They bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!
Glo. Unmerciful Lady as you are! I'm none.
Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou ſhalt find—
Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor?
Glo. Naughty Lady,
Theſe hairs, which thou doſt raviſh from my chin,
Will quicken and accuſe thee; I'm your Hoſt;
With robber's hands, my hoſpitable favours
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from *France?*
Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitors,
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whoſe hands
Have you ſent the lunatick King? ſpeak.
Glo. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning——
Reg. And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?
Glo. To *Dover.*
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Waſt thou not charg'd, at peril——
Corn. Wherefore to *Dover?* let him firſt anſwer that.
Glo. I am ty'd to th' ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce ſiſter

In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: (34)
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, "good porter, turn the key;
All cruels else subscrib'd; but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine, I'll set my foot.

[Glo'ster *is held down, while* Cornwall *treads out one of his eyes.*

Glo. He that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help.——O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance——

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I've serv'd you, ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

(34) *And quench'd the* steeled *fires.*] The sagacious editors have all blunder'd in this word without the least variation: It is indisputable, that the author must have wrote.

And quench'd the stelled *fires.*

i. e the starry fires; an adjective coin'd from *Stella.* The *Romans* form'd both a participle active, and adjective passive from this word.

——*extemplo, cælo* stellante, *serena*
Sidera respondent in aqua radiantia mundi. Lucret. l. 4.
Hinc illum Corythi Tyrrhenâ *ab sede profectum*
Aurea nunc solio stellantis *regia cæli*
Accipit; Virg. *Æn.* 7.
——*atque illi* stellatus *Jaspide fulva*
Ensis erat. Idem. *Æn.* 4.

I am aware, that neither *stellans*, nor *stellatus* are entirely adequate in sense, or usage, to *stelled* in our author. As the word, however is aptly deriv'd, I hope, *Shakespeare* will stand protected by *Horace*'s precept;

Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura *novum.*

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Fight*; *in the Scuffle* Cornwall *is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy ſword. A peaſant ſtand up thus?

[*Kills him.*

Serv. Oh, I am ſlain—my Lord, you have one eye leſt
To ſee ſome miſchief on him. Oh— [*Dies.*

Corn. Leſt it ſee more, prevent it; out, vile gelly:
Where is thy luſtre now? [*Treads out the other eye.*

Glo. All dark and comfortleſs--where's my ſon *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain.
Thou call'ſt on him, that hates thee: It was he,
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and proſper him!

Reg. Go thruſt him out
At gates, and let him ſmell his way to *Dover*.

[*Ex. with* Glo'ſter.

How is't, my lord? how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, Lady.—
Turn out that eyeleſs villain; throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghil.——*Regan*, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit* Corn. *led by* Regan.

1ſt. Serv. I'll never care what wickedneſs I do, (35)
If this man come to good.

2d. Serv. If ſhe live long,
And, in the end, meet the old courſe of death,
Women will all turn monſters.

1ſt. Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the bedlam

(35) *I'll never care what wickedneſs I do*;] This ſhort dialogue I have inſerted from the old quarto, becauſe I think it full of nature. Servants, in any houſe, could hardly ſee ſuch a barbarity committed on their maſter, without reflections of pity; and the vengeance that they preſume muſt overtake the actors of it, is a ſentiment and doctrine *well worthy* of the ſtage.

To

To lead him where he would; his roguiſh madneſs
Allows itſelf to any thing.

2d Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch ſome flax and whites of eggs
T' apply to's bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, An open Country.

Enter Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be *worſt* (36)
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the *beſt*;
The *worſt* returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the *worſt*,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.

Enter Glo'ſter, *led by an old man.*

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world! (37)
But

(36) ——*To be* worſt,
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of fortune.] This ſentiment is ſo much a-kin to a paſſage in *Ovid*, that it ſeems to be copied directly from it.

——Fortuna *miſerrima tuta* eſt;
Nam *timor* eventûs *deteriorit abeſt.*

Epiſt. 2. *lib.* 2. *ex* Ponto.

(37) ——*World, world, O world!*
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate *thee,*] The reading of this paſſage, as it has thus ſtood in all the editions, has been endeavour'd to be explain'd ſeverally into a meaning; but not ſatisfactorily. Mr. *Pope*'s mock-reaſoning upon it has already been rallied in print, ſo I forbear to revive it: and the gentleman, who then advanced a comment *of his own upon the paſſage*, has ſince come over to my emendation.

But that thy ſtrange Mutations make us wait thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant,
And your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean ſecures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.——O dear ſon *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath;
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch, (38)
I'd ſay, I had eyes again!

Old

dation. My explanation of the poet's ſentiment was, "If the num-
"ber of changes and viciſſitudes, which happen in life, did not make
"us *wait*, and hope for ſome turn of fortune for the better, we
"could never ſupport the thought of living to be old, on any other
"terms." And our duty, as human creatures, is piouſly inculcated in this reflection of the author. *Apollodorus*, the comic poet, has left us a moral precept, upon which *Shakeſpeare*'s reflection might have very well been grounded.

Οὐ δεῖ σ' ἀθυμεῖν τὸν καλῶς πράττοντα δεῖ,
Ἄνδρες, τὰ βέλτιν δὲ προσδοκᾶν ἀεί.

No body, good people, ought to deſpond under misfortunes, but always *wait* for a better *turn*.

(38) *Might I but live to* ſee thee in my touch,] I cannot but take notice, that theſe fine *boldneſſes* of expreſſion are very infrequent in our *Engliſh* poetry, tho' familiar with the *Greeks* and *Latins*. We have paſs'd another ſignal one in this very play.

Such *ſheets of fire*, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have *heard*.

For tho' the verb *hear* properly anſwers to the *thunder*, the *wind*, and *rain*; yet it does not ſo, but figuratively, to the *ſheets of fire*. I have obſerv'd an inſtance of this *ſimplex* loſt, exactly parallel, in the *Hero* and *Leander* of *Muſæus* the grammarian.

Κηχόμενόν τε Λέανδρον, ὁμῶς καὶ λύχνον ἀκοῦσαι.

I *hear* Leander *ſwim*, the candle *burn*.

The elder ſcholiaſt upon *Æſchylus* tells us very judiciouſly, [μεταγαγὲ τὰς αἰσθήσεις πρὸς τὸ ἐνεργέστερον] that the transferring the properties *of one ſenſe to another*, was uſed to add the greater force and energy.

His

Old Man. How now? who's there?
Edg. O gods! who is't can ſay, I'm at the worſt?
I'm worſe, than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom.*
Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.
Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.
Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I' th' laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man, a worm. My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him. I've heard more ſince.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods;
They kill us for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the trade muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring itſelf and others.—Bleſs thee, maſter.
Glo. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my Lord.
Glo. Get thee away: if, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I' th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad. [blind:
Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't, what will. [*Exit.*
Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

His remark is upon this paſſage in the *Seven Captains* before *Thebes*;

Κτύπον δέδορκα,
Πάταγόν τ' ἀχ ἑνὸς δορός.
Alack! I *ſee* the *ſound*, the dreadful *craſh*,
Not of a ſingle ſpear.

The late learned Dr. *Gataker*, in his treatiſe upon the *ſtyle* of the *New Teſtament*, has amaſs'd examples of this figure in holy writ, as well as from heathen writers, both *Greek* and *Latin*.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold;—I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I muſt;
Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to *Dover?*

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way and foot-path: poor *Tom* hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits. Bleſs thee, good man, from the foul fiend. (39) Five fiends have been in poor *Tom* at once; of luſt, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididen*, prince of dumbneſs; *Mahu*, of ſtealing; *Mohu*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women. [plagues

Glo. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heavens
Have humbled to all ſtrokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous, and luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he does not feel, feel your power quickly;
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough. Do'ſt thou know *Dover?*

Edg. Ay, maſter.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery, thou do'ſt bear,
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

(39) *Five fiends have been in poor* Tom *at once;*] This paſſage Mr. *Pope* firſt reſtor'd from the old 4to; but miſerably mangled, as it is there. I have ſet it right, as it came from our author, by the help of biſhop *Harſenet*'s pamphlet, already quoted. We find there, all theſe devils were in *Sarah* and *Friſwood Williams*, Mrs. *Peckham*'s two chamber-maids; and particularly *Flibbertigibbet*, who made them *mop* and *mow* like apes, ſays that author. And to their ſuppos'd *poſſeſſion*, our poet is here ſatirically alluding.

SCENE,

SCENE, the Duke of *Albany*'s Palace.

Enter Gonerill, *and* Edmund.

Gon. WElcome, my Lord. I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your master?
Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed:
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of *Glo'ster*'s treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer; our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, *Edmund*, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: you ere long shall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My most dear *Glo'ster*! [*Exit* Edmund.
Oh, the strange difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due,
My fool usurps my body.
Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
You are not worth the duſt, which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your diſpoſition:
That nature, which contemns its originè,
Cannot be border'd certain in itſelf;
She that herſelf will ſliver, and diſbranch, (40)
From her maternal ſap, perforce muſt wither, (41)
And come to deadly uſe.

Gon.

(40) *She that herſelf will* ſhiver, *and diſbranch,*] *Shiver*, in this place ſhould bear the ſenſe of *diſbranch*; whereas it means, to ſhake; to fly a-pieces into ſplinters; in which ſenſe he afterwards uſes the word in this act;

Thou'd'ſt *ſhiver'd* like an egg;

So that we may be aſſured, he would not have uſed the word in ſo contrary and falſe a ſenſe here; eſpecially, when there is a proper word to expreſs the ſenſe of *diſbranching*, ſo near this in ſound, and which he uſes in other places, and that is, *ſliver*: which, without doubt, is the true reading here. So in *Macbeth*;

——and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;

And, again, in *Hamlet*;

There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious *Sliver* broke;

Mr. *Warburton.*

The old 4to reads *ſiver*. But I owed this note to my friend's ſagacity, who never once ſaw that copy. On the other hand, what an inſtance is it of Mr. *Pope*'s inaccuracy in collation, who firſt added this paſſage from the old *Quarto*?

(41) *From her* material *ſap*,] Thus the old 4to; but *material ſap*, I own, is a phraſe that I don't underſtand. The *mother tree* is the true technical term; and conſidering our author has ſaid but juſt above, *That nature, which contemns its* originè, there is little room to queſtion but he wrote,----*From her* maternal *ſap*.

And ſo our beſt claſſical writers.

Hic plantas *tenero abſcindens de* corpore matrum; Virg.

And again,

Cum ſemel in ſylvis ima de ſtirpe reciſum
Matre caret,——

And *Valerius Flaccus*;

Quæ neque jam frondes, viridesque proferet umbras,
Eſt ſemel aſt avulſa jugis, & matre *peremta.*

And

Gon. No more; 'tis fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile;
Filths ſavour but themſelves—What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Moſt barb'rous, moſt degenerate, have you madded.
Cou'd my good brother ſuffer you to do it,
A man, a Prince by him ſo benefited?
If that the heav'ns do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour, from thy ſuffering: that not know'ſt, (42)
Fools do theſe villains pity, who are puniſh'd
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy drum?
France ſpreads his banners in our noiſeleſs land,
With plumed helm thy ſlayer begins his threats;
Whilſt thou, a moral fool, ſit'ſt ſtill, and cry'ſt,
"Alack! why does he ſo?———

Alb. See thyſelf, devil:
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd, and ſelf-converted thing! For ſhame, (43)

And *Seneca* in his *Trojan* Captives.

Quæ tenera cæſo virga *de trunco ſtetit,*
Par ipſa matri——

And more inſtances I might have produced from *Rutgerſius*, in his *Variæ Lection.* l. 4. c. 16.

(42) ——*that not know'ſt,*
Fools do theſe villains pity,] This I have retriev'd from the firſt *Quarto*. It ſeems firſt to have been retrench'd by the players, for brevity's ſake; but, beſides that the lines are fine, they admirably diſplay the taunting, termagant diſpoſition of *Gonerill*, and paint out her contempt of her huſband's mild pacifick ſpirit.

(43) *Thou chang'd, and ſelf-converted thing!*] This reply of *Albany* to his imperious wife was likewiſe retrench'd; but ought not for the future to be loſt to our author.

Be-monſter not thy feature. Were't my fitneſs
To let theſe hands obey my [boiling] blood,
They're apt enough to diſlocate and tear
Thy fleſh and bones.——Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee.——
Gon. Marry, your manhood now!——

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh, my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall*'s dead;
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of *Glo'ſter*.
Alb. Glo'ſter's eyes!
Meſ. A ſervant, that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act; bending his ſword
To his great maſter: who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.
Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You juſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But O poor *Glo'ſter!*
Loſt he his other eye?
Meſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This letter, madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer:
'Tis from your ſiſter.
Gon. One way, I like this well;
But being widow, and my *Glo'ſter* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not ſo tart. I'll read, and anſwer. [*Exit.*
Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?
Meſ. Come with my Lady hither.
Alb. He's not here.
Meſ. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?
Meſ. Ay, my good Lord, 'twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the houſe of purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.
Alb. Glo'ſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the King,

And

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
Tell me, what more thou know'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Dover.*

Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman.*

Kent. THE King of *France* ſo ſuddenly gone back? Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his return was moſt requir'd and neceſſary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Mareſchal of *France*, Monſieur *le Far.*

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gent. Ay, Sir, ſhe took 'em, read 'em in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd, ſhe was a Queen
Over her paſſion, which, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be King o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.——

Gent. But not to rage. Patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt: you have ſeen
Sun-ſhine and rain at once:—her ſmiles and tears (44)
Were

(44) —— *her ſmiles and tears*
Were like a better day.] Mr. *Pope*, who thought fit to reſtore this ſcene from the old 4to, tacitly ſunk this paſſage upon us, becauſe he did not underſtand it. Indeed, it is corrupt; and he might have done himſelf ſome honour in attempting the cure; but *rhyme* and *criticiſm*, he has convinc'd us, do not always center in the ſame perſon. My friend Mr. *Warburton* with very happy ſagacity ſtruck out the emendation, which I have inſerted in the text. And in confirmation of it I muſt obſerve, that it is very familiar with our poet, in the deſcription of perſons, to allude to the ſeaſons of the year. To give a few inſtances; *Much Ado about Nothing.*

Deſpight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth and bloom of luſtihood.

Rich. 2d.

My Queen to *France*, from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet *May*;
Sent back, like *Hallowmas*, or ſhorteſt day.

Timon

Were like a wetter *May*. Thoſe happieſt ſmiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?

Gent. Yes, once, or twice, ſhe heav'd the name of *Father*
Pantingly forth, as if it preſt her heart.
Cry'd, ſiſters! ſiſters!—Shame of Ladies! ſiſters!
Kent! Father! ſiſters! what? i' th' ſtorm? i' th' night?
Let pity ne'er believe it!—there ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes;
And, clamour-motion'd, then away ſhe ſtarted (45)
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. —It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us, govern our conditions:
Elſe one ſelf-mate and mate could not beget
Such diff'rent iſſues. Spoke you with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Timon of *Athens*;

She whom the ſpittle-houſe and ulc'rous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To th' *April* day again.

Hamlet;

——————O roſe of *May!*
Dear maid! kind-ſiſter! &c.

(45) *And clamour*-moiſten'd,] This paſſage, again, Mr. *Pope* ſunk upon us; and for the ſame reaſon, I ſuppoſe. Mr. *Warburton* diſcover'd likewiſe, that this was corrupt: for tho' *clamour*, (as he obſerves,) may diſtort the mouth, it is not wont to moiſten the eyes. But clamour-*motioned* conveys a very beautiful idea of grief in *Cordelia*, and exactly in character. She bore her grief hitherto, ſays the relater, in ſilence; but being no longer able to contain it, and wanting to vent it in groans and cries, ſhe flies away and retires to her cloſet to deal with it in private. This he finely calls, *clamour-motion'd*; or provok'd to a loud expreſſion of her ſorrow, which drives her from company!—It is not impoſſible, but *Shakeſpeare* might have form'd this fine picture of *Cordelia*'s agony from holy writ, in the conduct of *Joſeph*; who, being no longer able to reſtrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his preſence; and then *wept aloud*, and diſcover'd himſelf to his brethren.

Gent.

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, Sir; the poor diſtreſſed *Lear*'s in town; Who ſometimes, in his better tune, remembers What we are come about; and by no means Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A ſov'reign ſhame ſo bows him; his unkindneſs, That ſtript her from his benediction, turn'd her To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights To his dog-hearted daughters; Theſe things ſting him So venomouſly, that burning ſhame detains him From his *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of *Albany*'s, and *Cornwall*'s pow'rs you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſo, they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our maſter *Lear*, And leave you to attend him. Some dear cauſe Will in concealment wrap me up awhile: When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Camp.

Enter Cordelia, *Phyſician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. ALack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now As mad as the vext ſea; ſinging aloud; Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow-weeds, (46) With

(46) *Crown'd with rank* fenitar;] There is no ſuch herb, or weed, that I can find, of *Engliſh* growth; tho' all the copies agree in the corruption. I dare ſay, I have reſtor'd its right name; and we meet with it again in our author's *Henry V.* and partly in the ſame company as we have it here;

——her fallow leas
The *darnel, hemlock,* and *rank fumitory*
Do root upon.

For this weed is call'd both *fumitory* and *fumiterr*, nearer to the *French* derivation *fume-terre:* which the Latin ſhopmen term *fumaria*. It is the ſame, which by *Pliny* (from *Dioſcorides* and the other *Greek* phyſicians) is named καπνὸς: becauſe the juice of it has the effect,

which

With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wiſdom
In the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe,
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phyſ. There are means, Madam:
Our foſter nurſe of nature, is repoſe;
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cor. All bleſt ſecrets,
All you unpubliſh'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's diſtreſs! ſeek, ſeek for him;
Leſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life,
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, Madam:
The *Britiſh* pow'rs are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about: therefore great *France*
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

which *ſmoke* has, of making the eyes water. And as to the growth of it, *Pliny* tells us particularly that it ſprings up in gardens and fields of barley; *(Naſcitur in hortis et ſegetibus hordeaceis)* which our author here calls, in *our ſuſtaining corn.*—I obſerve, in *Chaucer* it is written *femetere*; by a corruption either of the ſcribe, or of vulgar pronunciation; if of the latter, it might from thence eaſily ſlide, in progreſs of time, into *fenitar*.

SCENE

SCENE, *Regan's* Palace.

Enter Regan, *and Steward.*

Reg. BUT are my brother's powers ſet forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?
Stew. With much ado.
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lady at home?
Stew. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ign'rance, *Glo'ſter's* eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: moreover to deſcry
The ſtrength o' th' enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow: ſtay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, madam;
My Lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund?* might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? belike,
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much—
Let me unſeal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather——
Reg. I know, your Lady does not love her huſband;
I'm ſure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange œiliads, and moſt ſpeaking looks
To noble *Edmund.* I know, you're of her boſom.
Stew. I, madam?
Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding: you are; I know't;
Therefore, I do adviſe you, take this note.
My Lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than

than for your Lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray, deſire her call her wiſdom to her. So farewel.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Country, near *Dover*.

Enter Glo'ſter, *and* Edgar, *as a Peaſant.*

Glo. When ſhall I come to th' top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible ſteep.
Hark, do you hear the ſea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe and matter than thou didſt.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure, you're better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place--ſtand ſtill. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one, that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſher-men, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumbred idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,

Leſt

Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me, where you ſtand.
Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a foot
Of th' extream verge: for all below the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand:
Here, friend, 's another purſe, in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and gods,
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair?
'Tis done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burn itſelf out. If *Edgar* live, O bleſs him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps and falls along.*
Edg. Good Sir, farewel.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life itſelf
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been paſt.—Alive or dead?
Hoa, you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs, indeed—yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Had'ſt thou been aught but goſs'mer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'd'ſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe,
Haſt heavy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not; ſpeak, art ſound?
Ten maſts at each make not the altitude, (47)
Which

(47) *Ten maſts* attach'd—] This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading; but, I know not from what authority. Mr. *Rowe* gave it us, *ten maſts* at

Which thou haſt perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?
Edg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a height, the ſhrill-gorg'd Lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
To end itſelf by death? 'twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm.
Up. ſo—how is't? feel you your legs? you ſtand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that,
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged ſea:
It was ſome fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think, that the cleareſt gods, who make them honours(48)
Of men's impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
The fiend, the fiend—he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear, *dreſt madly with Flowers.*

But who comes here?

leaſt---a poor, dragging expreſſion. All the old copies read, as I have reſtor'd in the text, *ten maſts* at each.

'Tis certain, 'tis a bold phraſe, but I dare warrant, it was our author's; and means, ten maſts placed at the extremity of each other.

(48) *Think, that the* deareſt *gods*---] This too is Mr. *Pope*'s reading. All the authentick copies have it, *cleareſt gods*; i. e. open, and righteous, in their dealings. So, our author again, in his *Timon*;

Roots, ye clear beau'ſts!

The

The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining: I am the King himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect. There's your preſs-money. (49) That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace;—this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't—there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, Barb! (50) i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh.—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill!* hah! *Regan!* they flatter'd me

(49) *That fellow handles his bow like a* cow-keeper.] Thus Mr. *Pope* in his laſt edition; but I am afraid, I betray'd him into the error by an abſurd conjecture of my own, in my SHAKESPEARE reſtored. 'Tis certain we muſt read *crow-keeper* here; as likewiſe in this paſſage of *Romeo* and *Juliet*:

We'll have no *Cupid* hooded with a ſcarf,
Bearing a *Tartar's* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a *crow-keeper*.

And, it ſeems, in ſeveral counties to this day, they call a ſtuff'd figure, repreſenting a man, and arm'd with a bow and arrow, (ſet up to fright the crows, and other birds of prey, from the fruit and corn;) a *crow-keeper*; as well as a *ſcare-crow*. To ſome ſuch figure our author again alludes in *Meaſure* for *Meaſure*.

We muſt not make a *ſcare-crow* of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their *perch*, and not their *terror*.

But *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Bonduca* have a paſſage which will excellently well explain our author's reading.

——Can theſe fight? They look
Like empty ſcabbards all; no metal in 'em:
Like *men of clouts*, ſet to *keep crows* from *orchards*;

(50) *O well flown* bird,] *Lear* is here raving of *archery*, and ſhooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i' th' clout*, that is, the *white* mark they ſet up and aim at: hence the phraſe, to *hit the white*. So that we muſt certainly read, *O well-flown*, barb! i. e. the *barbed*, or *bearded* arrow. Mr. *Warburton*.

like

like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay ay, and no, to every thing that I ſaid—Ay, and no, too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me, I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not die; die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded fly does lecher in my ſight. Let copulation thrive: for *Glo'ſter*'s baſtard ſon was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful ſheets. To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I lack ſoldiers. Behold yon ſimpering dame, whoſe face 'tween her forks preſages ſnow; that minces virtue, and does ſhake the head to hear of pleaſure's name. The fit-chew, nor the ſoiled horſe goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waſte they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkneſs, there is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt, it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world
Shall ſo wear out to naught. Do'ſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doſt thou ſquiny at me? no, do thy worſt, blind *Cupid*; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this caſe of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light; yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee, how yond juſtice rails upon yond ſimple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy-dandy, which is the juſtice, which is the thief? Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? (51)

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office.——

Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thy own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind,
For which thou whip'ſt her. Th'uſurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear;

(51) *Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?* &c.] This exquiſite piece of ſatire, dreſt up in a figure and method of *imagining* from abſent circumſtances, has greatly the air of imitation from the ancients. It is that ſort of figure, by which (as *Minturnus* has obſerv'd in his elaborate treatiſe *De Poeta*) *oſtenditur interdum, quaſi ante oculos ſit, ficta imago:* a feign'd image of things is ſometimes repreſented, as if really in view. *Plautus* is very full of this imagery: and I'll ſubjoin two inſtances that have very much the caſt of this in our author, only more ludicrous in their turn: In his *Menæchmei*, Act. 1. Sc. 2.

Men. Dic *mihi*, nunquàm tu vidiſti *tabulam pictam in pariete,*
Ubi aquila catamitum raperet, aùt ubi venus adoneum?
Pen. Sæpè. *Sed quid iſtæ picturæ ad me attinent?*
Men. Age, me aſpice.

And in his *Muſtellaria*. Act. 3. Sc. 2.

Tra. Viden' *pictum, ubi ludificatur corn'x una volturios duos?*
Cornix aſtat, ea volturios duo vicisſim vellicat.
Quæſo, huc ad me ſpecta, *cornicem ut conſpicere poſſies.*

Robert

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſins with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay, none; I'll able 'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To ſeal th' accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes,
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou do'ſt not.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots: harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in madneſs!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ſter*;
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee: mark—

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools.—This a good block!—
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhooe
A troop of horſe with felt; I'll put't in proof;
And when I've ſtol'n upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter——

Lear. No reſcue? what, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds? all myſelf?
Why this would make a man, a man of ſalt;
To uſe his eyes for garden-water-pots,
And laying autumn's duſt. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. My maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,

You

You ſhall get it by running: ſa, ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Exit.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear ought, Sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot: the main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir; that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe.

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benizon of heav'n
To boot, and boot!——

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh,
To raiſe my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyſelf remember: the ſword is out,
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,

Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? hence,
Leſt that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk paſs: and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vort-night. Nay, come not near th' old man: keep out, che vor'ye, or ice try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor your ſoyns. [Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me: villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters, which thou find'ſt about me,
To *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ſter:* ſeek him out
Upon the *Engliſh* party, Oh, untimely death!— [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe pockets; the letters, that he ſpeaks of,
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only ſorry,
He had no other death's-man. Let us ſee——
By your leave, gentle wax—and manners blame us not:
To know our enemies minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocal vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Servant, Goneril.

Oh,

Oh, undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will! (52)
A plot upon her virtuous huſband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i' th' ſands
Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murd'rous letchers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows! better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs;
[*Drum afar off.*
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, *and Phyſician.*

Cor. O, thou good *Kent*, how ſhall I live and work
To match thy goodneſs? life will be too ſhort,
And ev'ry meaſure fail me.

(52) *Oh, undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's* will!] This is the reading of the firſt *Folio*, which Mr. *Pope* very unhappily degrades, and ſubſtitutes, *wit*, the miſtaken reading of the 1ſt *Quarto*. What idea he form'd to himſelf of the *undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace* of a woman's *wit*, I can't tell; I am quite at a loſs to underſtand any meaning in it. But the other reading gives us, as Mr. *Warburton* obſerves to me, a moſt elegant expreſſion, and moſt ſatirical thought: and more delicate than the---*Varium & mutabile ſemper fœmina*---of VIRGIL. 'Tis not the extravagance, but the mutability, of a woman's will that is here ſatiriz'd. The change of which (our author would be underſtood to ſay,) is ſo ſpeedy, that there is no ſpace of time, no diſtance, between the preſent will and the next; but it is an undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace. This ſentiment may not be ill explain'd further from what honeſt *Sancho*, in Don *Quixote*, with infinite humour ſays upon the ſubject. *Entre el* Si *y el* No *de la muger, no me atreveria yo a poner una punta d' alfiler.* Betwixt a woman's *yea*, and *no*, I would not undertake to thruſt a pin's point.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid;
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited;
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours:
I pr'ythee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear madam,
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be it ſo,
My Lord.—How does the King? [*To the* Phyſician.
Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.
Cor. O you kind gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature;
Th' untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.
Phyſ. Pleaſe your Majeſty,
That we may wake the King, he hath ſlept long?
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' ſway of your own will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear *in a chair, carried by ſervants.*

Phyſ. Ay, madam; in the heavineſs of ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.
Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. O my dear father! reſtoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and deareſt Princeſs!
Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
To ſtand againſt the deep, dread-bolted thunder? (53)
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke

(53) *To ſtand againſt the deep,*] The following three lines and an half, in no wiſe unworthy of our author, I have reſtor'd from the old 4to.

Of quick, croſs lightning? To watch poor *Perdue*,
With this thin helm?—My very enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, ſhou'd have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire: And waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; ſpeak to him.

Phyſ. Madam, do you; 'tis fitteſt.

Cor. How does my royal Lord? how fares your Majeſty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave;
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide——

Phyſ. He's ſcarce awake, let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?
I'm mightily abus'd; I ſhould even die with pity,
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay;
I will not ſwear, theſe are my hands: let's ſee,
I feel this pin prick: would, I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you muſt not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward; and to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the ſkill I have,
Remembers not theſe garments; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think, this Lady
To be my child *Cordelia*.

Cor. And ſo I am; I am.——

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith; I pray you, weep not.

If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it;
I know, you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in *France?*

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Phyſ. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You ſee, is cur'd in him:—and, yet, 'twere danger
To make him even o'er the time, h'as loſt.
Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further ſettling.

Cor. Will't pleaſe your Highneſs walk?

Lear. You muſt bear with me;
Pray you now, forget and forgive;
I am old and fooliſh.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Cord. Phyſ. *and Attendants.*

Manent Kent *and Gentleman.*

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of *Cornwall* was ſo ſlain? (54)

Kent. Moſt certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis ſaid, the baſtard ſon of *Glo'ſter.*

Gent. They ſay, *Edgar*, his baniſh'd Son, is with the Earl of *Kent* in *Germany.*

Kent. Report is changeable; 'Tis time to look about: the powers of the Kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.—Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit* Gent.

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit* Kent.

(54) Gent. *Holds it true, Sir?*] This ſhort dialogue, which was retrench'd by the players in their edition, I have reſtor'd from the old 4to. The matter of it is natural and eaſy; and tho' the language be not pompous, it is to the ſubject: and the uncertainty of common report, with regard to *Kent* and *Edgar*, muſt be very pleaſing to the audience, who knew how rumour was miſtaken in repreſenting them *to be* abroad.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, A Camp.

Enter Edmund, Regan, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

EDMUND.

KNow of the Duke, if his laſt purpoſe hold;
Or whether ſince he is adviſ'd by aught,
To change the courſe? he's full of alteration,
And ſelf-reproving: bring his conſtant pleaſure. (55)

Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, ſweet Lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never ſhall endure her; dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not; ſhe, and the Duke her huſband—

Enter Albany, Gonerill, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I'd rather loſe the battle, than that ſiſter (56)
Should looſen him and me.— [*aſide.*

(55) ——*he's full of alteration,*
And ſelf reproving brings *his conſtant pleaſure.*] Thus in the impreſſions by Mr. *Pope* is this paſſage moſt nonſenſically read, and pointed. But ſome better copies have aſſiſted to ſet it right.

(56) Gon. *I'd rather looſe the battle,* --] This I have reſtor'd from the old 4to; and, conſidering the jealouſy of the Princeſſes on each ſide, it comes very naturally from *Gonerill,* upon her ſeeing *Regan* and *Edmund* together; as well as helps to mark the buſineſs going on, to the reader.

Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met:
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant: 'fore this buſineſs, (57)
It toucheth us, as *France* invades our land,
(Not holds the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe,)——
Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils
Are not the queſtion here.
Edm. I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.
Alb. Let's then determine with th' ancient of war
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient, pray you, go with us.
Gon. Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go.

As they are going out, Enter Edgar *diſguis'd.*

Edg. If e'er your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you:—ſpeak.
[*Exeunt* Edm. Reg. Gon. *and Attendants.*
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove

(57) —— for *this buſineſs,*
It touches us, as France *invades our land,*
Not holds the King, with others whom I fear
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe,] I have made a ſlight variation in theſe lines, which are added from the old 4to. *Albany*'s ſpeech ſeems interrupted, before finiſh'd: and this I take to be the purport of what he was going to ſay. "Before we fight this battle, Sir, it "concerns me, (tho' not the King, and the diſcontented party;) "to queſtion about your intereſt in our ſiſter, and the event of the "war."---And *Regan* and *Goneril*, in their replies, both ſeem apprehenſive that this ſubject was coming into debate.

What

What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay, 'till I've read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Hard is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery; but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter *Gonerill*;
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her huſband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE, another open Field.

Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, *and ſoldiers over the ſtage, and exeunt.*

Enter Edgar *and* Glo'ſter.

Edg. HEre, father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoſt; pray, that the right may thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [*Exit* Edgar.
[*Alarum, and retreat, within.*

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away;
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en,
Give me thy hand. Come on.
Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men muſt endure
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:
Ripeneſs is all; come on.
Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter in conqueſt, with Drum and Colours, Edmund; Lear *and* Cordelia, *as priſoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some Officers take them away; good guard,
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known,
That are to cenſure them.
Cor. We're not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt:
For thee, oppreſſed King, am I caſt down;
Myſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frown.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters and theſe ſiſters?
Lear. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to priſon;
We two alone will ſing, like birds i' th' cage:
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies: and hear poor rogues
Talk of court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were god's ſpies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?

He

He that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence, like foxes; wipe thine eye,
The good-jers ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
Ere they ſhall make us weep; we'll ſee 'em ſtarv'd firſt.
Come. [*Ex.* Lear *and* Cordelia *guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to priſon.
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Do's not become a ſword; My great employment (58)
Will not bear queſtion; either ſay, thou'lt do't;
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou'ſt done.
Mark, I ſay, inſtantly; and carry it ſo,
As I have ſet it down. [*Exit Captain.*

Flouriſh. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, *and Soldiers.*

Alb. Sir, you have ſhew'd to day your valiant ſtrain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives,
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
We do require them of you, ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable King
To ſome retention, and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſoms on his ſide;
And turn our impreſt launces in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen;

(58) ——thy *great employment*
Will not bear queſtion;] All the copies concur in reading thus; but, without doubt, erroneouſly. The perſon, whom *Edmund* is here ſpeaking to, was of no higher degree than a captain; and therefore, certainly, accountable to his ſuperiors. *Edmund*, 'tis plain, muſt mean; "I leading one of the conquerors' forces, and having em-"ploy'd thee in this buſineſs, will be thy ſufficient warrant, and "will ſecure thee from being queſtion'd about it."

My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further ſpace, t' appear
Where you ſhall hold your ſeſſion. At this time,
We ſweat and bleed; the friend hath loſt his friend;
And the beſt quarrels, in the heat, are curſt
By thoſe that feel their ſharpneſs.——
The queſtion of *Cordelia*, and her father,
Requires a fitter place. (59)

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks, our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our pow'rs;
Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon;
The which immediacy may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your brother.

Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my right,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.

Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould huſband you.

Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full-flowing ſtomach. General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witneſs the world, that I create thee here
My Lord and maſter.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

(59) ——*at this time*
We ſweat and bleed; &c.] Theſe very neceſſary lines I have reſtor'd from the old 4to. and they were, certainly, firſt left out by the indiſcretion of the *players*, merely for the ſake of ſhortning. But without them, as *Edmund*'s ſpeech is made to end, 'tis plain, he does not pretend to adviſe, but ſubmits the whole proceſs to *Albany*. How abſurdly then does the other reply, that *he holds* Edmund *but a ſubject of the war?*

Alb.

H. Gravelot in Vol: 6. P: 109. G. Vander Gucht Sculp.

Alb. The lett alone lyes not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, Lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon: *Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy arreſt,
This gilded ſerpent: for your claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this Lord,
And I, her huſband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is beſpoke.
Gon. An enterlude!——
Alb. Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ſter*; let the trumpet ſound:
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O ſick——
Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon. [*Aſide.*
Edm. There's my exchange; what in the world he is,
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies;
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Truſt to thy ſingle virtue; for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.
Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* Reg, *led.*
Come hither, herald, let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. [*A trumpet ſounds.*

Herald

Herald reads.

IF any man of quality, or degree, within the liſts of the army, will maintain upon Edmund *ſuppoſed Earl of* Glo'ſter, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.* 1 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 2 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 3 *trumpet.*

[*Trumpet anſwers, within.*

Enter Edgar, *armed.*

Alb. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o' th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?

Edg. Know, my name is loſt;
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble, as the adverſary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adverſary?

Edg. What's he, that ſpeaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ſter*?

Edm. Himſelf; what ſay'ſt thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy ſword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice; here is mine:—
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor-ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
Falſe to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th' extreameſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt below thy foot,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou, no;
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lieſt.

Edm. In wiſdom I ſhould aſk thy name;

But

But ſince thy out-ſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay of breeding breathes;
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knight-hood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which (for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe)
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where thou ſhalt reſt for ever. Trumpets, ſpeak.
[*Alarum. Fight,*
Gon. O, ſave him, ſave him; this is practice, *Glo'ſter:* (60)
By th' law of war, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it;
Thou worſe than any thing, read thine own evil:
No tearing, Lady; I perceive, you know it.
Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?
Alb. Monſter, know'ſt thou this paper?
Gon. Aſk me not, what I know— [*Exit* Gon.
Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, govern her.
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: but what art thou,
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou'ſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's ſon.
The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us:

(60) Alb. *Save him, ſave him.*
Gon. *This is practice,* Glo'ſter:] Thus all the copies have diſtinguiſh'd theſe ſpeeches: but I have ventur'd to place the two hemiſtichs to *Gonerill.* 'Tis abſurd, that *Albany*, who knew *Edmund*'s treaſons, and his own wife's paſſion for him, ſhould be ſollicitous to have his life ſav'd.

The

The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.
Edm. Thou'ſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did propheſy
A royal nobleneſs; I muſt embrace thee:——
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them, my Lord. Liſt a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burſt!—
The bloody proclamation to eſcape,
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a mad-man's rags; t' aſſume a ſemblance,
The very dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new loſt; became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſs,
I aſk'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport,
'Twixt two extreams of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.
Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good; but ſpeak you on,
You look, as you had ſomething more to ſay.
Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg. ——This would have ſeem'd a period, (61)

To

(61) Edg. *This would have ſeem'd a period*, &c.] This fine and neceſſary deſcription I have thought fit to reſtore from the old 4to; as it

To ſuch as love not ſorrow: but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity!——
Whilſt I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having ſeen me in my worſer ſtate,
Shun'd my abhorr'd ſociety; but now finding
Who 'twas, had ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong arms
He faſten'd on my neck; and bellow'd out,
As he'd burſt heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the moſt piteous tale of *Lear* and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to crack.—Twice then the trumpets ſounded,
And there I left him traunc'd.——

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir; the baniſh'd *Kent*, who in diſguiſe
Follow'd his enemy King, and did him ſervice
Improper for a ſlave.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmoaks; it came even from the heart
Of——O! ſhe's dead.——

Alb. Who's dead? ſpeak, man.

Gent. Your Lady, Sir, your Lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe confeſſes it.

it artfully opens to *Albany* the concealment of *Kent* at home, during his baniſhment; and gives a beautiful picture of the emotions that good old man felt for the death of his friend *Gloſter*, and the piety of *Edgar* towards his diſtreſt father. *Edmund* had taken notice, that *Edgar* ſeem'd to have ſomething more to ſay; but *Albany* was already ſo touch'd with compaſſion, that he was for hearing of no more ſorrow. From the different behaviour of theſe two different characters, with how exquiſite a reflection, drawn from the very fountain of nature, has our poet furniſh'd his introduction to *Edgar*'s ſecond narrative! As the paſſage firſt was left out by the players, in their edition; we are not to doubt, but it was one of their judicious retrenchments. However that be, ſome readers, I am perſuaded, will owe me their thanks for retrieving it to the author.

Edm.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an inſtant.
Edg. Here comes *Kent.*

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.
[Gonerill *and* Regan's *bodies brought out.*
This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.—O! is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urge.
Kent. I am come
To bid my King and maſter aye good night;
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia?*
See'ſt thou this object, *Kent?*
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelf.
Alb. Even ſo; cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life; ſome good I mean to do,
Deſpight of mine own nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be brief) into the caſtle; for my writ
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia:*
Nay, ſend in time.
Alb. Run, run, O run——
Edg. To whom, my Lord? who has the office?
Send thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on, take my ſword,
Give it the Captain—
Edg. Haſte thee for thy life. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
Edm. He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair.
Alb. The gods defend her! bear him hence awhile.
[Edmund *is borne off.*

Enter

Enter Lear, *with* Cordelia *dead in his arms.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl,--O you are men of ſtone,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo,
That heaven's vault ſhould crack: ſhe's gone for ever!
I know, when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glaſs,
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why then ſhe lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe lives; if it be ſo,
It is a chance which does redeem all ſorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good maſter! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away——

Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent*, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murd'rous traitors all!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha!——
What is't thou ſay'ſt? her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the ſlave, that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them ſkip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' th' beſt.—I'll tell you ſtrait.

Kent. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are you not *Kent?*

Kent. The ſame; your ſervant *Kent*;
Where is your ſervant *Caius?*

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that, (62)
He'd ſtrike, and quickly too:—he's dead and rotten.

(62) He's a *good fellow, I can tell you that,*
He'll *ſtrike and quickly too:* he's dead and rotten.] We have ſeen *Lear* mad; but, never, a ſtark fool till this moment; to tell us, that a dead and rotten man will ſtrike quickly. But it was a ſtupidity of the editors, and not chargeable on the poet.

Kent.

Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man,——
Lear. I'll ſee that ſtrait.
Kent. That, from your firſt of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps——
Lear. You're welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe;--all's cheerleſs, dark, and dead:
Your eldeſt daughters have fore-done themſelves,
And deſp'rately are dead.
Lear. Ay, ſo I think.
Alb. He knows not what he ſays; and vain is it,
That we preſent us to him.
Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Edmund* is dead, my Lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle.
You Lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old majeſty,
To him our abſolute power: to you, your rights,
[*To* Edgar.
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings: O ſee, ſee——
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd: no, no, no life.
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never——
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her lips, (63)
Look there, look there—— [*He dies.*
Edg.

(63) *Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her lips;*
Look there, look there.——] Our poet has taken the liberty in the cataſtrophe of this play to depart from the *Chronicles*; in which *Lear* is ſaid to be reinſtated in his throne by *Cordelia*, and to have reign'd upwards of two years after his reſtoration. He might have done this for two reaſons. Either, to heighten the compaſſion towards the poor old King; or to vary from another, but moſt execrable, dramatic performance

Edg. He faints; my Lord,—
Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee, break!

Edg.

performance upon this ſtory: which I certainly believe to have preceded our author's piece, and which none of our ſtage-hiſtorians appear to have had any knowledge of. The edition, which I have of it, bears this title. *The true* chronicle *hiſtory of King* LEIR, *and his three daught rs,* Gonorill, Ragan, *and* Cordella. *As it hath bene divers and ſundry times lately acted.* London; *printed by* Simon Stafford *for* John Wright, *and are to be ſold at his ſhop at Chriſtes Church dore next* Newgate *Market.* 1605. That *Shakeſpeare,* however, may ſtand acquitted from the leaſt ſuſpicion of plagiariſm, in the opinion of his readers, I'll ſubjoin a ſmall taſte of this other anonymous author's abilities both in conduct and diction. *Leir,* with one *Perillus* his friend, embarks for *France* to try what reception he ſhould find from his daughter *Cordella.* When they come aſhore, neither of them has a rag of money: and they are forc'd to give their cloaks to the mariners to pay for their paſſage. This, no doubt, our playwright intended for a maſtery in diſtreſs: as he muſt think it a notable fetch of invention to bring the King and Queen of *France* diſguis'd like ruſticks, travelling a long way on foot into the woods, with a baſket of proviſions, only that they may have the caſual opportunity of relieving *Leir* and *Perillus* from being ſtarv'd. Now for a little ſpecimen of ſtyle, and dignity of thinking. *Cordella,* now Queen of *France,* and in her own palace, comes in and makes this pathetick ſoliloquy.

I have been over negligent to day
In going to the temple of my god,
To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculouſly hath beſtow'd on me;
In raiſing me out of my mean eſtate,
When as I was devoid of worldly friends;
And placing me in ſuch a ſweet content,
As far exceeds the reach of my deſerts.
My kingly huſband, mirrour of his time,
For zeal, for juſtice, kindneſs, and for care,
To god, his ſubjects, me, and common weale,
By his appointment was ordain'd for me.
I cannot wiſh the thing that I do want;
I cannot want the thing, but I may have;
Save only this which I ſhall ne'er obtain,
My father's love; Oh, this I ne'er ſhall gain.
I would abſtain from any nutriment,
And pine my body to the very bones:
Barefoot I would on pilgrimage ſet forth,
Unto the furtheſt quarters of the earth,
And all my life time would I ſackcloth wear,
And mourning-wiſe pour duſt upon my head:

So

Edg. Look up, my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: O, let him paſs! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long:
He but uſurpt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe: friends of my ſoul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls me; I muſt not ſay, no. [*Dies.*

Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey, (64)
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath borne moſt; we, that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.

[*Exeunt with a dead March.*

So he but to forgive me once would pleaſe,
That his grey hairs might go to heaven in peace.
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein juſtly I've deſerved blame.
Oh ſifters! you are much to blame in this;
It was not he, but you, that did me wrong.
Yet, god forgive both him, and you, and me,
Ev'n as I do in perfect charity.
I will to church, and pray unto my *Saviour*,
That, e'er I die, I may obtain his favour. [*Exit.*

This is, ſurely, ſuch poetry as one might hammer out, *Stans pede in uno*; or, as our author ſays, "it is the right butter-woman's rank "to market: and a man might verſify you ſo eight years together, "dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted."-----Again, *Shakeſpeare* was too well vers'd in *Holingſhead* not to know, that King *Lear* reign'd above 800 years before the period of chriſtianity. The gods his King talks of are *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Apollo*; and not any deities more modern than his own time. Licentious as he was in anachroniſms, he would have judg'd it an unpardonable abſurdity to have made a *Briton* of *Cordella*'s time talk of her *Saviour*. And, his not being trapt into ſuch ridiculous ſlips of ignorance, ſeems a plain proof to me that he ſtole neither from his predeceſſors, nor contemporaries of the *Engliſh* theatre, both which abounded in them.

(64) Alb. *The weight of this ſad time*, &c.] This ſpeech from the authority of the old 4to is rightly plac'd to *Albany*: in the edition by the players it is given to *Edgar*, by whom, I doubt not, it was of cuſtom ſpoken. And the caſe was this: He who play'd *Edgar*, being a more favourite actor, than he who perſonated *Albany*; in ſpight of *decorum*, *it was thought* proper he ſhould have the laſt word.

TIMON

TIMON

OF

ATHENS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

TIMON, *a noble* Athenian.
Lucius, Lucullus, } *two flattering Lords.*
Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*
Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*
Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.
Flaminius, Lucilius, Servilius, } Timon's *Servants.*
Caphis, Varro, Philo, Titus, Lucius, Hortenſius, } *ſeveral Servants to Uſurers.*
Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *falſe Friends.*
Cupid *and Maſkers.*

Phrynia, Timandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant; with divers ſervants and attendants.

SCENE, *Athens*; and the Woods not far from it.

TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE, A Hall in *Timon*'s Houſe.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and* Mercer, *at ſeveral doors.*

POET.

GOOD day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not ſeen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.
But what particular rarity? what ſo ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches? ſee,
(Magick of bounty!) all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord!

Jew. Nay, that's moſt fixt.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs.
He paſſes——

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's ſee't:
For the Lord *Timon*, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the eſtimate: but for that——
Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*
Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in ſome work, ſome dedication
To the great Lord.
Poet. A thing ſlipt idly from me.
Our poeſy is as a gum, which iſſues
From whence 'tis nouriſhed. The fire i' th' flint
Shews not, 'till it be ſtruck: our gentle flame
Provokes itſelf,——and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there? (1)
Pain. A picture, Sir:—when comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my preſentment, Sir.
Let's ſee your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis,
This comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indiff'rent.
Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding? what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to th' dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch—is't good?
Poet. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature; artificial ſtrife
Lives in thoſe touches, livelier than life.

(1) *Each bound it* chafes.--] How, *chafes?* The flood, indeed beating up upon the ſhore, covers a part of it, but cannot be ſaid to drive the ſhore away. The poet's alluſion is to a wave, which, foaming and chafing on the ſhore, breaks; and then the water ſeems to the eye to retire. So, in *Lear.*

——The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles *chafes*, &c.

And ſo in *Jul. Cæſar.*

The troubled *Tiber*, *chafing* with his ſhores.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed!

Poet. The Senators of *Athens!* happy man! (2)

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſiters. I have, in this rough work ſhap'd out a man, Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug With ampleſt entertainment. My free drift Halts not particular, but moves itſelf In a wide ſea of wax; no levell'd malice Infects one comma in the courſe I hold, But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you. You ſee, how all conditions, how all minds, As well of glib and ſlipp'ry creatures, as Of grave and auſtere quality, tender down Their ſervice to Lord *Timon:* his large fortune, Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Subdues and properties to his love and tendance All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better Than to abhor himſelf; ev'n he drops down The knee before him, and returns in peace Moſt rich in *Timon*'s nod.

Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleaſant hill Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The baſe o' th' mount Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kind of natures, That labour on the boſom of this ſphere To propagate their ſtates; amongſt them all, Whoſe eyes are on this ſov'reign Lady fixt, One do I perſonate of *Timon*'s frame, Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,

(2) *Happy* men!] Thus the printed copies: but I cannot think the poet meant, that the ſenators were happy in being admitted to *Timon*; their quality might command that: but that *Timon* was happy in being follow'd, and careſs'd, by thoſe of their rank and dignity.

Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to th' ſcope. (3)
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſt
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his ſtrides; his lobbies fill with tendance;
Rain ſacrificial whiſp'rings in his ear;
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop; and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands,) let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To ſhew Lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

(3) *'Tis conceiv'd, to ſcope*
This throne, this fortune, &c.] Thus all the editors hitherto have nonſenſically writ, and pointed, this paſſage. But, ſure, the painter would tell the poet, your conception, Sir, hits the very ſcope you aim at. This the *Greeks* would have render'd, τῦ σκοπῦ τυχεῖς, *recta ad ſcopum tendis:* and *Cicero* has thus expreſs'd on the like occaſion, *Signum oculis deſtinatum feris.* This ſenſe our author, in his *Henry* 8th, expreſſes;

I think, you've *hit the mark.*

And in his *Julius Cæſar*, at the concluſion of the firſt act;

Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have *right well conceited.*

Trumpets

Trumpets ſound. Enter Timon, *addreſſing himſelf courteouſly to every ſuitor.*

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you? [*To a Meſſenger.*
Meſ. Ay, my good Lord; five talents in his debt,
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtraight:
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble *Ventidius!* well——
I am not of that feather to ſhake off
My friend when he moſt needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Meſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſom;
And, being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.
Meſ. All happineſs to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd *Lucilius.*
Tim. I have ſo: what of him?
Old Ath. Moſt noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius!*——

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your Lordſhip's ſervice.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord *Timon*, this thy creature
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well: what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' th' youngeſt for a bride,

And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon.* (4)
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us,
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the gods to witneſs, I will chuſe
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equal huſband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the preſent, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Moſt noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordſhip: never may
That ſtate, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you. [*Exe.* Luc. *and old* Athenian.

Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your Lordſhip!

Tim. I thank you, you ſhall hear from me anon:

(4) *Therefore he will be,* Timon.] The thought is cloſely expreſs'd, and obſcure: but this ſeems the meaning. "If the man be honeſt, "my Lord, for that reaſon he will be ſo in this; and not endeavour "at the injuſtice of gaining my daughter without my conſent."
Mr. *Warburton.*

Go

Go not away. What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man:
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but out-ſide: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n ſuch as they give out. I like your work;
And you ſhall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The gods preſerve ye!
Tim. Well fare you, gentleman; give me your hand;
We muſt needs dine together: Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.
Jew. What, my Lord? diſpraiſe?
Tim. A mere ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe, which ſell, would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their maſters priz'd; believe't, dear Lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good Lord, he ſpeaks the common tongue,
Which all men ſpeak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here.

Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid?
Jew. We'll bear it with your Lordſhip.
Mer. He'll ſpare none.
Tim. Good-morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus!*
Apem. 'Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good-morrow;
When thou art *Timon*'s dog, and theſe knaves honeſt.
Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves, thou know'ſt them not?
Apem. Are they not *Athenians?*
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon.*

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt *Athenian*'s brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'ſt thou this picture, *Apemantus?*

Apem. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter: and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus?*

Apem. No, I eat not Lords.

Tim. If thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger Ladies.

Apem. O, they eat Lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So, thou apprehend'ſt it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking——How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, *Apemantus?*

Apem.

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had ſo hungry a wit, to be a Lord.—(5) Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets ſound. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty horſe
All of companionſhip.

Tim. Pray, entertain them, give them guide to us;
You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hence,
'Till I have thankt you; and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades *with the reſt.*

Moſt welcome, Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*

Apem. So, ſo! aches contract, and ſtarve your ſupple joints! that there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet knaves, and all this courteſy! the ſtrain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
E're we do part, we'll ſhare a bounteous time (6)
In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in. [*Exeunt.*

(5) *That I had* no angry *wit to be a Lord,*] This reading is abſurd, and unintelligible. But as I have reſtor'd the text, it is ſatirical enough of all conſcience, and to the purpoſe: *viz.* I would hate myſelf, for having no more wit than to covet ſo inſignificant a title. In the ſame ſenſe *Shakeſpeare* uſes *lean-witted*, in his *Richard* 2d.

And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted*, fool. Mr. *Warburton.*

(6) *E're we* depart,---] Tho' the editions concur in this reading, it is certainly faulty. Who *d part?* Tho' *Alcibiades* was to leave *Timon*, *Timon* was not to depart from his own houſe. Common ſenſe favours my emendation.

Manet Apemantus. *Enter* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus?*
Apem. Time to be honeſt.
Luc. That time ſerves ſtill.
Apem. The moſt accurſed thou, that ſtill omitt'ſt it.
Lucul. Thou art going to Lord *Timon*'s feaſt.
Apem. Ay, to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewel twice.
Lucul. Why, *Apemantus?*
Apem. Thou ſhould'ſt have kept one to thyſelf, for I mean to give thee none.
Luc. Hang thyſelf.
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend.
Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or--I'll ſpurn thee hence.
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' aſs.
Luc. He's oppoſite to humanity.
Come, ſhall we in, and taſte Lord *Timon*'s bounty?
He, ſure, outgoes the very heart of kindneſs.
Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the god of gold,
Is but his ſteward: no meed but he repays
Seven-fold above itſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.
Luc. The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.
Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! ſhall we in?
Luc. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, another Apartment in *Timon*'s Houſe.

Hautboys playing, loud muſick. A great banquet ſerv'd in; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, *and other* Athenian *ſenators, with* Ventidius. *Then comes dropping after all,* Apemantus *diſcontentedly.*

Ven. MOſt honour'd *Timon*, it hath pleas'd the gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then,

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled with thanks and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honeſt *Ventidius:* you miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly ſay he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at firſt,
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They ſit down.*

Luc. We always have confeſt it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſt it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Apem. No; you ſhall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churl; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They ſay, my Lords, that *Ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yonder man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himſelf:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thy peril, *Timon*; I come to obſerve, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome; I myſelf would have no power—pr'ythee let my meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: for I ſhould ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number of men eat *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It grieves me to ſee
So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
And all the madneſs is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare truſt themſelves with men!
Methinks, they ſhould invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is th' readieſt man to kill him. 'Thas been prov'd.
Were I a great man, I ſhould fear, to drink,
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.

Tim. My Lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way!—a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well; thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate look ill, *Timon.* Here's that which is too weak to be a ſinner, honeſt water, which ne'er left man i' th' mire: This and my food are equal, there's no odds; Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's *grace.*

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myſelf;
Grant, I may never prove ſo fond
To truſt man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems a ſleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen, Amen; So fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus!*

Tim. Captain, *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wiſh my friend at ſuch a feaſt.

Apem. Would all theſe flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

Luc.

Luc. Might we but have the happineſs, my Lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have as much help from you: how had you been my friends elſe; why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of 'em? they would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why I have often wiſht myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that inſtant like a babe ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my Lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Pleaſe you, my Lord, there are certain Ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, which bears that office to ſignify their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter

Enter Cupid *with a Maſque of Ladies, as* Amazons.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taſte! The five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous boſom:
Th'ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, pleas'd from thy table riſe, (7)
Theſe only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.
Let muſick make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee, my Lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance, they are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life;
As this pomp ſhews to a little oil and root.
We make ourſelves fools, to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpight and envy——
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one ſpurn to their graves
Of their friends gift?——
I ſhould fear, thoſe, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: 'Thas been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt the ſetting ſun.

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon; *each ſingling out an* Amazon, *and all dance, men with women; a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment, [Ladies,

(7) *There taſte, touch, all, pleas'd from thy table riſe:*
They only now---] The incomparable emendation, with which the text is here ſupply'd, I owe to my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton*. The five ſenſes, as he obſerves, are talk'd of by *Cupid*, but only three of them made out; and thoſe in a very heavy, unintelligible manner. But now you have them all, and the poet's ſenſe, compleat, *viz.* The five ſenſes, *Timon*, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, the hearing, the touch, the taſte, and ſmell, are all regaled at your board; and theſe Ladies come with me to entertain your ſight, in preſenting a maſque.

Which

Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind:
You've added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My Lord, you take us even at the beſt.

Apem. Faith, for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Pleaſe you to diſpoſe yourſelves.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius?

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More jewels yet? there is no croſſing him in's humour,
Elſe I ſhould tell him——well——i' faith, I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then if he could: (8)
'Tis pity, bounty has not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Luc. Where be our men?

(8)---*be'd be* croſs'd *then if be could*:] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *croſs'd*, or thwarted in humour; but that he would have his hand *croſs'd*, as we ſay, with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old ſilver-penny, uſed before K. *Edward* the 1ſt his time, which had a *croſs* on the reverſe with a creaſe, that it might be more eaſily broke into halves and quarters, *half-pence* and *farthings*. From this penny, and other ſubſequent pieces that bore the like impreſs, was our common expreſſion deriv'd, *I have not a* croſs *about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. I thought, this note might not be unneceſſary, becauſe it ſerves to explain ſeveral other paſſages, where the poet has *punn'd* on this term. For inſtance, in the 2d part of *Henry* IVth. *Falſtaffe* aſking the *Lord Chief Juſtice* to lend him a thouſand pounds, he replies;

Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear *croſſes*.

In *Love's Labour loſt*;

Arm. I love not to be *croſs'd*.

Moth. He ſpeaks the clean contrary:

Croſſes love not him.

And in *As you like it*;

Clown. ——Yet I ſhould bear no *croſs*, if I did bear you: for, I think, you have no *money* in your purſe.

In all which places, 'tis clear, that *money* is ſignified by the word *croſſes*.

Ser-

Serv. Here, my Lord, in readineſs.

Lucul. Our horſes.

Tim. O my good friends!
I have one word to ſay to you; look, my Lord,
I muſt entreat you, honour me ſo much
As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my Lord!

Luc. I am ſo far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all. [*Ex.* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are certain nobles of the ſenate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beſeech your honour, vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why then another time I'll hear thee. I pr'ythee, let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.

Flav. I ſcarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it pleaſe your honour, Lord *Lucius*, out of his free love, hath preſented to you four milk-white horſes trapt in ſilver.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: let the preſents Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? what news?

3 *Serv.* Pleaſe you, my Lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has ſent your honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to? he commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer: Nor will he know his purſe, or yield me this,

To

To ſhew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good;
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt; he owes for ev'ry word:
He is ſo kind, that he pays intereſt for't:
His land's put to their books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd.
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourſelves much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle of our love.

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* He has the very ſoul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courſer I rode on. 'Tis yours, becauſe you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beſeech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord: I know no man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weigh my friends affection with my own; I'll tell you true, I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I defy land, my Lord.

1 *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound—

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs, honour and fortunes, Keep with you, Lord *Timon*—

Tim.

Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Apem. What a coil's here,
Serving of becks and jutting out of bums! (9)
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the ſums
That are giv'n for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs;
Methinks, falſe hearts ſhould never have found legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on courteſies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſin the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long *Timon*, (10) I fear me, thou wilt give away thyſelf in paper ſhortly.

(9) Serving *of* becks,] I have not ventur'd to alter this phraſe, tho' I confeſs freely, I don't underſtand it. It may be made intelligible two ways, with a very ſlight alteration. Mr. *Warburton* acutely propos'd to me,

Serring *of becks*,——

from the *French* word *ſerrer*, to join cloſe together, to lock one within another; by a *metaphor* taken from the *billing of pigeons*, who interſert their *bills* into one another.——Or, we might read,

Scruing *of backs*, *and jutting out of bums!* For *Apemantus* is obſerving on the ridiculous *congees*, and complimental motions of the flattering gueſts in taking their leave. Both conjectures are ſubmitted to judgment.

(10) *I fear me, thou wilt give away thyſelf in* paper *ſhortly.*] i. e. be ruin'd by his ſecurities entered into. But this ſenſe, as Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, is cold; and reliſhes very little of that ſalt which is in *Apemantus*'s other reflections. He propoſes,

—*give away thyſelf in* proper *ſhortly.*

i. e. in perſon; thy proper ſelf. This latter is an expreſſion of our author's in the *Tempeſt*;

And ev'n with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their *proper ſelves.*

And of *B. Jonſon* in the induction to his *Cynthia*'s Revels;

—If you pleaſe to confer with our author by attorney, you may, Sir: our *proper ſelf* here ſtands for him.

And the other phraſe, *thyſelf in proper*---without the ſubſtantive ſubjoin'd, I believe, may be juſtified by ſimular uſage.

B. Jonſon in his *Sejanus*;

My Lords, this ſtrikes at ev'ry *Roman's private.*

i. e. private property, or intereſt. And again, in the ſame play;

Macro, thou art engag'd; and what before
Was publick, now muſt be thy *private.*

i. e. thy

ſhortly. What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on ſociety once, I am ſworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with better muſick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So—(11) thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then.

I'll lock thy heaven from thee:
Oh, that mens ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, A publick place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

SENATOR.

AND late, five thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſum;
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion

i. e. thy private concern. And, to quote one authority from an author of more modern date;

Milton in his *Paradiſe loſt*, B. 7. v. 367.

By tincture, or reflection, they augment
Their ſmall *peculiar*.

i. e. peculiar body, or brightneſs; for it is ſpoken of the ſtars.

(11) *Thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then.*
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.] So, in *Cymbeline*, *Imogen* ſays;

——if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'tis a paper *loſt*
As offer'd mercy is.

i. e. not to be retriev'd, In both theſe paſſages our poet is alluding to a *theological* opinion, that the *Holy Spirit* by ſecret whiſpers in the mind, the ſtill voice, inward ſuggeſtions, offers its aſſiſtance very often when it is not attended to: either when men are drag'd away by the violence of the paſſions, or blinded by too great attention to worldly avocations. This by divines is call'd the loſs of offer'd mercy: and when it is for a length of time rejected, or diſregarded, the offender's caſe is look'd upon to be the more deſperate.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horſe to *Timon*;
Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
Ten able horſe. No porter at his gate; (12)
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites
All that paſs by it. It cannot hold; no reaſon
Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis*, hoa!
Caphis, I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is you pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to Lord *Timon*;
Importune him for monies, be not ceaſt
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd with
'*Commend me to your maſter*—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, ſirrah,
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliance on his fracted dates
Has ſmit my credit. I love and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do fear,

(12) *Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight*
An *able horſe*,] The ſtupidity of this corruption will be very obvious, if we take the whole context together. "If I want *gold*, (ſays "the *Senator*) let me ſteal a beggar's dog, and give it to *Timon*, the "dog coins me *gold*. If I would ſell my *horſe*, and had a mind to "buy *ten* better inſtead of him; why, I need but give my horſe to "*Timon*, to gain this point; and it preſently fetches me *an horſe*." But is that gaining the point propos'd? ſenſe and reaſon warrant the reading, that I have reſtor'd to the text. The firſt *folio* reads, leſs corruptly than the modern impreſſions,

——And *able* horſes.——

Which reading, join'd to the reaſoning of the paſſage, gave me the *hint for this emendation*.

When

When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked Gull,
Who flaſhes now a Phœnix—get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?—take the bonds along with you, (13)
And have the dates in compt.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Timon*'s hall.

Enter Flavius, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. NO care, no ſtop? ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot? Takes no account
How things go from him, and reſumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done?—he will not hear, 'till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, *and* Varro.

Cap. Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſs too?

Cap. It is; and yours too, *Iſidore?*

Iſid. It is ſo.

Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd.

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord.

(13) ——*take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in. Come.] The abſurdity of this paſſage is ſo glaring, that one cannot help wondering, none of our poet's editors ſhould have been ſagacious enough to ſtumble at it. Certainly, ever ſince bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was enter'd into: And theſe bonds *Timon* had already given, and the time limited for their payment was laps'd. The *Senator*'s charge to his ſervant muſt be to the tenour as I have amended the text; *viz.* Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the intereſt due upon them. Mr. *Pope* has vouchſafed to acknowledge my emendation, and cry *recte* to it in the appendix to his laſt impreſſion.

Enter

Enter Timon, *and his train.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
Alcibiades.—Well, what's your will?
[*They preſent their bills.*
Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? whence are you?
Cap. Of *Athens* here, my Lord.
Tim. Go to my Steward.
Cap. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off
'o the ſucceſſion of new days, this month:
Iy maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
'o call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
'hat with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,
n giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Cap. Nay, good my Lord.
Tim. Contain thyſelf, good friend.
Var. One *Varro*'s ſervant, my good Lord——
Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he prays your ſpeedy payment——
Cap. If you did know, my Lord, my maſter's wants--
Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, ſix weeks, and
paſt.——
Iſid. Your ſteward puts me off, my Lord, and I
Am ſent expreſsly to your Lordſhip.
Tim. Give me breath:——
I do beſeech you, good my Lords, keep on, [*Ex. Lords.*
I'll wait upon you inſtantly.—Come hither:
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?
Flav. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunity ceaſe, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his Lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do ſo, my friends; ſee them well entertain'd.
[*Exit* Tim.
Flav.

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit* Flav.

Enter Apemantus, *and Fool.*

Cap. Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with *Apemantus*, let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Iſid. A plague upon him, dog.

Var. How doſt, fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyſelf. Come away.

Iſid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He laſt aſk'd the queſtion. Poor rogues, and uſurers men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Apem. That you aſk me what you are, and do not know yourſelves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: how does your miſtreſs?

Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are. 'Would, we could ſee you at *Corinth.*

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my miſtreſs's page.

Page. Why how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company? how doſt thou, *Apemantus?*

Apem. 'Would, I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades.* Go, thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page.

Page. Thou waſt whelpt a dog, and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Ev'n ſo thou out-run'ſt grace.
Fool, I will go with you to Lord *Timon*'s.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* ſtay at home——
You three ſerve three uſurers?

All. I would, they ſerv'd us.

Apem. So would I—as good a trick as ever hangman ſerv'd thief.

Fool Are you three uſurers men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant. My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my miſtreſs's houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-maſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteem'd.

Var. What is a whore-maſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit; ſometimes it appears like a Lord, ſometimes like a lawyer, ſometimes like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all ſhapes that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man; as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become *Apemantus.*

All. Aſide, aſide, here comes Lord *Timon.*

Enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime, the philoſopher.

Flav.

Flav. Pray you walk near, I'll ſpeak with you anon.
[*Exeunt* Creditors, Apemantus, *and* Fool.

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me?
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Flav. You would not hear me:
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back:
And that unaptneſs made you miniſter
Thus to excuſe yourſelf.

Flav. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay, you found them in mine honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much, I've ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe. I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;
The greateſt of your having lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.

Tim. Let all my land be ſold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone:
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues; the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning? (14)

Tim.

(14) How goes *our reck'ning?*] Mr. *Warburton* gave me ſo ingenious a conjecture on this paſſage, that tho' I have not ventur'd, againſt the authority of all the books, to inſert it in the text, I cannot but give it a place here. "This ſteward, (ſays he) methinks, talks very "wildly. His maſter, indeed, might well have aſk'd, *How goes our* "*reck'ning?* But the ſteward was too well ſatisfied in this queſtion. "I would read, therefore,

Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.

Flav. O my good Lord, the world is but a world;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you ſuſpect my huſbandry or falſhood;
Call me before th' exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the gods bleſs me,
When all our offices have been oppreſt
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy;
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heav'ns! have I ſaid, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves and peaſants
This night englutted! who now is not *Timon's?*
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is Lord *Timon's?*
Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon's?*
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt: one cloud of winter ſhowers,
Theſe flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further.
No villainous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep? canſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? ſecure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Flav. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

" Hold good *our reck'ning?*"

If the text, however, ſhould be without fault, in this manner it muſt be expounded. Sir, we have not enough left hardly to ſatisfy preſent demands; and others are drawing on apace: how ſhall we guard againſt intervening dangers, and what a deplorable reckoning will *things come* to at laſt?

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends. You ſhall perceive how you
Miſtake my fortunes: in my friends I'm wealthy.
Within there, ho! *Flaminius, Servilius!*

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other Servants.*

Serv. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſev'rally.
You to Lord *Lucius*—to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted
with his honour to day—you to *Sempronius*—commend
me to their loves; and I am proud, ſay, that my occa-
ſions have found time to uſe 'em toward a ſupply of
money; let the requeſt be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my Lord.

Flav. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus?* hum—

Tim. Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; [*To* Flavius.
Of whom, even to the ſtate's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing; bid 'em ſend o' th' inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Flav. I've been bold,
(For that I knew it the moſt gen'ral way)
To them to uſe your ſignet and your name;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry--You are honourable—
But yet they could have wiſht—they know not—
Something hath been amiſs—a noble nature
May catch a wrench--would all were well—'tis pity—
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods, (15)
They

(15) Cold-moving *nods,*] All the editions exhibit theſe as two diſtinct adjectives, to the prejudice of the author's meaning: but they muſt be join'd by an *hyphen*, and make a compound adjective out of a ſubſtantive and a participle, and then we have the true ſenſe of the place; *cold-moving, cold-provoking,* nods ſo diſcouraging that they chill'd

They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You gods reward them!
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. Theſe old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius*—pr'ythee, be not ſad,
Thou'rt true, and juſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his father, by whoſe death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate; when he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With thoſe five talents. That had, give't theſe fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak, or think,
That *Timon*'s fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.

Stew. Would, I could not; that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *Lucullus*'s Houſe in *Athens.*

Flaminius *waiting,* *Enter a Servant to him.*

SERVANT.

I Have told my Lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my Lord.

chill'd the very ardour of our petition, and *froze us into ſilence.* We meet with a compound, exactly form'd like this, in K. *John,* Act 2. where Lady *Conſtance* ſays;

His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe *heav'n-moving* pearls from his poor eyes.

Lucul.

Lucul. One of Lord *Timon*'s men; a gift, I warrant—Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a ſilver baſon and ewre to-night. *Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*, you are very reſpectively welcome, Sir; fill me ſome wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good Lord and maſter?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius?*

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in my Lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to ſupply; who having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your Lordſhip to furniſh him, nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—Nothing doubting, ſays he? alas, good Lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him, on purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs. And yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my coming; every man hath his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a Servant, with wine.

Ser. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerv'd thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well. Good parts in thee—Get you gone, ſirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out*]—Draw nearer, honeſt *Flaminius*; thy Lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou knoweſt well enough (altho' thou comeſt to me) that this is no time to lend money, eſpecially upon bare friendſhip without

ſecurity. Here's three *Solidares* for thee; good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ, And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baſeneſs, To him that worſhips thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I ſee thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May theſe add to the number that may ſcald thee: Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf! Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart, It turns in leſs than two nights? O you gods! I feel my maſter's paſſion. This ſlave Unto this hour has my Lord's meat in him: Why ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment, When he is turn'd to poiſon? O! may diſeaſes only work upon't: And when he's ſick to death, let not that part Of nature, my Lord paid for, be of power To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour! (16) [*Exit.*

SCENE, a publick Street.

Enter Lucius, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. WHO, the Lord *Timon?* he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no leſs, tho' we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now Lord *Timon*'s happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

(16) But *prolong his hour!*] Mr. *Pope*, in both his editions, without any authority or reaſon aſſign'd, has ſubſtituted *er* inſtead of *but* here: by which the ſenſe is infeebled; and the ſervant only made to ſay, let my maſter's meat in his belly, when he comes to be ſick, neither be of force to expel his ſickneſs, nor to put off the time of his death, one hour. Whereas *but* finely exaggerates the ſervant's intended curſe, to this effect: Let diſeaſes only work upon that food in him, which my maſter paid for; let it not prove a nutriment able to expel the malady; but on the contrary, the fewel to his diſtemper, and the means of prolonging his torture!

Luc.

Luc. Fy, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and ſhewed what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? now, before the gods, I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhew'd in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he miſtook him, and ſent him to me, I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occaſion ſo many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my Lord, I have ſweat to ſee his honour.—My honour'd Lord— [*To* Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your honour, my Lord hath ſent—

Luc. Ha! what hath he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that Lord; he's ever ſending: how ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? and what has he ſent now?

Ser. H'as only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my Lord; requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know, his Lordſhip is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my Lord.
If his occaſion were not virtuous,
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, *Servilius?*

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha' ſhewn myſelf honourable? how unluckily it happned, that I ſhould

purchaſe the day before for a little (17) dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am not able to do—(the more beaſt, I ſay)—I was ſending to uſe Lord *Timon* myſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and, I hope, his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I ſhall. [*Exit* Servilius.

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, *Servilius*—
True, as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, *Hoſtilius?*

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's ſoul;

(17) *That I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little* part, *and undo a great deal of honour?*] Tho' there is a ſeeming plauſible *Antitheſis*, in the terms, I am very well aſſur'd, they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *honour* is the only ſubſtantive that follows in the ſentence; but men don't purchaſe for honour, tho' ſometimes they may turn purchaſers out of oſtenſtation. How much is the *Antitheſis* improv'd by the ſenſe which my emendation gives? "That I "ſhould be ſo unlucky to make this purchaſe, for the lucre of a little "*dirt*, and undo a great deal of *honour!*" This manner of expreſſing contemptuouſly of *land*, is very frequent with the Poets.

So *Hamlet*, Act 5, ſpeaking of *Oſrick*,

——he hath much *land* and fertile;---'tis a chough; but, as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of *dirt*.

So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in the *Scornful Lady*, Act 1.

——your brother's houſe is big enough; and, to ſay truth, he has too much *land*; hang it, *dirt*.

And again, in the 2d Act;

——noble boy, the god of gold here has fee'd thee well; take money for thy *dirt*.

And the *Elder Brother*, Act 3d.

Had y' only ſhew'd me *land*, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it:
'Tis *dirt* and labour.

More authorities would be ſuperfluous.

Of

Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſpirit: (18)
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the ſame diſh? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been to this Lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purſe:
Supported his eſtate; nay, *Timon*'s money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon*'s ſilver treads upon his lip;
And yet, oh, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never taſted *Timon* in my life;
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet, I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpence,
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others?--
He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon: All theſe three
Owe their eſtates unto him.

Ser. Oh, my Lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found baſe metal;
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?
Ventidius and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? three! hum——

(18) *Is every flatterer*'s ſport.] This ſenſeleſs corruption has hitherto run through all the editions; and, as I ſuppoſe, without ſuſpicion.

It ſhews but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? his friends, like phyſicians, (19)
Thriv'd, give him over? muſt I take the cure
On me? h'as much diſgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.
He might have known my place; I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have wooed me firſt:
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er received gift from him.
And does he think ſo backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it laſt? no:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' reſt, and 'mongſt Lords I be thought a fool:
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
H'ad ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake:
I'd ſuch a courage to have done him good.
But now return,
And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Ser. Excellent! your Lordſhip's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he croſs'd himſelf by't; and I cannot think, but in the end the villanies of man will ſet him clear. How fairly this Lord ſtrives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like thoſe that under hot, ardent, zeal would ſet whole realms on fire. Of ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my Lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead;
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

(19) ——his friends, like phyſicians
Thriv'd, *give him over?*] I have reſtor'd this old reading, only amended the pointing which was faulty. Mr. *Pope*, ſuſpecting the phraſe, has ſubſtituted *three* in the room of *thriv'd*, and ſo diſarm'd the poet's ſatire. Phyſicians *thriv'd* is no more than phyſicians *grown rich*: Only the adjective paſſive of this *verb*, indeed, is not ſo common in uſe; and yet it is a familiar expreſſion, to this day, to ſay, *ſuch a one is well* thriven *on his trade*. This very ſarcaſm of our author is made uſe of by *Webſter* a contemporary poet in his *Dutcheſs* of *Malfy*, the cloathing only a little varied,

——Phyſicians thus,
With their hands full of money, uſe to *give o'er*
Their patients.

Many

Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *Timon*'s Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortenſius, Lucius, *and other Servants of* Timon*'s Creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

Var. WEll met, good-morrow, *Titus* and *Hortenſius.*
Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro.*
Hor. Lucius, why do we meet together?
Luc. I think, one buſineſs does command us all. For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotas.

Luc. And, Sir, *Philotas*'s too.
Phi. Good day, at once.
Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. So much?
Phi. Is not my Lord ſeen yet?
Luc. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder: he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.
Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed ſhorter with him: You muſt conſider that a prodigal's courſe Is like the ſun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear: 'Tis deepeſt winter in Lord *Timon*'s purſe; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll ſhew you how t' obſerve a ſtrange event: Your Lord ſends now for money.
Hor. True, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon*'s gift, For which I wait for money.
Hor. Againſt my heart.
Luc. How ſtrange it ſhows,

Timon

Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes!
And e'en as if your Lord ſhould wear rich jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witneſs:
I know, my Lord hath ſpent of *Timon*'s wealth,
Ingratitude now makes it worſe than ſtealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Five thouſand.

Var. 'Tis too much deep, and it ſhould ſeem by th'ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;
Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timon*'s men.

Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my Lord
Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordſhip; pray, ſignify ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir——

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Fla. What do you aſk of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Fla. If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſums and bills,
When your falſe maſters eat of my Lord's meat?
Then they would ſmile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' intereſt in their glutt'nous maws;
You do yourſelves but wrong to ſtir me up,
Let me paſs quietly:——
Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

Fla. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you;

For

For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*

Var. How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

Tit. No matter, what,—he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may rail againſt great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we ſhall have ſome anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen, to repair ſome other hour, I ſhould derive much from it. For take it of my ſoul,
My Lord leans wond'rouſly to diſcontent:
His comfortable temper has forſook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And if he be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks, he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an anſwer.

Flam. [*within.*] *Servilius*, help—my Lord! my Lord.

Enter Timon, *in a rage.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place, which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus.*

Tit. My Lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord.

Cap. And ours, my Lord!

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em--cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in ſums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc.

Luc. Five thouſand crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thouſand drops pay that.
What yours—and yours?

Var. My Lord——

Caſ. My Lord——

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you. [*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive, our maſters may throw their caps at their money; theſe debts may be well call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves. Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear Lord,

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?—

Flav. My dear Lord,

Tim. I'll have it ſo—My ſteward!

Flav. Here, my Lord.

Tim. So fitly!—Go, bid all my friends again, *Lucius*, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius*. All.—
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.

Flav. O my Lord!
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There's not ſo much left as to furniſh out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care:
Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Senate-houſe.*

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* MY Lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's bloody;
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe 'em.

Alc. Health, honour, and compaſſion to the ſenate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain.

Alc.

Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues:
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, ſetting his fault aſide,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardiſe,
But with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-ſlaughter into form, ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour miſ-begot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His out-ſide, wear them like his raiment, careleſly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My Lord,——

1 *Sen.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear,
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My Lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threatnings, ſleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad?

Abroad? why then, ſure, women are more valiant,
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
The aſs, more than the lion; and the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge;
If wiſdom be in ſuff'ring. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extreameſt guſt,
But, in defence,—by mercy, 'tis moſt juſt.
To be in anger is impiety:
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his ſervice done
At *Lacedæmon*, and *Byzantium*,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. I ſay, my Lords, h'as done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in battle many of your enemies;
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a ſworn rioter; he has a ſin
That often drowns him, and takes valour priſoner.
Were there no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him. In that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
Take my deſerts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
My honours to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;

For

For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.
1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our diſpleaſure: friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that ſpils another.
Alc. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be:
My Lords, I do beſeech you, know me.
2 *Sen.* How?
Alc. Call me to your remembrances.
3 *Sen.* What!——
Alc. I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;
It could not elſe be, I ſhould prove ſo baſe,
To ſue, and be deny'd ſuch common grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;
We baniſh thee for ever.
Alc. Baniſh me!
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh uſury,
That make the ſenate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days ſhine, *Athens* contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, (not to ſwell our ſpirit,)
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt.*
Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I myſelf,
Rich only in large hurts.——All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains wounds? ha! baniſhment?
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with moſt lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little ſhould brook wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Timon*'s Houſe.

Enter divers Senators, at ſeveral doors.

1 *Sen.* THE good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I alſo wiſh it to you: I think, this honourable Lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountred. I hope, it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the tryal of his ſeveral friends.

2 *Sen.* It ſhould not be, by the perſuaſion of his new feaſting.

1 *Sen.* I ſhould think ſo: he hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs; but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Sen.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He ſent to me, Sir—here he comes.

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both—and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2 *Sen.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willingly, than we your Lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: ſuch ſummer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick awhile; if they will fare ſo harſhly as on the trumpets ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your Lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble Lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* Moſt honourable Lord, I'm e'en ſick of ſhame, that when your Lordſhip t'other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had ſent but two hours before——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd diſhes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

3 *Sen.* *Alcibiades* is baniſh'd: hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man ſtill.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does, but time will, and ſo——

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place. Sit, ſit.

The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts make yourſelves prais'd: but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains. If there

ſit

ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are—The reſt of your fees, O gods, the ſenators of Athens, *together with the common lag of people, what is amiſs in them, you gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe my friends—as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some ſpeak. What does his Lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends: ſmoke, and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timon*'s laſt;
Who ſtuck and ſpangled you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reaking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee ſlaves, vapours, and minute-jacks, (20)
Of man and beaſt the infinite malady
Cruſt you quite o'er!—What, doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy phyſick firſt—thou too—and thou—
[*Throwing the diſhes at them, and drives 'em out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

(20) ——*and minute jacks*
Of man and beaſt, the infinite malady
Cruſt you quite o'er!] I had reform'd the bad pointing of this paſſage in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, and have accordingly rectified it here. In what ſenſe could the ſenators be call'd *minute jacks* of *man* and *beaſt*? The poet juſt before calls them *vapours*; and certainly means to inforce that image, by ſaying, they were jacks not of a minute's truſt, or dependance. Then what could the *infinite malady* ſignify, without ſomething ſubjoin'd to give us a clearer idea of it? As I point the paſſage, it plainly means, may the whole catalogue, the infinite number of diſtempers, that have ever invaded either man or beaſt, all be join'd to plague you. *Coriolanus* curſes his cowardly followers, in our author's tragedy ſo call'd, in a manner not much unlike;

All the *contagion* of the *South* light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*, you! herds of boils and plagues
Plaiſter you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than ſeen! *&c.*

What!

What! all in motion? henceforth be no feaſt,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn houſe, ſink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my Lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of Lord *Timon*'s fury!

3 *Sen.* Pſha! did you ſee my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've loſt my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you ſee my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you ſee my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no ſtay.

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon*'s mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Without the walls of *Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not *Athens!* matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; ſlaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads: To general filths (21)
Convert o' th' inſtant, green virginity!

(21) *To general filths*
Convert o' th' inſtant, &c.] This paſſage was very faulty in the pointing, till I firſt reform'd it in my SHAKESPEAR'E *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* vouchſaf'd to copy my correction in his laſt edition.

Do't

Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives, (22)
And cut your truſters throats. Bound ſervants, ſteal;
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o' th' brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
And with it beat his brains out! fear and piety,
Religion to the gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries!
And yet confuſion live!—plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On *Athens*, ripe for ſtroke! thou cold *Sciatica*,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the *Athenian* boſoms, and their crop
Be general leproſy: breath infect breath,
That their ſociety (as their friendſhip) may
Be merely poiſon. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou deteſtable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the woods, where he ſhall find
Th' unkindeſt beaſt much kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all)
Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall;
And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! [*Exit.*

(22) ——*Bankrupts, hold faſt,*
Rather than render back; out with your knives,
And cut your truſters throats.] Thus has this paſſage hitherto been moſt abſurdly pointed; even by the poetical editors, Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope*. I had reform'd the pointing; but am, however, to make my acknowledgments to ſome *anonymous gentleman*, who by letter adviſed me to point it as I have done in the text.

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Timon*'s Houſe.

Enter Flavius, *with two or three Servants.*

1 *Ser.* HEar you, good maſter ſteward, where's our maſter?
Are we undone, caſt off, nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Ser.* Such a houſe broke!
So noble a maſter fall'n! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?
2 *Ser.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe!
3 *Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon*'s livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows, ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into the ſea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Where-ever we ſhall meet, for *Timon*'s ſake,
Let's yet be fellows: ſhake our heads, and ſay,
(As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes)
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
Nay, put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.
[*He gives them money; they embrace, and part ſeveral ways.*

Oh,

Oh, the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends!
Poor honeſt Lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodneſs: ſtrange unuſual blood,
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt Lord, bleſt to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind Lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful ſeat
Of monſtrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it:
I'll follow, and enquire him out.
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE, the Woods.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O Bleſſed, breeding ſun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy ſiſter's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch with ſeveral fortunes;
The greater ſcorns the leſſer. Not ev'n nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that Lord, (22)
The

(22) *Raiſe me this beggar and* deny't *that Lord,*] Where is the Senſe and *Engliſh* of *deny't that Lord?* Deny him what? What preceding *noun* is there, to which the pronoun *it* is to be referr'd? And it would be abſurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raiſe* that Lord. The *antitheſis* muſt be, let fortune *raiſe* this beggar, and let her *ſtrip*, and

The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour:
It is the paſture lards the weather's ſides, (23)
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, this man's a flatterer: if one be,
So are they all, for every greeze of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villany. Then be abhorr'd,
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblable, yea himſelf, *Timon* diſdains.—
Deſtruction phang mankind! earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging the earth.*

and *deſpoil* that Lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which ſenſe is compleated by this ſlight alteration,

—— *and* denude *that Lord.* Mr. *Warburton.*

I will beg leave to add, in confirmation of my friend's fine conjecture, that our author has contraſted the ſame thought, only varying the terms, in his *Venus* and *Adonis*, Stanz. 192.

Pluck down the rich, *enrich* the poor with treaſures.

(23) *It is the paſture lards the* beggar's *ſides,*] This, as the editors have order'd it, is an idle repetition at the beſt; ſuppoſing it did, indeed, contain the ſame ſentiment as the foregoing lines. But *Shakeſpeare* meant a quite different thing: and having, like a ſenſible writer, made a ſmart obſervation, he illuſtrates it by a ſimilitude thus:

It is the paſture lards the weather's *ſides,*
The want that makes him lean.

And the ſimilitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this ſatirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the eſteem of ſuperficial or corrupt judgments, than between a fat ſheep and a lean one. Mr. *Warburton.*

I cannot better praiſe the ſagacity of my friend's emendation, than by producing the reading of the firſt *folio* edition, (which, I know, he had not ſeen,) where we find it thus exhibited;

It is the paſture lards the *brother*'s ſides, &c.

Every knowing reader will agree, that this corruption might much more naturally be deriv'd from *weather*'s, than from *beggar*'s, as far as the traces of the letters are concern'd; eſpecially, in the old ſecretary handwriting, the univerſal character in our author's time. I will only add, that our poet, in his *As you like it*, makes a clown ſay the very ſame thing in a more ludicrous manner.

That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that *good paſture* makes *fat ſheep*; &c.

Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſauce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon!—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods, I am no idle votariſt.
Roots, you clear heav'ns! thus much of this will make
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
You gods! why this? what this? you gods! why, this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides:
Pluck ſtout mens pillows from below their heads.
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leproſy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wrappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the ſpittle-houſe and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To th' *April* day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off*] Ha, a drum?
—thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee—thou'lt go, (ſtrong thief)
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand.
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold.*

Enter Alcibiades *with drum and fife in warlike manner, and* Phrynia *and* Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeak.

Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?

Tim. I am *Miſanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and ſtrange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee,

I

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
With man's blood paint the ground; gules, gules;—
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alc. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not, that use thee:
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust:
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
To th' tub-fast, and the diet. (24)

Timan.

(24) *To the* fubfaſt, *and the diet.*] One might make a very long and vain ſearch, yet not be able to meet with this prepoſterous word *fubfaſt*, which has notwithſtanding paſs'd current with all the editors. The author is alluding to the *Lues Venerea*, and its effects. At that time, the cure of it was perform'd either by *Guaiacum*, or *Mercurial* unctions: and in both caſes the patient was kept up very warm and cloſe; that in the firſt application the ſweat might be promoted; and

Timan. Hang thee, monſter!

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How curſed *Athens*, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I'ad rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap—

Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt *Athens?*

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cauſe.

Tim. The gods confound them all then in thy conqueſt,
And, after, thee, when thou haſt conquered!

Alc. Why me, *Timon?*

leaſt, in the other, he ſhould take cold, which was fatal. "The "regimen for the courſe of *Guaiacum* (ſays Dr. *Friend* in his *hiſt.* of "*phyſick*, Vol. 2. p. 380.) was at firſt ſtrangely circumſtantial; and "ſo rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to "make him ſweat; and in that manner, as *Fallopius* expreſſes it, "the bones and the very man himſelf was macerated." And as for the *unction*, it was ſometimes continued for thirty-ſeven days; (as he obſerves, p. 375) and during this time there was neceſſarily an extraordinary *abſtinence* requir'd. Mr. *Warburton.*

Shakeſpeare himſelf, I remember, in another of his plays, alludes to the cuſtom of this *tub-diſcipline.*

Meaſ. for *Meaſ.* Act 3. where the clown is ſpeaking of the bawd;

Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the *tub.*

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in the *Knight* of the *Burning Peſtle*;

Priſners of mine, whom I in *diet* keep,
Send lower down into the cave,
And in a *tub*, that's heated ſmoaking hot,
There may they find them, *&c.*

And afterwards, in the ſame play, ſome of theſe pin'd priſoners are produc'd, complaining of their *tub-ſweat*, and *ſpare-diet.* But enough *of theſe unſavoury proofs.*

Tim.

Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou waſt born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: Go on, here's gold, go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: Let not thy ſword ſkip one,
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an uſurer. Strike me the matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
That through the window-lawn bore at mens eyes, (25)
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a baſtard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

(25) *That thro' the* window-barn *bore at men's eyes.*] I cannot for my heart imagine, what idea our wiſe editors had of a virgin's breaſt thro' a *window-barn:* which, I am ſatisfied, muſt be a corrupt reading. In ſhort, the poet is alluding to the decent cuſtom in his time of the women covering their necks and boſom either with *Lawn*, or *Cyprus*; both which being tranſparent, the poet beautifully calls it the *window-lawn.*

Vid. Twelfthnight, *Act* 3.——to one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a *Cyprus*, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart.

Beaumont and *Fletcher* in their Scornful Lady.
Lady. Pray, put in good words then.
El. Love. The worſt are good enough for ſuch a trifle, ſuch a proud piece of *cobweb-lawn.*

B. Jonſon in his *Sejanus*, ſpoken by *Agrippina.*
Were all *Tiberius'* body ſtuck with eyes,
And ev'ry wall and hanging in my houſe
Tranſparent as this *Lawn* I wear.

And in his *Every Man out of his Humour.*
——She ſpeaks, as ſhe goes tir'd, in *cobweb-lawn*, light thin:

And in his *Every Man in his Humour.*
——and *ſhadow* her glory as a milliner's wife does her wrought *ſtomacher* with a ſmoaky *Lawn*, or a black *Cyprus.*

Nor fight of prieſt in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers,
Make large confuſion; and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! Speak not, be gone.
Alc. Haſt thou gold yet?
I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me, not thy counſel.
Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heav'n's curſe upon thee!
Both. Give us ſome gold, good *Timon:* haſt thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whole a bawd. (26) Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant; you're not othable,
Although, I know, you'll ſwear; terribly ſwear
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
Th' immortal gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
I'll truſt to your conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoak,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains ſix months
Be quite contrary. Make falſe hair, and thatch
Your poor thin roofs with burdens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd, no matter:—)
Wear them, betray with them; and whore on ſtill.
Paint till a horſe may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!
Both. Well, more gold—what then?
Believe, that we'll do any thing for gold.
Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar mens ſpurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,

(26) *And to make a* whore *a bawd.*] The power of gold, indeed, may be ſuppos'd great, that can make a whore forſake her trade; but what mighty difficulty was there in making a whore turn bawd? And yet, 'tis plain, here he is deſcribing the mighty power of gold. He had before ſhewn, how gold can perſuade to any villany; he now ſhews that it has ſtill a greater force, and can ever turn from vice to the practice, or, at leaſt, the ſemblance of virtue. We muſt therefore read, to reſtore ſenſe to our author,

And to make whole *a bawd.*——

i. e. not only make her quit her calling, but thereby reſtore her to reputation. Mr. *Warburton.*

That

That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf. Down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee [bald,
Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians
And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat, and quell
The ſource of all erection.—There's more gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counſel with more money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More whore, more miſchief, firſt; I've given you earneſt.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rds *Athens*; farewel, *Timon*:
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence, away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: ſtrike.

[*Exeunt* Alcibiad. Phryn. *and* Timand.

Tim. That nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry! common mother, thou
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whoſe ſelf-ſame mettle
(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft)
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm;
With all th' abhorred births below criſp heav'n,
Whereon *Hyperion*'s quickning fire doth ſhine;
Yield him, who all thy human ſons does hate,
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,

Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion all above
Never preſented—O, a root—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn leas, (27)
Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'riſh draughts,
And morſels unctious, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips.—

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!—

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate; conſumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit, and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lye ſoft;
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe weeds, (28)
By

(27) *Dry up thy* marrows, *veins, and plough-torn leas.*] Mr. *Warburton* thinks, the uniformity of the metaphor requires that we ſhould read,

Dry up thy harrow'd *veins, and* plough-torn *leas.*

'Tis certain, the verſe is render'd much more beautiful by this reading; but as, *unctious morſels* following, by *marrows* the poet might mean what we call the *fat of the land*, I have not ventur'd to inſert the conjecture into the text.

(28) *Shame not theſe* woods,] But how did *Timon* any more ſhame the woods by aſſuming the character of a cynick, than *Apemantus* did? The poet certainly meant to make *Apemantus* ſay, don't diſgrace this *garb*, which thou haſt only *affected* to aſſume; and to ſeem the creature thou art not by nature, but by the force and compulſion of poverty. We muſt therefore reſtore,

——*Shame not theſe* weeds.

Apemantus in ſeveral other paſſages of the ſcene reproaches him with his change of garb.

——*Why this ſpade? this place?*
This ſlave-like habit?
——*Do not aſſume my* likeneſs.
If thou did'ſt put this ſower cold *habit* on.

To

By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerve
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent. Thou waſt told thus:
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt
That thou turn raſcal: hadſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myſelf.
Apem. Thou'ſt caſt away thyſelf, being like thyſelf,
So long a madman, now a fool. What, think'ſt thou,
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? will theſe moiſt trees
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taſte
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? Call the creatures,
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpight
Of wreakful heav'n, whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou ſhalt find——
Tim. A fool of thee; depart.
Apem. I love thee better now, than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worſe.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatt'reſt miſery.
Apem. I flatter not; but ſay, thou art a caitiff.
Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thyſelf in't? (29)

Apem.

To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Do'ſt it *enforcedly*: thou'dſt *courtier* be,
Wert thou not *beggar*,—— Mr. *Warburton.*

(29) Tim. *Always a villain's office, or a fool's.*
Do'ſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?
Apem. *Ay.*

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didſt put this ſower cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: thou'dſt courtier be,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Out-lives in certain pomp; is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, never compleat;
The other, at high wiſh: Beſt ſtates, contentleſs,
Have a diſtracted and moſt wretched being:
Worſe than the worſt, content.
Thou ſhouldſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſpt; but bred a dog.
Hadſt thou, like us, from our firſt ſwath proceeded
Through ſweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To ſuch, as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command; thou wouldſt have plung'd thyſelf
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect, but followed
The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employments;
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak; have with one winter's bruſh
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every ſtorm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burden.

T m. *What!* a knave *too?*] Mr. *Warburton* propoſes a correction here, which, tho' it oppoſes the reading of all the printed copies, has great juſtneſs and propriety in it. He would read;

What! and know't *too?*

The reaſoning of the text, as it ſtands in the books, is, in ſome ſort, concluding backward: or rather making a *knave's* and *villain's* office different: which, ſurely, is abſurd. The correction quite removes the abſurdity, and gives this ſenſible rebuke. "What! do'ſt "thou *pleaſe* thyſelf in *vexing* me, and at the ſame time *know* it to "be the office of a *villain* or *fool?*"

Thy

Thy nature did commence in ſuff'rance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhouldſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?
If thou wilt curſe, thy father, that poor rag,
Muſt be thy ſubject; who in ſpight put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone——
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have, ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone——
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here, I will mend thy feaſt.

Tim. Firſt mend my company, take away thyſelf. (30)

Apem. So I ſhall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,
Tell them there, I have gold; look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold,

Tim. The beſt and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt o' nights, *Timon?*

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou o'days, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Where my ſtomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſauce thy diſhes.

(30) *Firſt mend* thy *company*,----] Thus the old copies; but common ſenſe and the whole tenour of the context warrant that it ſhould be---*my* company.---I obſerve, Mr. *Rowe* in his 8vo edition of our poet has likewiſe made this correction.

Apem.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee for too much curioſity; in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th'hadſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhouldſt have loved thyſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee, thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thyſelf fall in the confuſion of men, or remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the gods grant thee t'attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs; if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou liv'dſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee; and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine ownſelf the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou wouldſt be ſeized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and

the

the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What beaſt couldſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, and ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of *Athens* is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. (31) The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome.

I had rather be a beggar's dog, than *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would, thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon. A plague on thee! (32)

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leproſy but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee.——I'll beat thee; but I ſhould infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!

(31) Apem. *Yonder comes a poet,* &c.] *Apemantus* is ſuppos'd to look out here, and to ſee the *poet* and *painter* at a diſtance, as traverſing the woods in queſt of *Timon.* This preparation of ſcenary Mr. *Pope* did not conceive; and therefore, I don't know by what authority, has peremptorily thrown out ſome part, and tranſpoſed another part of this and the next ſpeech to the place where *Apemantus* goes off. None of the old books countenance ſuch a tranſpoſition.

(32) *A plague on thee!*

Apem. ——*Thou art too bad to curſe*] In the former editions, this whole verſe was placed to *Apemantus:* by which, abſurdly, he was made to curſe *Timon,* and immediately to ſubjoin that he was too bad to curſe. In my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd* I gave the former part of the hemiſtich to *Timon,* and the latter part to *Apemantus*; as it is now regulated in the text: and Mr. *Pope,* in his laſt edition, has vouchſaf'd to embrace this regulation.

Choler

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive:
I ſwoon to ſee thee.
Apem. Would thou wouldſt burſt!
Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am ſorry I ſh
loſe a ſtone by thee.
Apem. Beaſt!
Tim. Slave!
Apem. Toad!
Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!
[Apem. *retreats backward, as goi*
I am ſick of this falſe world, and will love nought
But ev'n the mere neceſſities upon it.
Then, *Timon*, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily; make thine epitaph;
That death in me at others lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the g*
'Twixt natural ſon and fire! thou bright defiler
Of *Hymen*'s pureſt bed! thou valiant *Mars!*
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow,
That lies on *Dian*'s lap! thou viſible god,
That ſoldreſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tong
To every purpoſe! oh, thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire.
Apem. Would 'twere ſo,
But not 'till I am dead! I'll ſay, thou haſt gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.
Tim. Throng'd to?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.——
Apem. Live, and love thy miſery!
Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die. I am quit.
Apem. No things like men——eat, *Timon*, and abl
them. [*Exit* Ape

Et

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the aſſay upon him; if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily: if he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him: 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his deſcription.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon.*

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens ſons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meet. (33) Why ſhould you want? behold, the earth hath roots, Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings; The oaks bear maſts, the briars ſcarlet hips: The bounteous huſwife nature on each buſh Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?

(33) ——*you want much of* meat.] Thus both the *player* and *poetical* editors have given us this paſſage; quite *ſand-blind*, as honeſt *Launcelot* ſays, to our author's meaning. If theſe poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be curs'd with, as they could not live on graſs, and berries, and water? But I dare warrant, the poet wrote;

——*you want much of* meet.

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*: much of the qualities *befitting* you as humane creatures. In the very ſame manner is the word uſed again in *Coriolanus*, ſpeaking of tribunes being choſen at an *unfit* time;

——In a rebellion,
When what's not *meet*, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen.

And in a little poem of our author's, call'd, *The Tryal of Love's Conſtancy*, we find him employing the ſubſtantive in the like ſenſe.

To bitter ſauces did I frame my feeding;
And ſick of welfare, found a kind of *meetneſs*
To be diſeas'd ere that there was true needing.

1 Thief.

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes.

Tim. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds and fiſhes;
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,
That you are thieves profeſt; that you work not
In holier ſhapes; for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions. Raſcals, thieves,
Here's gold. Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood o' th' grape,
'Till the high fever ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo ſcape hanging. Truſt not the phyſician,
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob. Take wealth, and live together.
Do villany, do, ſince you profeſs to do't,
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
The ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt ſea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun.
The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves (34)
The

(34) *The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves*
The moon *into ſalt tears.*] The *ſea* melting the *moon* into tears, is, I believe, a ſecret in philoſophy, which no body but *Shakeſpeare*'s deep editors ever dream'd of. There is another opinion, which 'tis more reaſonable to believe that our author may allude to; *viz.* that the ſaltneſs of the ſea is cauſed by ſeveral ranges, or *mounds* of roch-ſalt under water, with which *reſolving* liquid the ſea was impregnated. *Varenius* in his geography is very copious upon this argument: After having touch'd upon another opinion, that the ſaline particles were coeval with the ocean itſelf, he ſubjoins; *Si ea cauſa minus placet, alteram eligemus; nimirum* ſalſas *iſtas* particulas *a* terrâ *hinc inde* avulſas *eſſe, & in* aquâ diſſolutas. Lib. 1. cap. 13. prop. 8. This I think a ſufficient authority for changing *moon* into *mounds:* and I am ſtill the more confirm'd, becauſe Mr. *Warburton*, who did not know I had touch'd the place, ſent me up the very ſame correction. Of the ſea thus encroaching upon the land, our author has made mention more than once in his works.

See 2 *Henry* IV.

——ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level; and the *continent,*
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, *melt itſelf*
Into the ſea.

And again, in a poem of his, call'd, *Injurious Time:*

When I have ſeen the hungry *ocean* gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the *ſhore.*

And

The mounds into ſalt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtoll'n (35)
From gen'ral excrements: each thing's a thief,
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourſelves, away,
Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to *Athens* go,
Break open ſhops, for nothing can you ſteal
But thieves do loſe it: ſteal not leſs for what
I give, and gold confound you howſoever! *Amen.* [*Exit.*

3 *Thief.* H'as almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery. [trade.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my

1 *Thief.* Let us firſt ſee peace in *Athens*; (36)

2 *Thief.* There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt.*

And in a play, aſcrib'd to him, call'd *Pericles* Prince of *Tyre*. Act 4.

Thetis, being proud, ſwallow'd ſome part o' th' earth.

It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that in all the editions of this play, except one old *quarto* printed in 1609, the name of *Thetis* is loſt, and nonſenſically corrupted into theſe two words:

That is, being proud, *&c.*

(35) ——*by a* compoſure *ſtoln*
From gen'ral excrement:] I have reſtor'd from the old editions, *compoſture*; and there is no doubt but that was our author's word here. For he is ſpeaking of that artificial dung, call'd *compoſt*. So *Haml.* Act 3.

And do not ſpread the *compoſt* on the weeds,
To make them ranker.

(36) 1 Thief. *Let us firſt ſee peace in* Athens; *&c.*] This and the concluding little ſpeech have in all the editions been placed to one ſpeaker: But, as Mr. *Warburton* very juſtly obſerv'd to me, 'tis evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *firſt* thief, who is for repenting, and leaving off his trade.

ACT V.

SCENE, The Woods, and *Timon*'s Cave.

Enter Flavius.

FLAVIUS.

O H, you gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and failing? oh, monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly beſtow'd!
What change of honour deſp'rate want has made?
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man was wiſht to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do!
H'as caught me in his eye, I will preſent
My honeſt grief to him; and, as my Lord,
Still ſerve him with my life. My deareſt maſter!

Timon *comes forward from his Cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why doſt aſk that? I have forgot all men.
Then if thou granteſt that thou art a man,
I have forgot thee.
Flav. An honeſt ſervant,——
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honeſt man about me, all
I kept were knaves, to ſerve in meat to villains.
Flav. The gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone Lord, than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, doſt thou weep? come nearer, then I love thee,
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt

Flinty

Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give
But or through luſt, or laughter. Pity's ſleeping;
Strange times! that weep with laughing, not with weeping.
Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a ſteward
So true, ſo juſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turns my dangerous nature wild.——
Let me behold thy face: ſurely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
Perpetual, ſober gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man: miſtake me not, but one:
No more, I pray; and he's a ſteward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: but all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks, thou art more honeſt now, than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt Lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
A uſuring kindneſs, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?
Flav. No, my moſt worthy maſter, (in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late,)
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt;
Suſpect ſtill comes, where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, heav'n knows, is merely love,
Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourſelf.
Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo; thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, take; the gods out of my miſery

Have

Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew charity to none;
But let the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men. Let priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em; be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods!
And ſo farewel, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me ſtay, and comfort you, my maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt curſes,
Stay not, but fly, whilſt thou art bleſt and free;
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's ſo full of gold?

Pain. Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrynia* and *Timandra* had gold of him: he likewiſe enrich'd poor ſtragling ſoldiers with great quantity. 'Tis ſaid, he gave his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a tryal for his friends?

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in *Athens* again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his: it will ſhew honeſtly in us, and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt: Promiſing is the very air o' th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer

H. Gravelot in Vol: 6. P: 189. G. V.rd Gucht Scul.

plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of uſe. To promiſe, is moſt courtly, and faſhionable; performance is a kind of will or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon *from his cave, unſeen.*

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as thyſelf.

Poet. I am thinking, what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him: it muſt be a perſonating of himſelf; a ſatire againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity, with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's ſeek him.
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True.

Poet. While the day ſerves, before black-corner'd night, (35)
Find what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn——
What a god's gold, that he is worſhipped
In baſer temples, than where ſwine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the wave, (36)
Settleſt admired rev'rence in a ſlave;
To thee be worſhip, and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon.*

Pain. Our late noble maſter.

(35) *While the day ſerves*, &c.] This couplet in all the editions is placed to the *painter*, but, as it is in rhyme, and a ſequel of the ſentiment begun by the *poet*, I have made no ſcruple to aſcribe it to him.

(36) *'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the* foam,
Settleſt admired rev'rence in a ſlave;] As both the couplet preceding, and following this, are in rhyme, I am very apt to ſuſpect, the rhyme is diſmounted here by an accidental corruption; and therefore have ventur'd to replace *wave* in the room of *foam*.

Tim.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?
Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends, fal'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures, oh abhorred ſpirits!
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough——
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.
Tim. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better: (37)
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen and known.
Pain. He, and myſelf,
Have travell'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you're honeſt men.
Pain. We're hither come to offer you our ſervice.
Tim. Moſt honeſt men! why, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.
Tim. Y'are honeſt men; you've heard, that I have gold;
I'm ſure, you have; ſpeak truth, y'are honeſt men.
Pain. So it is ſaid, my noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honeſt man; thou draw'ſt a counterfeit
Beſt in all *Athens*; thou'rt, indeed, the beſt;
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.
Pain. So, ſo, my Lord.

(37) *Let it go*, naked men *may ſee't the better*;] Thus has this paſſage been ſtupidly pointed thro' all the editions, as if naked men could ſee better than men in their cloaths. I think verily, if there were any room to credit the experiment, ſuch editors ought to go naked for the improvement of their eye-ſights. But, perhaps, they have as little faith as judgment in their own readings. The *poet*, in the preceding ſpeech haranguing on the ingratitude of *Timon*'s falſe friends, ſays, he cannot cover the monſtrouſneſs of it with any ſize of words; to which *Timon*, as I have rectified the pointing, very aptly replies;

Let it go naked,—— men may ſee't the better.

So, our poet in his *Much Ado* about *Nothing*.

Why ſeek'ſt thou then to *cover* with excuſe
That, which *appears* in proper *nakedneſs*.

Tim. E'en ſo, Sir, as I ſay—And for thy fiction,
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay, you have a little fault;
Marry, not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beſeech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Moſt thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, and feed him;
Keep in your boſom, yet remain aſſur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me theſe villains from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this;—but two in company:
Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where *thou* art, two villains ſhall not be, [*To the Painter.*
Come not near *him*.—if *thou* wouldſt not reſide [*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.
Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye ſlaves;
You have work for me; there's your payment, hence!
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that:
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Beating and driving 'em out.*

Enter

Enter Flavius *and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with *Timon*:
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing but himſelf, which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave.
It is our part and promiſe to th' *Athenians*
To ſpeak with *Timon.*

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave:
Peace and content be here, Lord *Timon! Timon!*
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: th' *Athenians*
By two of their moſt rev'rend ſenate greet thee;
Speak to them, noble *Timon.*

Enter Timon *out of his Cave.*

Tim. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!——
Speak, and be hang'd;
For each true word a bliſter, and each falſe
Be cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking.

1 *Sen.* Worthy *Timon*,——

Tim. —Of none but ſuch as you, and you of *Timon.*

2 *Sen.* The Senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon.*

Tim. I thank them. And would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for ourſelves, in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs
Tow'rd thee forgetfulneſs, too general, groſs;

Which

Which now the publick body, (which doth seldom
Play the recanter) feeling in itself
A lack of *Timon*'s aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to *Timon*;
And sends forth us to make their sorrowed tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take
The captainship: thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: soon we shall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threatning sword
Against the walls of *Athens*.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon*——

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir; thus—
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. If he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and tell him, *Timon* speaks it;
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuse but tell him, that I care not.
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before

The reverend'ſt throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſp'rous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to-morrow. My long ſickneſs
Of health and liv'ng now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill;
Be *Alcibiades* your plague: you his;
And laſt ſo long enough!

1 *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruite doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* Theſe words become your lips, as they paſs thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes,
That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
Some kindneſs to them, teach them to prevent
Wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my cloſe,
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte; (38)
Come

(38)——*let him take his* taſte;] I dont know, upon what authority Mr *Pope* in both his editions has given us this reading; I have reſtor'd the text from the old books, and, I am perſuaded, as the author wrote. *Timon*'s whole harangue is copied from this paſſage of *Plutarch* in the life of *M. Antony*: "Ye men of *Athens*, in a court-yard belonging

Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himſelf——I pray you, do my greeting.
Flav. Vex him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.
Tim. Come not to me again, but ſay to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a-day with his embоſſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover: Thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be mens works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his reign.
[*Exit* Timon.

1 *Sen.* His diſcontents are unremoveably coupled to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril. (39)

1 *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

" belonging to my houſe grows a large fig-tree; on which many an " honeſt citizen has been pleas'd to hang himſelf: Now, as I have " thoughts of building upon that ſpot, I could not omit giving you " this publick notice; to the end, that if any more among you have " a mind to make the ſame uſe of my tree, they may do it *ſpeedily* " before it is deſtroy'd." And *Rabelais*, who, in the oldeſt *prologue* to his *fourth* book, has inſerted this ſtory from *Plutarch*, thus renders the cloſe of the ſentence.

——*Pourtant quiconque de Vous autres, et de toute la ville aura a ſe pendre, s'en* depeſche promptement.

(39) *In our* dead *peril.*] Thus Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* have given us this paſſage; but is it not ſtrange that the *Athenians* 'peril ſhould be *dead*, becauſe one of their hopes was *dead*? Such a diſappointment muſt naturally give freſh life and ſtrength to their danger. We muſt certainly read with the old *Folio*'s; *In our* dear *peril.*
i. e. dread, deep. So in *As you like it*;

For my father hated his father *dearly*,

So in *Jul. Cæſ.*

Would it not grieve thee *dearer* than thy death, *&c.*

And in *Hamlet*;

Would I had met my *deareſt* foe in heav'n, *&c.*

And in an hundred other paſſages, that might be quoted from our author.

SCENE changes to the Walls of *Athens*.

Enter two other Senators, with a Meſſenger.

1 *Sen.* THou haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?
Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent approach.
2 *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.
Meſ. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon*'s cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i' th' cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.
3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choak the air with duſt. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Soldier in the woods, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho.—No anſwer?——
What is this?——
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretcht his ſpan;—
Some beaſt rear'd this; here does not live a man. (40)
Dead,

(40) *Some beaſt*, read *this: here does not live a man.*] Some beaſt *read* what? The ſoldier had yet only ſeen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for *Timon*'s grave, and not the *inſcription* upon it. My friend Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly adviſ'd me to amend the text, as I have done; and a paſſage occurs to me, (from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Cupid's revenge*) that ſeems very ſtrong in ſupport of his conjecture:

——— Comfort was never here;
Here is no food, nor beds; nor any *houſe*
Built by a better architect than *beaſts*.

The

Dead, ſure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill,
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:
Before proud *Athens* he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE, before the Walls of *Athens*.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades *with his powers.*

Alc. SOund to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach.
[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice. 'Till now myſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our traverſt arms, and breath'd—
Our ſufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries, of itſelf, *no more:* now breathleſs wrong
Shall fit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe,
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe to fear;
We ſent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo (41)
Transformed *Timon* to our city's love

By

The ſoldier, ſeeking by order for *Timon*, ſees ſuch an irregular mole, as he concludes muſt have been the workmanſhip of ſome beaſt inhabiting the woods; and ſuch a cavity, as either muſt have been ſo over-arch'd, or happen'd by the caſual falling in of the ground. This latter ſpecies of caverns, produced by nature, *Æſchylus*, I remember, in his *Prometheus*, elegantly calls αὐτόκλιτ' ἄντρα, *ſelf-built dens.*

(41) ——— *So did we woo*
Transformed Timon *to our city's love*

By humble meſſage, and by promis'd 'mends:
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great tow'rs, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out:
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs (42)
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, noble Lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpread;
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths, take thou the deſtin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take

By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means:] *Promis'd means* muſt import a ſupply of ſubſtance, the recruiting his ſunk fortunes; but that is not all, in my mind, that the poet would aim at. The ſenate had wooed him with humble meſſage, and promiſe of general reparation for their injuries and ingratitude. This ſeems included in the ſlight change which I have made—*and by promis'd* 'mends: and this word, *apoſtrophe'd*, or otherwiſe, is uſed in common with *amends*. So in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*;

Let her be as ſhe is; if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the *mends* in her own hands.

And ſo *B. Jonſon* in his *Every Man* out of his *Humour*:

Pardon me, gentle friends, I'll make fair *mends*
For my foul errors paſt.

(42) *Shame, that they wanted cunning in exceſs,*
Hath broke their hearts.] i. e. in other terms,—Shame, that they were not the cunning'ſt men alive, hath been the cauſe of their death. For *cunning in exceſs* muſt mean this or nothing. O brave editors! They had heard it ſaid, that too much wit in ſome caſes might be dangerous, and why not an abſolute want of it? But had they the ſkill or courage to remove one perplexing *comma*, the eaſy and genuine ſenſe would immediately ariſe. "Shame in exceſs (i. e. extremity "of ſhame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wiſe "enough not to baniſh you;) hath broke their hearts."

On thoſe that are, revenge: crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and thoſe kin,
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended; like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth;
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion: all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports;
Thoſe enemies of *Timon*'s, and mine own,
Whom you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds;
But ſhall be remedied by publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble General, *Timon* is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' th' ſea;
And on the grave-ſtone this inſculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[Alcibiades, *reads the epitaph.*]

Here lyes a wretched coarſe, of wretched ſoul bereft: (43)
Seek not my name: a plague conſume you caitiffs left!
Here lye I *Timon*, who all living men did hate,
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy gaite.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Tho' thou abhorr'ſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brains flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit (44)
Taught thee to make vaſt *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.—Dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whoſe memory
Hereafter more—Bring me into your city,

And

(43) *Here lies a wretched coarſe,*] This epitaph the poet has form'd out of two ſeparate diſtichs quoted by *Plutarch* in his life of M. *Antony*: the firſt, ſaid to have been compos'd by *Timon* himſelf; the other is an epitaph on him made by *Callimachus*, and extant among his epigrams. The verſion of the latter, as our author has tranſmitted it to us, avoids thoſe blunders which *Leonard Aretine*, the *Latin* tranſlator of the above quoted *life* in *Plutarch*, committed in it. I once imagin'd, that *Shakeſpeare* might poſſibly have corrected this tranſlator's blunder from his own acquaintance with the *Greek* original: but, I find, he has tranſcrib'd the four lines from an old *Engliſh* verſion of *Plutarch*, extant in his time. I have not been able to trace the time, when this play of our author's made its firſt appearance; but I believe, it was written before the death of Q. *Elizabeth*; becauſe I take it to be hinted at in a piece, call'd, *Jack Drum*'s entertainment; or, the comedy of *Paſquill* and *Katherine*, play'd by the children of *Powles*, and printed in 1601.

——Come, come, now I'll be as ſociable as *Timon* of *Athens*.

(44) ——— *yet rich conceit*
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune *weep for aye*
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, *of whoſe memory*
Hereafter more.—] All the editors, in their learning and ſagacity, have ſuffer'd an unaccountable abſurdity to paſs them in this paſſage. Why was *Neptune* to weep on *Timon*'s faults forgiven? Or, indeed, what faults had *Timon* committed, except againſt his own fortune and happy ſituation in life? But the corruption of the text lies only in the bad pointing, which I have diſengag'd, and reſtor'd to the true meaning. *Alcibiades*'s whole ſpeech, as the editors might have obſerv'd,

And I will uſe the olive with my ſword;
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war; make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leach.
Let our drums ſtrike.—— [*Exeunt.*

is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on *Timon*'s death, and his addreſſes to the *Athenian* ſenators: and as ſoon as he has commented on the place of *Timon*'s grave, he bids the ſenate ſet forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promiſes to uſe them with mercy. The very ſame manner of expreſſion occurs in *Antony*, and *Cleopatra*.

Ante. Well; what worſt?
Meſſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ante. When it concerns the fool or coward:——*On*;——
Things, that are paſt, are done with me.——

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declar'd Emperor himſelf.*
Baſſianus, *Brother to* Saturninus, *in love with* Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, *a noble* Roman, *General againſt the* Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the people, and brother to* Titus.
Marcus,
Quintus,
Lucius,
Mutius,
} *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.
Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
Publius, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune, and Nephew to* Titus Andronicus.
Sempronius.
Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius,
} *Sons to* Tamora.
Aaron, *a* Moor, *belov'd by* Tamora.
Captain, from Titus's *Camp.*
Æmilius, *a Meſſenger.*
Goths, *and* Romans.
Clown.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths, *and afterwards married to* Saturninus.
Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Rome*; and the Country near it.

TITUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS. (1)

ACT I.

SCENE, before the *Capitol* in *ROME*.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter Saturninus *and his followers, at one door; and* Baſſianus *and his followers, at the other, with Drum and Colours.*

SATURNINUS.

NOble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the juſtice of my cauſe with arms:
And countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title with your ſwords.
I am

(1) *Titus Andronicus.*] This is one of thoſe plays, which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledg'd in the liſt of *Shakeſpeare*'s genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to ſtrengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of queſtion. *Ben Johnſon* in the induction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, (which made its firſt appearance in the year 1614) couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and ſpeaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years ſtanding. Conſequently, *Andronicus* muſt have been on the ſtage, before *Shakeſpeare* left *Warwickſhire* to come and reſide in *London*: and I never heard it ſo much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to ſtage-writing, before he aſſociated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the ſcene, with-

out

I am the firſt-born ſon of him, that laſt
Wore the imperial diadem of *Rome*:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.
Baſ. Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my right,
If ever *Baſſianus*, *Cæſar*'s ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal *Rome*,
Keep then this paſſage to the capitol;
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
Th' imperial ſeat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine;
And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft*, *with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes, that ſtrive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiouſly for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of *Rome*, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial party, have by common voice,
In election for the *Roman* empery,
Choſen *Andronicus*, ſur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great deſerts to *Rome*.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city-walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barbarous *Goths*;
That with his ſons (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoak'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertook
This cauſe of *Rome*, and chaſtiſed with arms

the addition of his own maſterly touches, is inconteſtable: and thence, I preſume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raiſe it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry* VI. The ſtory, we are to ſuppoſe, merely fictitious. *Andronicus* is a ſur-name of pure *Greek* derivation: *Tamora* is neither mentioned by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, nor any body elſe that I can find. Nor had *Rome*, in the time of her Emperors, any wars with the *Goths*, that I know of: not till after the tranſlation of the empire, I mean, to *Byzantium*. And yet the ſcene of our play is laid at *Rome*, and *Saturninus* is elected to the empire at the *Capitol*.

Our

Our enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field.——
And now at laſt, laden with honour's ſpoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us intreat, by honour of his name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now ſucceed,
And in the capitol and Senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and, as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs.

Sat. How fair the tribune ſpeaks, to calm my thoughts!

Baſ. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affie
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,
And ſo I love and honour thee and thine;
Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his ſons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome*'s rich ornament;
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myſelf, my perſon and the cauſe:
Rome, be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open thy gates, and let me in.

Baſ. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-houſe.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome*'s beſt champion,
Succeſsful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,

From

From whence he circumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius *and* Marcus: *after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then* Quintus *and* Lucius. *After them,* Titus Andronicus; *and then* Tamora, *the Queen of* Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the* Moor, *priſoners; Soldiers, and other Attendants. They ſet down the coffin, and* Titus *ſpeaks.*

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds! (2)
Lo, as the bark, that hath diſcharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage;
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
To re-ſalute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to *Rome*.
Thou great defender of this capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant ſons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
Theſe, that ſurvive, let *Rome* reward with love;
Theſe, that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial among their anceſtors.
Here *Goths* have given me leave to ſheath my ſword:
Titus, unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of *Styx?*
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*

(2) *Hail,* Rome, *victorious in* thy *mourning weeds!*] Mr. *Warburton* and I concurred to ſuſpect that the Poet wrote;

——— *in* my *mourning weeds.*

i. e. *Titus* would ſay; "Thou, *Rome*, art victorious, though I am "a mourner for thoſe ſons which I have loſt in obtaining that "victory." But I have not ventured to diſturb the text; becauſe, on a ſecond reflection, *mourning weeds* may relate to *Rome* for this reaſon; the ſcene opens with *Saturninus* and *Baſſianus* canvaſſing to be elected to the Empire: and conſequently the ſtate might be in grief for their laſt Emperor juſt deceaſed.

There

There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars:
O ſacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the *Goths*,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly priſon of their bones:
That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the nobleſt that ſurvives.
The eldeſt ſon of this diſtreſſed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I ſhed,
A mother's tears in paſſion for her ſon:
And if thy ſons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my ſons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*, (3)
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yoke?
But muſt my ſons be ſlaughter'd in the ſtreets,
For valiant doings in their country's cauſe?
O! if to fight for King and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

(3) *Sufficeth not, that we are brought to* Rome,
To beautify thy Triumphs, and return
Captive to thee and to thy Roman *yoke?*] It is evident, as this Paſſage has hitherto been pointed, none of the editors underſtood the true Meaning. If *Tamora* and her Family *return* captive to *Rome*, they muſt have been before priſoners of war to the *Romans:* and that is more than what is hinted, or ſuppos'd, any where in the play. But the truth is, *return* is not a *Verb* but a *Subſtantive*; and relates to *Titus* and not to *Tamora:* The regulation I have given the text, I dare warrant, reſtores the Author's intention.

To beautify thy triumphs and return.

Thrice

Thrice noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt-born ſon.
Tit. Patient yourſelf, madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren ſlain
Religiouſly they aſk a ſacrifice;
To this your ſon is markt, and die he muſt,
T'appeaſe their groaning ſhadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight.
And with our ſwords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean conſum'd.
[*Exe.* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius *with* Alarbus.
Tam. O cruel, irreligious, piety!
Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.
Alarbus, go to reſt! and we ſurvive
To tremble under *Titus'* threatning looks.
Then, madam, ſtand reſolv'd; but hope withal,
The ſelf-ſame gods, that arm'd the Queen of *Troy* (4)
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in her tent,
May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus'* limbs are lopt;
And intrails feed the ſacrificing fire;
Whoſe ſmoke, like incenſe, doth perfume the ſky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to *Rome*.
Tit. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*

(4) *The ſelf-ſame gods, that arm'd the Queen of* Troy
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the Thracian *tyrant in* his *tent*, &c] I read, againſt the authority of all the copies, —— *in* her *tent*; i. e. in the tent where ſhe and the other *Trojan* captive women were kept: for thither *Hecuba* by a wile had decoyed *Polymneſtor*, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from EURIPIDES's *Hecuba*; the only Author, that I can at preſent remember, from whom our writer muſt have gleaned this circumſtance.

Make

Make this his lateſt farewel to their ſouls.

[*Then ſound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons,
Rome's readieſt champions, repoſe you here,
Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells;
Here grow no damned grudges, here no ſtorms,
No noiſe: but ſilence and eternal ſleep:
In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethrens obſequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to *Rome*.
O, bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortune *Rome*'s beſt citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus lovingly reſerv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days, (5)
In fame's eternal date for virtue's praiſe!

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome!*

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame:
Fair Lords, your fortunes are alike in all, (6)

That

(5) Lavinia, *live; out-live thy father's days:*
And *Fame's eternal date for Virtue's praiſe!*] Were the text to be admitted genuine, nothing could be ſo abſurd as for *Titus* to wiſh, his daughter might *out-live* the *eternal* date of Fame. This, as my friend Mr. *Warburton* merrily obſerves, is like the loyal patriot in the laſt reign, who wiſh'd, King *George* might reign *for ever*, and the Prince and Princeſs *after him!* I have, by the change of a ſingle monoſyllable reſtored the Paſſage to a ſenſible and kind wiſh.

(6) *Fair Lords, your fortunes are alike in all.*] This is addreſſed by the tribune to all his brother's ſons, as well *dead* as *alive*. But how could it be then ſaid, that their fortunes were all *alike?* The expreſſion ſeems liable to an open abſurdity. Perhaps, we may reconcile ourſelves

That in your country's ſervice drew your ſwords.
But ſafer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to *Solon*'s happineſs:
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me their tribune, and their truſt,
This palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With theſe our late-deceaſed Emperor's ſons:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on;
And help to ſet a head on headleſs *Rome*.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What! ſhould I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be choſe with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, reſign my life,
And ſet abroach new buſineſs for you all?
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,
Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In right and ſervice of their noble country.
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſcepter to controul the world.
Upright he held it, Lords, that held it laſt.

Mar. *Titus*, thou ſhalt obtain and aſk the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canſt thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.——

Sat. *Romans*, do me right.
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome*'s Emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good

ourſelves to it, thus: "Some of you are returned ſafe, and with "glory; you, that have not lived to return, ſhare the glory of your "brethren's fortune, in having died for your country: And though "you cannot partake in the joy of their triumph; yet ſtill you en-"joy a ſafer triumph, exempt from chance and caſualty."

That

That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.——
Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſ. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.
Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble tribunes here,
I aſk your voices, and your ſuffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus?*
Mar. To gratify the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this ſuit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord *Saturnine*; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan*'s rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay,—Long live our Emperor!
Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome*'s great Emperor;
And ſay,—Long live our Emperor *Saturnine!*
[*A long flouriſh, 'till they come down.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleneſs:
And for an onſet, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empereſs,
Rome's royal miſtreſs, miſtreſs of my heart,
And in the ſacred *Pantheon* her eſpouſe:
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion pleaſe thee?
Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here in ſight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
King and commander of our common-weal,

The

The wide world's Emperor, do I conſecrate,
My ſword, my chariot, and my priſoners;
Preſents well worthy *Rome*'s imperial Lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's enſigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome ſhall record; and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe unſpeakable deſerts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you priſoner to an Emperor;
To him, that for your honour and your ſtate
Will uſe you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, truſt me, of the hue [*To* Tamora.
That I would chuſe, were I to chuſe a-new:
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorn in *Rome*:
Princely ſhall be thy uſage every way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.
Lavinia, you are not diſpleas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my Lord; ſith true nobility
Warrants theſe words in princely courteſy.

Sat. Thanks, ſweet *Lavinia*; *Romans*, let us go.
Ranſomleſs here we ſet our priſoners free;
Proclaim our honours, Lords, with trump and drum.

Baſ. Lord *Titus*, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing* Lavinia.

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earneſt then, my Lord?

Baſ. Ay, noble *Titus*; and reſolv'd withal,
To do myſelf this reaſon and this right.
[*The Emperor courts* Tamora *in dumb ſhew.*

Mar. Suum cuique is our *Roman* juſtice:
This Prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's guard?
Treaſon, my Lord; *Lavinia* is ſurpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Baſ.

Baſ. By him, that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit* Baſſinus *with* Lavinia.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſecure.
Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.
Mut. My Lord, you paſs not here.——
Tit. What! villain-boy,
Barr'ſt me my way in *Rome?* [*He kills him.*
Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help!
Luc. My Lord, you are unjuſt, and more than ſo;
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſons of mine:
My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me.
Traitor, reſtore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.
Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not;
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock;
I'll truſt by leiſure him, that mocks me once:
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty ſons,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in *Rome* to make a ſtale of,
But *Saturnine?* full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree theſe deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I beg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are theſe;
Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece,
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword;
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs ſons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of *Rome.*
Tit. Theſe words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the ſtately *Phœbe* 'mong her nymphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the gallant'ſt dames of *Rome*;
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice,
Behold, I chuſe thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee Empereſs of *Rome.*
Speak, Queen of *Goths*, doſt thou applaud my choice?

And here I ſwear by all the *Roman* gods,
(Sith prieſt and holy water are ſo near,
And tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for *Hymeneus* ſtands,)
I will not re-ſalute the ſtreets of *Rome*,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead eſpous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in ſight of heav'n to *Rome* I ſwear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A loving nurſe, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Aſcend, fair Queen, *Panthean*; Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*;
Whoſe wiſdom hath her fortune conquered:
There ſhall we conſummate our ſpouſal rites. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Marcus.

Mar. Oh, *Titus*, ſee, oh, ſee, what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.

Tit. No, fooliſh tribune, no: no ſon of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe confederates in the deed,
That hath diſhonoured all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy ſons.

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give *Mutius* burial with our bretheren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he reſts not in this tomb;
This monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified:
Here none but ſoldiers, and *Rome*'s ſervitors,
Repoſe in fame: none baſely ſlain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew *Mutius*' deeds do plead for him:
He muſt be buried with his bretheren. [Titus's *ſons ſpeak.*
Sons.

Sons. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And ſhall? what villain was it ſpake that word?
[Titus's *ſon ſpeaks.*
Quin. He, that would vouch't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my deſpight?
Mar. No, noble *Titus*; but intreat of thee
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, ev'n thou haſt ſtruck upon my creſt,
And with theſe boys mine honour thou haſt wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Luc. He is not himſelf, let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius*' bones be buried.
[*The brother and the ſons kneel.*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.
Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my ſoul,——
Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all.——
Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's neſt,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia*'s cauſe.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks*, upon advice, did bury *Ajax*, (7)
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe *Laertes*' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Riſe, *Marcus*, riſe——
The diſmall'ſt day is this, that ev'r I ſaw,
To be diſhonour'd by my ſons in *Rome:*
Well; bury him, and bury me the next.
[*They put him in the tomb.*
Luc. There lye thy bones, ſweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,

(7) *The* Greeks, *upon advice, did bury* Ajax,
That ſlew himſelf;—] As the author before ſhew'd himſelf acquainted with a circumſtance glean'd from *Euripides*, we find him there no leſs converſant with the *Ajax* of SOPHOCLES; in which *Ulyſſes* and *Teucer* ſtrenuouſly contend for permiſſion to bury the body of *Ajax*, tho' he had been declar'd an enemy to the confederate ſtates of *Greece*.

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!
[*They all kneel, and ſay*;
No man ſhed tears for noble *Mutius*;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cauſe.

Mar. My Lord, to ſtep out of theſe dreary dumps,
How comes it, that the ſubtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in *Rome*?

Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but I know it is:
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the* Moor, *at one door. At the other door*, Baſſianus *and* Lavinia *with others.*

Sat. So, *Baſſianus*, you have plaid your prize;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Baſ. And you of yours, my Lord; I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs, and ſo I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this rape.

Baſ. Rape call you it, my Lord, to ſeize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all;
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very ſhort with us.
But, if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.

Baſ. My Lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble gentleman, Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That in the reſcue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſon,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*;
That hath expreſt himſelf in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.
Tit. Prince *Baſſianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.
Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak, indifferently, for all;
And at my ſuit (ſweet) pardon what is paſt.
Sat. What, Madam! be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not ſo, my Lord; the gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you!
But, on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord *Titus*' innocence in all;
Whoſe fury, not diſſembled, ſpeaks his griefs:
Then, at my ſuit, look graciouſly on him,
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Leſt then the people and patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey, take *Titus*' part;
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous ſin,
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone; [*Aſide.*
I'll find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous ſons,
To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life:
And make them know, what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, ſweet Emperor,—come, *Andronicus*—
Take up this good old man, and chear the heart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.
Sat. Riſe, *Titus*, riſe; my Empreſs hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majeſty, and her; my Lord,
Theſe words, theſe looks infuſe new life in me.
Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,

A *Roman* now adopted happily:
And muſt adviſe the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*;
And let it be my honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, Prince *Baſſianus*, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, Lords; and you, *Lavinia*,
By my advice all-humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aſk pardon of his majeſty.

Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his Highneſs,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our ſiſter's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do proteſt.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.——

Tam. Nay, nay, ſweet Emperor, we muſt all be friends.
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied; ſweet-heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy ſake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora*'s intreats,
I do remit theſe young men's hainous faults,
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and, ſure as death, I ſwore,
I would not part a batchelor from the prieſt.
Come, if the Emperor's court can feaſt two brides;
You are my gueſt, *Lavinia*, and your friends;
This day ſhall be a love-day, *Tamora*.

Tit. To-morrow, an it pleaſe your majeſty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *Bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it ſo, *Titus*, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, before the Palace.

Enter Aaron *alone.*

AARON.

NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top, (8)
Safe out of fortune's ſhot; and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flaſh;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach;
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his gliſtring coach,
And over-looks the higheſt-peering hills:
So *Tamora.*
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, (9)
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faſter bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucaſus.*

(8) *Now climbeth* Tamora Olympus' *top,*
Safe out of fortune's ſhot; and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flaſh;]
The images here ſeem to be borrow'd from *Claudian's* deſcription of the ſummit of *Olympus*, in his poem on *Mallius Theodorus's* conſulſhip.

——*ut altus* Olympi
Vertex, qui ſpatio ventos hiemeſque relinquit,
Perpetuum nulla temeratus nube ſerenum,
Celſior exurgit pluviis, auditque ruentes
Sub pedibus nimbos, & rauca tonitrua calcat. Mr. *Warburton.*

(9) *Upon her wit doth* early *honour wait,*]
I don't know for what reaſon, or whether by chance, Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* adopted this reading: I have reſtor'd with all the old copies, *earthly.*

Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Empereſs.
To wait, ſaid I? to wanton with this Queen,
This goddeſs, this *Semiramis*; — this Queen,
This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwrack, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what ſtorm is this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius, *braving*.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for ought thou know'ſt, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt over-ween in all,
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves:
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me leſs gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſion for *Lavinia*'s love,
Aar. Clubs, clubs!—theſe lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your ſheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little ſkill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, Lords?
So near the Emp'ror's palace dare you draw?
And maintain ſuch a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be ſo diſhonour'd in the court of *Rome*.
For ſhame, put up.——

Chi.

Chi. Not I, till I have ſheath'd (10)
My rapier in his boſom, and withal
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.
Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full reſolv'd;——
Foul-ſpoken coward! thou thundreſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.
Aar. Away, I ſay.——
Now by the gods, that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all;
Why, Lords—and think you not, how dangerous
It is to jet upon a Prince's right?
What, is *Lavinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſſianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, juſtice, or revenge?
Young Lords, beware—and ſhould the Empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſick would not pleaſe.
Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world;
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner choice;
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad! or know ye not, in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, Lords, you do put plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. *Aaron*, a thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieve her whom I do love.
Aar. To atchieve her—how?
Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore muſt be lov'd.

(10) — *Not I, till I have ſheath'd*
My rapier in his boſom,—] This ſpeech, which has been all along given to *Demetrius*, as the next has been to *Chiron*, I have, by the advice of Mr. *Warburton*, *vice verſa* given to *Chiron* and *Demetrius*: for it is *Demetrius*, as it appears from the tenour of the ſcene, who had thrown out reproachful ſpeeches on *Chiron*.

What, man? more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and eaſy it is,
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive, we know:
Tho' *Baſſianus* be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan*'s badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, haſt thou not full often ſtruck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's noſe?

Aar. Why then, it ſeems, ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.

Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerved.

Dem. Aaron, thou haſt hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tired with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye—and are you ſuch fools (11)
To ſquare for this? would it offend you then
That both ſhould ſpeed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.

Aar. For ſhame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do
That you affect; and ſo muſt you reſolve,
That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
You may perforce accompliſh as you may.
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaſte
Than this *Lavinia*, *Baſſianus*' love;
A ſpeedier courſe than lingring languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path.
My Lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand,

(11) ——*and are you ſuch fools*
To ſquare for this?——Would it offend you then——
Chi. *Faith, not me.*
Dem. *Nor me, ſo I were one.*] This is *Verbum ſat ſapienti*, with a vengeance. The two brothers ſhew more ſagacity in this paſſage, than they do throughout the play beſides; for they make their anſwer to *Aaron*, without ever ſtaying to hear him propound his queſtion. But there is no occaſion for this ſpirit of divination. The ſupplement, which I have made, is reſtor'd from the *old quarto*, which Mr. *Pope* pretends to have collated.

There

There will the lovely *Roman* Ladies troop:
The foreſt-walks are wide and ſpacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſs with her ſacred wit
To villany and vengeance conſecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare yourſelves,
But to your wiſhes height advance you both.
The Emperor's court is like the houſe of fame.
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf and dull:
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There ſerve your luſts, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye;
And revel in *Lavinia*'s treaſury.

Chi. Thy counſel, lad, ſmells of no cowardiſe.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm theſe fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Foreſt.

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three ſons, with hounds and horns, and* Marcus.

Tit. THE hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray;
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay.
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the Emperor's perſon carefully:
I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, *and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good-morrows to your majeſty;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married Ladies.
Baſ. Lavinia, how ſay you?
Lav. I ſay, no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport: madam, now ye ſhall ſee
Our *Roman* hunting.
Mar. I have dogs, my Lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt Panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory-top.
Tit. And I have horſe will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like Swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a deſart part of the Foreſt.

Enter Aaron *alone.*

Aar. HE, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree;
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know, that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And ſo repoſe, ſweet gold, for their unreſt,
That have their alms out of the Empreſs' cheſt.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron,* wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on every buſh,

The

The ſnake lies rolled in the chearful ſun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd ſhadow on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, *Aaron*, let us ſit,
And whilſt the babling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us ſit down and mark their yelling noiſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wand'ring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave;
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſs a golden ſlumber;
Whilſt hounds and horns, and ſweet melodious birds
Be unto us, as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your deſires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What ſignifies my deadly-ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder when ſhe doth unroul
To do ſome fatal execution?
No, Madam, theſe are no venereal ſigns;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empreſs of my ſoul,
Which never hopes more heaven than reſts in thee)
This is the day of doom for *Baſſianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt loſe her tongue to day;
Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus'* blood.
Seeſt thou this letter, take it up, I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted ſcroul;
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives deſtruction.

Tam. Ah, my ſweet *Moor*, ſweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great Empreſs, *Baſſianus* comes;

Be

Be croſs with him, and I'll go fetch thy ſons
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter Baſſianus *and* Lavinia.

Baſ. Whom have we here? *Rome's* royal Empereſs?
Unfurniſh'd of her well-beſeeming troops?
Or is it *Dian*, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To ſee the general hunting in this foreſt?

Tam. Saucy controuler of our private ſteps:
Had I the power, that, ſome ſay, *Dian* had,
Thy temples ſhould be planted preſently
With horns, as was *Actæon's*; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empereſs,
'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning:
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Jove ſhield your huſband from his hounds to day!
'Tis pity, they ſhould take him for a ſtag.

Baſ. Believe me, Queen, your ſwarth *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wandred hither to an obſure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon, that my noble Lord be rated
For ſaucineſs.—I pray you, let us hence.
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.

Baſ. The King my brother ſhall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign and our gracious mother,
Why does your Highneſs look ſo pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and deteſted vale, you ſee, it is.
The trees, tho' ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſſelto.
Here never ſhines the ſun; here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nighty owl, or fatal raven.
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body hearing it,
Should ſtrait fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraight they told me, they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a diſmal yew;
And leave me to this miſerable death,
And then they call'd me foul adultereſs,
Laſcivious *Goth*, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life;
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy ſon. [*Stabs* Baſ.

Chi. And this for me, ſtruck home to ſhew my ſtrength.
[*Stabbing him likewiſe.*

Lav. I, come, *Semiramis*;--nay, barbarous *Tamora*; (12)

(12) *I come,* Semiramis, *nay barbarous* Tamora,]
By an inaccurancy of the pointing, the editors have all along made nonſenſe of this paſſage. But the poet's meaning is this; *Lavinia*, ſeeing her huſband ſtabb'd by the Queen's two ſons, expects and invites the Queen to ſerve her in the ſame kind, and put an end to her miſeries.

For

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
Firſt, thraſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw:
This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted cope ſhe braves your mighti-
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave? [neſs; (13)

Chi. And if ſhe do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her huſband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.

Tam. But when you have the honey you deſire,
Let not this waſp out-live, us both to ſting.

Chi. I warrant, madam, we will make that ſure;
Come, miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preſerved honeſty of yours.

Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'ſt a woman's face——

Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word—

Dem. Liſten, fair madam; let it be your glory
To ſee her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath; ſhe taught it thee,
The milk, thou ſuck'dſt from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not ſons alike;

(13) *And with that painted* hope *ſhe braves your mightineſs.*] *Lavinia*, ſay they, ſtands on her chaſtity, her nuptial vow, and matrimonial faith; and upon the merit of ſuch qualifications braves the Queen. But in what ſenſe can theſe things be call'd a *painted hope?* What image, or idea does this expreſſion give? the ingenious Mr. *Warburton* furniſh'd me with the emendation I have inſerted in the text, *And with that painted cope,*—*i. e.* this gay covering: a figure very pretty and common among the poets. So we ſay, cloath'd with virtue: as of other qualities we ſay, they are uſed as a *cloak*. Then, *painted* is a very proper epithet to *cope*, it being a ſplendid eccleſiaſtical veſtment of various colours. Beſides, *painted* may be here ironically intended; to inſinuate, this virtue was only pretended in *Lavinia*.

Do

Do thou intreat her, ſhew a woman pity. [baſtard?
Chi. What! would'ſt thou have me prove myſelf a
Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark;
Yet have I heard, (O, could I find it now)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some ſay, that ravens foſter forlorn children,
The whilſt their own birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me, tho' thy hard heart ſay, no,
Nothing ſo kind, but ſomething pitiful.
Tam. I know not what it means: away with her,
Lav. Oh, let me teach thee for my father's ſake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee)
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadſt thou in perſon ne'er offended me,
Even for his ſake am I now pitileſs:
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent;
Therefore away with her, and uſe her as you will;
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life, that I have beg'd ſo long:
Poor I was ſlain, when *Baſſianus* dy'd.
Tam. What beg'ſt thou then? fond woman let me go.
Lav. 'Tis preſent death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worſe than killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſons of their fee.
No; let them ſatisfy their luſt on thee.
Dem. Away. For thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no woman-hood? a beaſtly creature?
The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confuſion fall——
Chi. Nay, then I'll ſtop your mouth——bring thou
her huſband: [*Dragging off* Lavinia.

This

This is the hole, where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my ſons; ſee, that you make her ſure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry chear indeed,
'Till all the th' *Andronici* be made away.
Now will I hence to ſeek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my ſpleenful ſons this Trull deflour. [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron, *with* Quintus *and* Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathſom pit,
Where I eſpied the panther faſt aſleep.

Quin. My ſight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promiſe you; wer't not for ſhame,
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleep a while.
[Marcus *falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? what ſubtle hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning dew diſtill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it ſeems to me:
Speak, brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the diſmalleſt object
That ever eye, with ſight, made heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here;
That he thereby may have a likely gueſs,
How theſe were they, that made away his brother.
[*Exit* Aaron.

Mar. Why doſt not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained hole?

Quin. I am ſurpriſed with an uncouth fear;
A chilling ſweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart ſuſpects, more than mine eye can ſee.

Mar. To prove thou haſt a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone; and my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar.

Mar. Lord *Baſſianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a ſlaughter'd lamb.
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?
Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks;
And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit.
So pale did ſhine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus'* miſty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Baſſianus'* grave.
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mar. And I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not looſe again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*Fall in.*

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along, with me;—I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou, that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mar. Th' unhappy ſon of old *Andronicus*.
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.
Sat. My brother dead? I know thou doſt but jeſt:
He and his Lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.
Mar. We know not where you left him all alive.
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter

Enter Tamora *with Attendants*; Andronicus, *and* Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?
Sat. Here, *Tamora*; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſſianus*?
Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor *Baſſianus* here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.
[*She gives* Saturninus *a letter.*

Saturninus *reads the letter.*

And if we miſs to meet him handſomely,
Sweet huntſman, *Baſſianus* 'tis we mean:
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him,
Thou knowſt our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles of the elder tree,
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury *Baſſianus*.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Oh, *Tamora!* was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murder'd *Baſſianus* here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [*To* Titus.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon,
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered?
Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed.
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,
(Accurſed, if the fault be prov'd in them ——)

Sat.

Sat. If it be prov'd? you ſee, it is apparent.
Who found this letter, *Tamora*, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himſelf did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail.
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They ſhall be ready at your Highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them: ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murder'd body, ſome the murderers.
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
For by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will intreat the King;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, ſtay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Chiron, *with* Lavinia, *raviſh'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell (an if thy tongue can ſpeak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo;
And (if thy ſtumps will let thee) play the ſcribe.
Dem. See, how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcrowle.
Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She has no tongue call, nor hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.
Chi. If 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang myſelf.
Dem. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Chiron.

Enter Marcus *to* Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word; where is your huſband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of

Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet ornaments, (14)
Whoſe circling ſhadows Kings have ſought to ſleep in?
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As have thy love! why doſt not ſpeak to me?
Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſy lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, ſure, ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee;
And, leſt thou ſhou'dſt detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And, notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,
(As from a conduit with their iſſuing ſpouts,)
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan*'s face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a cloud.——
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopt,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela*, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better-ſew'd than *Philomel*.
Oh, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lilly hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;

(14) ——— *thoſe ſweet ornaments,*
Whoſe circling ſhadows Kings have ſought to ſleep in,
And might not gain ſo great an happineſs,
As half *thy love!*] As *half* her love? But might they gain any part of her love? or would ſhe not conſent to embrace 'em ſo much as with *one* arm? The poet had no ſuch ſtuff in his thoughts. My correction reſtores the true meaning; that tho' Princes languiſh'd to ſleep in her arms, they could not obtain their ſuit, or *have* her love. The very ſame corruption has obtain'd in our author's tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris*:

And looks, as do the trees by winter nipt,
Whom froſt and cold of fruit and leaves *half* ſtript.
For grammar ſhews, that we muſt likewiſe read here--have *ſtript*.

He

He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his knife, and fell aſleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh, could our mourning eaſe thy miſery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, a Street in *Rome.*

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus *and* Quintus *bound, paſſing on the ſtage to the place of execution, and* Titus *going before, pleading.*

TITUS.

HEar me, grave fathers; noble tribunes, ſtay,
For pity of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my blood in *Rome*'s great quarrel ſhed,
For all the froſty nights that I have watcht,
And for theſe bitter tears, which you now ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned ſons,
Whoſe ſouls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty ſons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in honour's lofty bed.
[Andronicus *lieth down, and the Judges paſs by him.*
For theſe, theſe, tribunes, in the duſt I write
My heart's deep languor, and my ſoul's ſad tears:
Let my tears ſtanch the earth's dry appetite,
My ſons ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exe.*

That

That ſhall diſtil from theſe two antient ruins,
Than youthful *April* ſhall with all his ſhowers; (15)
In ſummer's drought I'll drop upon thee ſtill;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the ſnow;
And keep eternal ſpring-time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drink my dear ſons blood.

Enter Lucius *with his ſword drawn.*

Oh, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my ſons, reverſe the doom of death:
And let me ſay, (that never wept before)
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by;
And you recount your ſorrows to a ſtone.

Tit. Ah, *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead;—
Grave tribunes, once more I intreat of you——

Luc. My gracious Lord, no tribune hears you ſpeak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me.——
Therefore I tell my ſorrows to the ſtones,
Who, tho' they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with me:
And were they but attired in grave weeds;
Rome could afford no tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is ſoft as wax, tribunes more hard than ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?

(15) *Than youthful* April *ſhall with all* her *ſhow'rs*;] This is the reading of our poetical editors only; the older copies have it rightly ---*with all* his *ſhow'rs*. If they had not remember'd *Ovid* in his *Faſti*, lib. IV. ver. 89.

(Aprilem *memorant ab aperto tempore* dictum:
Quem *Venus injecta vindicat alma manu.*)

They might, at leaſt, have remembred the firſt rule in their *Propria quæ maribus*, that all *months* and *winds* are maſculines.

Luc.

Luc. To reſcue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of baniſhment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, fooliſh *Lucius*, doſt thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderneſs of Tygers;
Tygers muſt prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus, *and* Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not ſo, thy noble heart to break:
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, ſo ſhe is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arife and look upon her:
Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs, in thy father's ſpight? (16)
What fool hath added water to the ſea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'ſt,
And now, like *Nilus*, it diſdaineth bounds:
Give me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe.
Now all the ſervice I require of them,

(16) ——— *what accurſed hand*
Hath made thee handleſs in thy father's ſight?] But tho' *Lavinia* appear'd handleſs in her father's preſence, ſhe was not *made ſo* in his ſight. And if that be the true reading, it can at beſt bear but this poor meaning, what curs'd hand hath robb'd thee of thy hands, for thy father to ſee thee in that condition? the ſlight alteration, I have given, adds a much more reaſonable complaint, and aggravates the ſentiment. What curſed hand hath robb'd thee of thy hands, only in deſpight to thy father, only to encreaſe his torments?

Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou haſt no hands,
For hands to do *Rome* ſervice are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear!
Luc. Oh, ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Mar. O, thus I found her ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide herſelf; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand, as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone:
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that, which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my ſoul. ——
Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What ſhall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy huſband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, *Marcus!* ah, ſon *Lucius*, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lilly almoſt wither'd.
Mar. Perchance, ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her huſband.
Perchance, becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy huſband, then be joyful,

Becauſe

Becauſe the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed;
Witneſs the ſorrow, that their ſiſter makes.
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiſs thy lips,
Or make ſome ſigns how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou, and I, ſit round about ſome fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are ſtain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miry ſlime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
'Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb ſhows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot ſome device of further miſery,
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, ceaſe your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece; good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, *Marcus*, *Marcus!* brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark; I underſtand her ſigns;
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.
Oh, what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from bliſs.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word; that if thou love thy ſons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thyſelf, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King; he for the ſame

Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive,
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious Emperor! oh, gentle *Aaron!*
Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the ſun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll ſend the Emperor my hand;
Good *Aaron*, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent; my hand will ſerve the turn.
My youth can better ſpare my blood than you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies caſque? (17)
Oh, none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it ſerve
To ranſom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more, ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe

(17) *Which of your hands hath not defended* Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies caſtle?] This is a paſſage, which ſhows a moſt wonderful ſagacity in our editors. They could not, ſure, intend an improvement of the *Art Military*, by teaching us that it was ever a cuſtom to hew down *caſtles* with the battle-axe. Or could they have a deſign to tell us, that they wore *caſtles* formerly on their heads for *defenſive* armour? There is, indeed, a paſſage in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, which ſuch commentators might alledge in ſupport of ſuch a wiſe opinion.

——— And, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a *caſtle* on thy head, *&c.*

I ventur'd, ſome time ago, to correct the paſſage thus;

Writing deſtruction on the enemies 'caſk,

i. e. an helmet; from the *French* word, *une caſque*. A broken *k* in the manuſcript might eaſily be miſtaken for *tl*, and thus a caſtle was built at once. But as I think it is much more feiſible to ſplit an *helmet* with a *battle-axe*, than to cut down a *caſtle* with it, I ſhall *continue to* ſtand by my emendation.

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſon,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
Mar. And for our father's ſake, and mother's care,
Now let me ſhow a brother's love to thee.
Tit. Agree between you, I will ſpare my hand.
Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.
Mar. But I will uſe the ax. [*Exe.* Lucius *and* Marcus.
Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never, whilſt I live, deceive men ſo.
But I'll deceive you in another ſort,
And that, you'll ſay, ere half an hour paſs. [*Aſide.*
[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *again.*

Tit. Now ſtay your ſtrife; what ſhall be, is diſpatch'd:
Good *Aaron*, give his Majeſty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers, bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my ſons, ſay, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an eaſy price;
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, *Andronicus*; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy ſons with thee:
Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villany [*Aſide.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his ſoul black like his face. [*Exit.*
Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heav'n ſhall hear our prayers,
Or with our ſighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the ſun with fogs, as ſometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting boſoms.
Mar. Oh! brother, ſpeak with poſſibilities,

And do not break into theſe deep extremes.
Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.
Mar. But yet let reaſon govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwol'n face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea; hark, how her ſighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs,
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But, like a drunkard, muſt I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Meſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons,
And here's thy hand in ſcorn to thee ſent back;
Thy grief's their ſport, thy reſolution mockt:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
Theſe miſeries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth eaſe ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at is double death.
Luc. Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat;
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breathe.
Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.
Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?

Mar.

Mar. Now, farewel, flattery! die, *Andronicus*;
Thou doſt not ſlumber; ſee, thy two ſons heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs; and thy brother I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I controul thy griefs; (18)
Rend off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of your moſt wretched eyes;
Now is a time to ſtorm, why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha. ——

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to ſhed;
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way ſhall I find revenge's cave?
For theſe two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me,
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
'Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me ſee, what taſk I have to do——
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made;—come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employ'd in theſe things;
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth;
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an exile, and thou muſt not ſtay.
Hie to the *Goths*, and raiſe an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*

(18) *Ah, now no more will I controul* my *griefs*;] I read,---- *thy* griefs. *Marcus* had before perſuaded *Titus* to be temperate and reſtrain the exceſs of his ſorrows: but now, *ſays he*, that ſo miſerable an object is preſented to your ſight as a dear daughter ſo heinouſly abus'd, e'en indulge your ſorrows till they put an end to your miſerable life.

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father,
The woeful'ſt man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble ſiſter,
O, would thou wert as thou tofore haſt been?
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empreſs
Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
Now will I to the *Goths*, and raiſe a power,
To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit* Lucius.

SCENE, an Apartment in *Titus*'s Houſe.

A Banquet.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, *and young* Lucius, *a Boy.*

Tit. SO, ſo, now ſit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us,
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt;
And when my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thump it down.——
Thou map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſigns!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill;
Wound it with ſighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears, that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that ſink, and ſoaking in,

Drown

Drown the lamenting fool in ſea-ſalt tears.
Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has ſorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man ſhould be mad but I;
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands,——
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O, handle not the theam; no talk of hands,——
Leſt we remember ſtill, that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantickly I ſquare my talk,
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what ſhe ſays,
I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns;
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her cheeks.
Speechleſs complaint!—O, I will learn thy thought,
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I, of theſe, will wreſt an alphabet,
And by ſtill practice learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandſire, leave theſe bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with ſome pleaſing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs.
Tit. Peace, tender ſapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[Marcus *ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.*
What doſt thou ſtrike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'ſt my heart,
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not *Titus'* brother; get thee gone,
I ſee, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But?—how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting dolings in the air? (19)
Poor harmleſs fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry;
And thou haſt kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empreſs' *Moor*; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering myſelf, as if it were the *Moor*
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.
There's for thyſelf, and that's for *Tamora*:
Yet ſtill, I think, we are not brought ſo low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a cole-black *Moor*.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.
Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me;
I'll to thy cloſet, and go read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me; thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

(19) *And buz lamenting* dolings *in the air.*] *Lamenting dolings* is a very idle expreſſion, and conveys no idea. The alteration, which I have made, tho' it is but the addition of a ſingle letter, is a great encreaſe to the ſenſe: and tho', indeed, there is ſomewhat of a tautology in the *epithet* and *ſubſtantive* annext to it, yet that's no new thing with our author. I remember one of the very ſame kind in his *Locrine*;

And gnaſh your teeth with *dolorous laments*,

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Titus*'s Houſe.

Enter young Lucius, *and* Lavinia *running after him; and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter* Titus, *and* Marcus.

BOY.

HElp, grandſire, help; my aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle *Marcus*, ſee, how ſwift ſhe comes:
Alas, ſweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome*, ſhe did.
Mar. What means my niece *Lavinia* by theſe ſigns?
Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, ſomewhat doth ſhe mean:
See, *Lucius*, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and *Tully*'s oratory:
Can'ſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My Lord, I know not I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit or frenzy do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of grief would make men mad.
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*
Ran mad through ſorrow; that made me to fear;
Although, my Lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did:
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Cauſeleſs, perhaps; but pardon me, ſweet aunt;
And, madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will moſt willingly attend your Ladyſhip.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, *Lavinia? Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is, that ſhe deſires to ſee.
Which is it, girl, of theſe? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better ſkill'd:
Come and make choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, 'till the heav'ns
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?

Mar. I think, ſhe means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:
Or elſe to heav'n ſhe heaves them, for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that ſhe toſſes ſo?

Boy. Grandſire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.

Tit. Soft! ſee, how buſily ſhe turns the leaves!
Help her: what would ſhe find? *Lavinia*, ſhall I read?
This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus'* treaſon and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, ſee; note, how ſhe quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee;——
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the Poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What *Roman* Lord it was durſt do the deed;
Or ſlunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in *Lucrece'* bed?

Mar. Sit down, ſweet niece; brother, ſit down by me.
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find.

My

My Lord, look here; look here, *Lavinia.*
[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'ſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that heart, that forc'd us to this ſhift!
Write thou, good niece; and here diſplay, at leaſt,
What god will have diſcover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!
[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.*
Tit. Oh, do you read, my Lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.
Mar. What, what!—the luſtful ſons of *Tamora*
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?
Tit. Magne Dominator Poli, (20)
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!
Mar. Oh calm, thee, gentle Lord; although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My Lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,

(20) ——— Magni *Dominator Poli,*
Tam lentus audis Scelera! tam lentus vides!] Thus this quotation has paſs'd thro' all the printed copies, as well thoſe put out by the *players*, as thoſe by the more learned editors. The latter of theſe verſes is copied from the *Hippolytus* of *Seneca*; but the addreſs to *Jupiter* there, which precedes it, is in theſe terms —— *Magne Regnator Deum,*
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! &c.
Where *Shakeſpeare*, (or whoever elſe was the author of this play) met with the hemiſtich ſubſtituted in the place of *Seneca*'s, I can't pretend to ſay. But were our poetical editors ſo little acquainted with the numbers of a common *Iambic*, as to let
—— Mag-| ni *Domi-| nator | Poli,*
paſs them without ſuſpicion? have they ever obſerv'd a *dactyl* in the fourth foot of an *Iambic* verſe, either in the *Greek* tragedians, or in *Seneca*? if not, I muſt believe, our author found this *hemiſtich* thus:
———Mag-| ne *Domi-| nator | Poli,*
Thus the 4th foot is a *Tribrachys*, (and equal in time to an *Iambic*,) a licence perpetually taken by all the tragic poets.

And

And kneel, ſweet boy, the *Roman Hector*'s hope,
And ſwear with me, (as, with the woeful peer,
And father, of that chaſte diſhonoured dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* ſware for *Lucrece*' rape,)
That we will proſecute (by good advice) (21)
Mortal revenge upon theſe traiterous *Goths*;
And ſee their blood, ere die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt theſe bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake; and if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league;
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And, when he ſleeps, will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young huntſman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel will write theſe words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow theſe ſands, like *Sybil*'s leaves, abroad,
And where's your leſſon then? boy, what ſay you!

Boy. I ſay, my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoke of *Rome*.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, ſo will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury.
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy

(21) *That we will proſecute (by good advice)*
Mortal revenge upon theſe traiterous Goths;
And ſee their blood, or *die with this reproach.*] But if they endeavour'd to throw off the reproach, tho' they fell in the attempt, they could not be properly ſaid to dye with that reproach. *Marcus* muſt certainly mean, that they would have revenge on their enemies, and ſpill their blood, rather than they would tamely ſit down, and die, under ſuch injuries. For this reaſon I have corrected the text,

——————*ere die with this reproach.*

And the ſame emendation I have made on a paſſage in *Cymbeline*, where it was as abſolutely neceſſary. I am not to learn, that *or* formerly was equivalent to *ere*.----Or, *before*, *ere*: Gloſſ. *to* Urrey's Chaucer.---Or, *for* ere: *quod etiamnum in agro* Lincolnienſi *frequentiſſime uſurpatur*. Skinner *in his* Gloſſary *of* uncommon words.---But this uſage was too obſolete for our *Shakeſpeare*'s time.

Shall

Shall carry from me to the Empreſs' ſons
Preſents, that I intend to ſend them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my meſſage, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their boſom, grandſire.
Tit. No, boy, not ſo; I'll teach thee another courſe.
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my houſe:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court,
Ay, marry, will we, Sir; and we'll be waited on. [*Exeunt.*
Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecſtaſy,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Than foe-mens marks upon his batter'd ſhield;
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge;
Revenge the heav'ns for old *Andronicus!* [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one door: and at another door young* Lucius *and another, with a bundle of weapons and verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius*, here's the ſon of *Lucius*;
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver us.
Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your honours from *Andronicus*;
And pray the *Roman* gods, confound you both.
Dem. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?
Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villains mark'd with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My grandſire, well adviſ'd, hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of *Rome*; for ſo he bade me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*
Dem. What's here, a ſcroll, and written round about?

Let's

Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chi. O, 'tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well:
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.
Aar. Ay, juſt;—a verſe in *Horace*—right, you have it—
Now, what a thing it is to be an aſs?
Here's no fond jeſt; th' old man hath found their guilt, (22)
And ſends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſs well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus'* conceit:
But let her reſt in her unreſt awhile.
And now, young Lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to *Rome* ſtrangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace-gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.
Aar. Had he not reaſon, Lord *Demetrius?*
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would, we had a thouſand *Roman* dames.
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to ſay Amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
[*Flouriſh.*
Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the Emp'ror hath a ſon.
Dem. Soft, who comes here?

(22) *Here's no* ſound *jeſt*;] But, I think, I may venture to ſay, here's no *ſound* ſenſe. Doubtleſs, the poet wrote, *here's no* fond *jeſt*, i. e. no *idle*, *fooliſh* one; but a ſarcaſm deliberately thrown, and grounded on reaſon.

Enter

Enter Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor child.

Nur. Good-morrow, Lords:
O, tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the *Moor?*
Aar. Well, more or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone:
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empreſs' ſhame, and ſtately *Rome*'s diſgrace.
She is deliver'd, Lords, ſhe is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, ſhe is brought to bed.
Aar. Well, god give her good reſt!
What hath he ſent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then ſhe is the devil's dam: a joyful iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black, and ſorrowful iſſue.
Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime.
The Empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom, ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aar. That which thou canſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother. (23)

Aar.

(23) Chi. *Thou haſt undone our mother.*
Dem. *And therein, hellish dog, thou haſt undone.*——]
There is no neceſſity for this break, had our editors collated the old *quarto*, and reſtor'd the ſupplemental half line which I have added from thence. They did not, I dare ſay, ſuppreſs it out of modeſty. It contains a mode of expreſſion, which, tho' ſomewhat coarſe, is uſed by our author in other places.
Clown. Yonder man is carried to priſon.
Bawd. Well; what has he *done?*
Clown. —— A woman. *Meaſ.* for *Meaſ.*
——— who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bear eyes

To

Aar. Villain, I've done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, helliſh dog, thou haſt undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the off-ſpring of ſo foul a fiend!
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aar. It ſhall not die.
Nur. *Aaron*, it muſt; the mother wills it ſo.
Aar. What, muſt it, nurſe? then let no man but I
Do execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurſe, give it me, my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the ſky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my ſcymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhon*'s brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the god of war,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye alehouſe painted ſigns,
Coal-black is better than another hue:
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empreſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuſe it, how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?
Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, myſelf;
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This, before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe;
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in *Rome*.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd,

To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which ſhould undo more *doing*. *Winter's Tale.*

Chi.

Chi. *Rome* will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.
Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignominy.
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
Look, how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, "old lad, I am thine own.—
He is your brother, Lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood, that firſt gave life to you;
And from that womb, where you impriſon'd were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide;
Although my ſeal be ſtamped in his face.
Nur. *Aaron*, what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſs?
Dem. Adviſe thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, ſo we may be all ſafe.
Aar. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
[*They ſit on the ground.*
Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?
Aar. Why, ſo, brave Lords; when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioneſs,
The ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aaron* ſtorms:
But ſay again, how many ſaw the child?
Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and myſelf——
And no one elſe but the deliver'd Empreſs.
Aar. The Empreſs, the midwife, and yourſelf—
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empreſs, tell her, this I ſaid— [*He kills her.*
Week,—week!—ſo cries a pig, prepar'd to th' ſpit.
Dem. What mean'ſt thou, *Aaron?* wherefore didſt thou this?
Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling goſſip? no, Lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:

Not

Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my country-man,
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all;
And how by this their child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emp'ror's heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my Lords, ye ſee, I have given her phyſick;
And you muſt needs beſtow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, ſee, that you take no longer days,
But ſend the midwife preſently to me.
The midwife and the nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.

Chi. Aaron, I ſee thou wilt not truſt the air
With ſecrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herſelf and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as ſwift as ſwallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in my arms,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſs' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd ſlave, I bear you hence,
For it is you, that put us to our ſhifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and ſuck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE, a Street near the Palace.

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other Gentlemen with bows; and* Titus *bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.*

Tit. COme, *Marcus*, come; kinſmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me ſee your archery.
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight;
Terras Aſtræa reliquit—be you remember'd, *Marcus*—

She's

She's gone, ſhe's fled—Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, couſins, ſhall go ſound the ocean,
And caſt your nets; haply, you may find her in the ſea,
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land——
No, *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you muſt do it,
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt center of the earth:
Then, when you come to *Pluto*'s region,
I pray you deliver this petition,
Tell him, it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.
Ah, *Rome!*—Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the people's ſuffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and, pray, be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unſearch'd;
This wicked Emperor may have ſhip'd her hence,
And, kinſmen, then we may go pipe for juſtice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy caſe,
To ſee thy noble uncle thus diſtract?

Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget ſome careful remedy.

Mar. Kinſmen, his ſorrows are paſt remedy.
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my maſters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you ſhall:
Marry, for juſtice, ſhe is ſo employ'd,
He thinks, with *Jove* in heav'n, or ſomewhere elſe;
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by th' heels.
Marcus, we are but ſhrubs, no cedars we,

No

No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops* ſize;
But metal, *Marcus*, ſteel to th' very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.
And ſith there's no juſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicit heav'n, and move the gods,
To ſend down juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, *Marcus*.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you—here, *ad Appolinem*——
Ad Martem, that's for myſelf;
Here, boy, to *Pallas*—here, to *Mercury*——
To *Saturn* and to *Cælus*—not to *Saturnine*——
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the wind.
To it, boy; *Marcus*—looſe when I bid:
Of my word I have written to effect,
There's not a god left unſollicited.

Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They ſhoot.*

Tit. Now, maſters, draw; oh, well ſaid, *Lucius*:
Good boy, in *Virgo*'s lap, give it *Pallas*.

Mar. My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou'ſt ſhot off one of *Taurus*' horns.

Mar. This was the ſport, my Lord; when *Publius* ſhot,
The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* ſuch a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
And who ſhould find them, but the Empreſs' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor*, he ſhould not chuſe
But give them to his maſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your Lordſhip joy!

Enter a Clown with a baſket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have juſtice, what ſays *Jupiter?*

Clow. Who? the gibbet-maker? he ſays, that he hath taken them down again, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what ſays *Jupiter*, I aſk thee?

Clown.

Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from heav'n?

Clow. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there. God forbid, I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs into heav'n in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to ſerve for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clow. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold--mean while here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a ſupplication?

Clow. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a ſupplication for you: and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneel, then kiſs his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; ſee, you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haſt thou a knife? come, let me ſee it.
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble ſuppliant;
And when thou haſt given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he ſays.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Emperor and Empreſs, and her two ſons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus *ſhot.*

Sat. WHY, Lords, what wrongs are theſe? was ever ſeen
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and, for th' extent
Of equal juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt?
My Lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
(However the diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath paſt,
But even with law againſt the wilful ſons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if
His ſorrows have ſo over-whelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenſy, and his bitterneſs?
And now he writes to heav'n for his redreſs.
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the god of war:
Sweet ſcrolls to fly about the ſtreets of *Rome!*
What's this but libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our injuſtice ev'ry where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
As who would ſay, in *Rome* no juſtice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecſtaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that juſtice lives
In *Saturninus'* health; whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus'* age,
Th' effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep, and ſcarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt, or the beſt,
For theſe contempts—Why, thus it ſhall become
High-witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:

But,

But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aſide.*

Enter Clown.

How, now, good fellow, would'ſt thou ſpeak with us?

Clow. Yea, forſooth, an your miſterſhip be emperial.

Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the Emperor.

Clow. 'Tis he: god and St. *Stephen* give you good-even: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [*He reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.

Clow. How much money muſt I have?

Tam. Come, ſirrah, thou muſt be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! by'r Lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*

Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know, from whence this ſame device proceeds:
May this be borne? as if his traiterous ſons
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour ſhall ſhape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy ſlaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thyſelf ſhould govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Æmilius. (24)

(24) *Enter* Nuntius Æmilius.] Thus the old books have deſcrib'd this character: and I believe, I can account for the formality, from the ignorance of the editors. In the author's manuſcript, I preſume, 'twas writ, *Enter* Nuntius; and they obſerving, that he is immediately call'd *Æmilius*, thought proper to give him his whole title, and ſo clapp'd in *Enter* Nuntius Æmilius.—Mr. *Pope* has very critically follow'd them; and ought, methinks, to have given his new-adopted citizen *Nuntius* a place in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. If this gentleman has diſcover'd any *Roman* family, that had the *Prænomen* of *Nuntius*; it is a ſecret. I dare ſay, more than *Cariſius*, *Diomedes Grammaticus*, or the *Faſti Capitolini*, were ever acquainted with'al. *Shakeſpeare* meant no more than, Enter *Æmilius* as a *Meſſenger*. This ſort of character is always diſtinguiſh'd in the *Greek* and *Roman* plays by the ſingle title of ἄγγελος, and *Nuntius*.

Sat.

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius?*

Æmil. Arm, my Lords; *Rome* never had more cauſe;
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-reſolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, ſon to old *Andronicus:*
Who threats in courſe of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths?*
Theſe tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſs beat down with ſtorms.
Ay, now begin our ſorrows to approach;
'Tis he, the common people love ſo much:
Myſelf hath often over-heard them ſay,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That *Lucius'* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd, that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why ſhould your fear? is not our city ſtrong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius,*
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the ſun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing, that with the ſhadow of his wings
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody;
Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of *Rome.*
Then cheer thy ſpirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fiſh, or honey-ſtalks to ſheep:
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his ſon for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will:
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes; that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our embaſſador; [*To* Æmilius.

Say,

Say, that the Emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
Sat. Æmilius, do this meſſage honourably;
And if he ſtand on hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.
Æmil. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, ſweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go ſucceſsfully, and plead to him. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE, A Camp, at a ſmall diſtance from *Rome*.

Enter Lucius *with* Goths, *with drum and Soldiers.*

LUCIUS.

Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which ſignify, what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be, as your titles witneſs,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.
Goth. Brave ſlip, ſprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whoſe name was once our terror, now our comfort,)
Whoſe high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow, where thou lead'ſt:
Like ſtinging bees in hotteſt ſummer's day,
Led by their maſter to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on curſed *Tamora*.
Omn. And, as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a luſty *Goth?*

Enter a Goth *leading* Aaron, *with his child in his arms.*

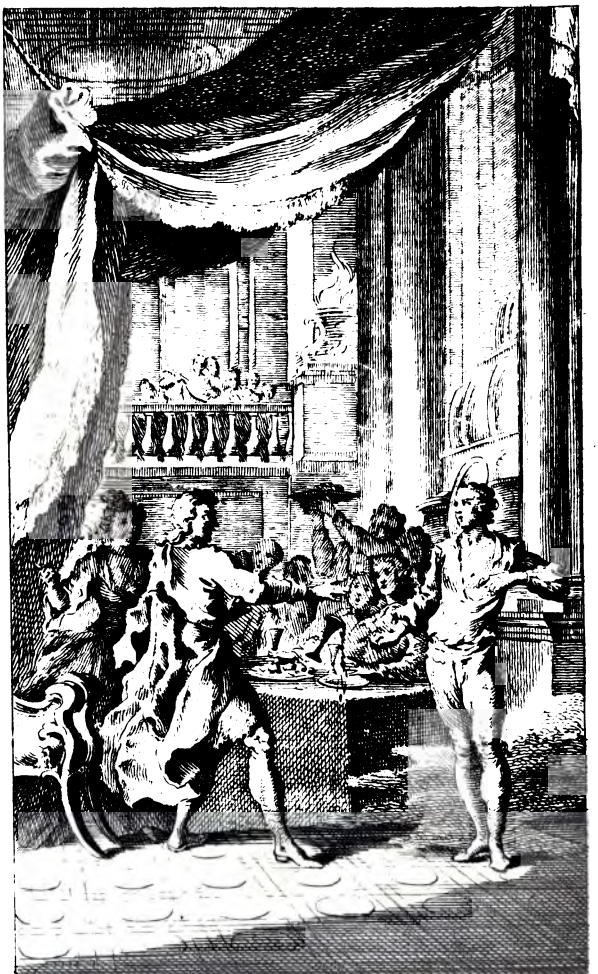
Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I ſtray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery;
And as I earneſtly did fix mine eye
Upon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noiſe, when ſoon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this diſcourſe;
" Peace, tawny ſlave, half me and half thy dam,
" Did not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
" Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
" Villain, thou might'ſt have been an Emperor:
" But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
" They never do beget a cole-black calf;
" Peace, villain, peace! (even thus he rates the babe)
" For I muſt bear thee to a truſty *Goth*;
" Who, when he knows thou art the Empreſs' babe,
" Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's ſake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I ruſh'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly, and brought him hither,
To uſe as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth*, this is th' incarnate devil,
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empreſs' eye,
And here's the baſe fruit of his burning luſt.
Say, wall-ey'd ſlave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
A halter, ſoldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of baſtardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the ſire for ever being good.
Firſt, hang the child that he may ſee it ſprawl,
A ſight to vex the father's ſoul withal.
Get me a ladder. (25) *Aar.*

(25) Aar. *Get me a ladder.* Lucius, *ſave the child.*] All the printed editions have given this whole verſe to *Aaron*. But why ſhould the *Moor*



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Aar. *Lucius*, ſave the child,
And bear it from me to the Empereſs;
If thou do this, I'll ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; but vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.
Aar. And if it pleaſe thee? why, aſſure thee, *Lucius*;
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak:
For I muſt talk of murders, rapes and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon, villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd:
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me, my child ſhall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I ſay, thy child ſhall live.
Aar. Swear, that he ſhall; and then I will begin.
Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no god:
That granted, how can'ſt thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not! as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called conſcience,
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve:
Therefore I urge thy oath; (for that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he ſwears,
To that I'll urge him;)—therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame god, what god ſoe'er it be,
That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my boy, nouriſh and bring him up;

Moor here aſk for a ladder, who earneſtly wanted to have his child ſav'd? Unleſs the poet is ſuppos'd to mean for *Aaron*, that, if they would get him a ladder, he would reſolutely hang himſelf out of the way, ſo they would ſpare the child. But I much rather ſuſpect, there is an old error in prefixing the names of the perſons; and that *Lucius* ought to call for the ladder, and then *Aaron* very properly entreats of *Lucius* to ſave the child. I ventur'd to make this regulation in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtored*, and Mr. *Pope* has embrac'd it in his laſt edition.

Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god I ſwear to thee, I will.
Aar. Firſt, know thou, I begot him on the Empreſs.
Luc. O moſt inſatiate, luxurious, woman!
Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons, that murder'd *Baſſianus*;
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Luc. Oh, deteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, ſhe was waſhed, and cut, and trimm'd;
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of't.
Luc. Oh, barb'rous beaſtly villains like thyſelf!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to inſtruct them:
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head;——
Well; let my deeds be witneſs of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;
Confed'rate with the Queen, and her two ſons.
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in't?
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew myſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extream laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two ſons heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kiſſes.
Goth. What! can'ſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the ſaying is.
Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.

Ev'n

Ev'n now I curſe the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death;
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear myſelf;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor mens cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends doors,
Ev'n when their ſorrow almoſt was forgot;
And on their ſkins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
"Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly:
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in ever-laſting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a meſſenger from *Rome*
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Luc. Let him come near.——
Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome?*

Æmil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe,
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What ſays our General?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Titus*'s Palace in *Rome*.

Enter Tamora, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *diſguis'd*.

Tam. THus, in theſe ſtrange and ſad habiliments,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*:
And ſay, I am Revenge ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs:
Knock at the ſtudy, where, they ſay, he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies.
[*They knock, and* Titus *appears above.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
It is your trick to make me ope the door,
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See, here in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written, ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'ſt know me, thou would'ſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough;
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, theſe crimſon lines,
Witneſs theſe trenches, made by grief and care,
Witneſs the tiring day and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſs, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not *Tamora*:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am Revenge, ſent from th' infernal kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking place,
No vaſt obſcurity, or miſty vale,
Where bloody murder or deteſted rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.
Tit. Do me ſome ſervice, ere I come to thee:
Lo, by thy ſide where rape and murder ſtands;
Now give ſome ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes:
Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by thy waggon-wheel
Trot like a ſervile foot-man all day long;
Even from *Hyperion*'s riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfal in the ſea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy taſk,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. Theſe are my miniſters, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy miniſters? what are they call'd?
Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called ſo,
'Cauſe they take vengeance on ſuch kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empreſs' ſons they are,
And you the Empreſs! but we worldly men
Have miſerable mad miſtaking eyes:
O ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit* Titus *from above.*
Tam. This cloſing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-ſick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your ſpeech,

or now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
nd, being credulous in this mad thought,
ll make him ſend for *Lucius*, his ſon:
nd whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
ll find ſome cunning practice out of hand,
o ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy *Goths*,
r at the leaſt make them his enemies:
e, here he comes, and I muſt ply my theme. (26)

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
elcome, dread fury, to my woeful houſe;
apine and Murder, you are welcome too:
ow like the Empreſs and her ſons you are!
ell are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
ould not all hell afford you ſuch a devil?
or, well I wot, the Empreſs never wags,
ut in her company there is a *Moor*;
nd would you repreſent our Queen aright,
were convenient you had ſuch a devil:
ut welcome, as you are: what ſhall we do?

Tam. What wouldſt thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that has done a rape,
nd I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thouſand, that have done thee wrong,
nd I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked ſtreets of *Rome*,
nd when thou find'ſt a man that's like thyſelf,
ood Murder, ſtab him; he's a murderer.
o thou with him, and when it is thy hap
o find another that is like to thee,
ood Rapine, ſtab him; he is a raviſher.
o thou with them, and in the Emperor's court
here is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;

(26) *See, here he comes, and I muſt* play *my theme.*] Tho' this reading as obtain'd as far back as the firſt edition in *folio*,—to *play a theme*, think, is no juſtifiable expreſſion, nor one that our author would ave choſe to uſe. The reading, I have given, has the Authority f the oldeſt *quarto*'s

Well

Well may'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth reſemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them ſome violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us; this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee, good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice-valiant ſon,
Who leads tow'rds *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe.
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſs and her ſons,
The Emperor himſelf, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry heart:
What ſays *Andronicus* to this device?

Tit. *Marcus*, my brother!—'tis ſad *Titus* calls:

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*;
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the *Goths*:
Bid him repair to me: and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him encamp his ſoldiers where they are;
Tell him, the Emperor and the Empreſs too
Feaſt at my houſe, and he ſhall feaſt with them;
This do thou for my love, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me;
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What ſay you, boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they ſuppoſe me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:

A pair of curſed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aſide.*
Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.
Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* Tamora.
Tit. I know, thou doſt; and, ſweet Revenge, farewel.
Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine!*

Enter Publius *and Servants.*

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know ye theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſs' ſons,
I take them, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius.*
Tit. Fy, *Publius*, fy! thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*;
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them;
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them ſure. [*Exit* Titus.
Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the Empreſs' ſons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouths; let them not ſpeak a word.
Is he ſure bound? look, that ye bind them faſt.

Enter Titus Andronicus *with a knife, and* Lavinia *with a baſon.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are bound;
Sirs, ſtop their mouths, let them not ſpeak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains *Chiron* and *Demetrius!*
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly ſummer with your winter mixt:
You kill'd her huſband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt;
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſs chaſtity,
Inhuman traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would ye ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeak?

Villains!

Villains!—for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilſt that *Lavinia* 'twixt her ſtumps doth hold
The baſon, that receives your guilty blood.
You, know, your mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelf Revenge, and thinks me mad——
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paſte;
And of the paſte a coffin will I rear,
And make two paſties of your ſhameful heads;
And bid that ſtrumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, ſwallow her own increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;
For worſe than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
And worſe than *Procne* I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,
Receive the blood; and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paſte let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wiſh might prove
More ſtern and bloody than the *Centaurs* feaſt.
[*He cuts their throats.*
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt the mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and* Goths *with* Aaron *Priſoner.*

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This ravenous tyger, this accurſed devil;
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
For teſtimony of theſe foul proceedings;
And ſee, the ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong;
I fear, the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar.

Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my ſwelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd ſlave;
[*Exeunt* Goths *with* Aaron.
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flouriſh.*
The trumpets ſhew the Emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empreſs, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more ſuns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyſelf a ſun?
Mar. Rome's Emperor, and nephew, break the parley;
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated:
The feaſt is ready, which the careful *Titus*
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome:*
Pleaſe you therefore draw nigh and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A Table brought in. Enter Titus *like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and* Lavinia *with a veil over her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord; welcome dread
Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome *Lucius*, [Queen,
And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomachs, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus?*
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your Highneſs, and your Empreſs.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus.*
Tit. And if your Highneſs knew my heart, you were.
My Lord the Emperor, reſolve me this;
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, *Andronicus.*
Tit. Your reaſon, mighty Lord?
Sat. Becauſe the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.
Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual,

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy father's ſorrow die! [*He kills her.*
Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as *Virginius* was,
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.
Sat. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the deed?
Tit. Will't pleaſe you eat, will't pleaſe your Highneſs feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us preſently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed;
Eating the fleſh, that ſhe herſelf hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witneſs, my knife's ſharp point.
[*He ſtabs the Empreſs.*
Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.
[*He ſtabs* Titus.
Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[Lucius *ſtabs the Emperor.*
Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of *Rome*,
By uproar ſever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.
Goth. Let *Rome* herſelf be bane unto herſelf;
And ſhe, whom mighty kingdoms curtſy to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt-away,
Do ſhameful execution on herſelf.
Mar. But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,

Speak,

Speak, *Rome*'s dear friend; as erſt our anceſtor,
[*To* Lucius.
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe
To love-ſick *Dido*'s ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning night,
When ſubtle *Greeks* ſurpriz'd King *Priam*'s *Troy*:
Tell us, what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utt'rance; even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they, that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they it were, that raviſhed our ſiſter:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears deſpis'd, and baſely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought *Rome*'s quarrel out,
And ſent her enemies into the grave.
Laſtly, myſelf unkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome*'s enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preſerv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the ſteel in my advent'rous body.
Alas!—you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are,
That my report is juſt, and full of truth.
But, ſoft, methinks, I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs praiſe: oh, pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to ſpeak: behold this child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered;
The iſſue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief architect and plotter of theſe woes;
The villain is alive in *Titus's* houſe, (27)
Damn'd as he is, to witneſs this is true.
Now judge, what cauſe had *Titus* to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable, paſt patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you, *Romans?*
Have we done aught amiſs? ſhew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
We'll hand in hand all head-long caſt us down,
And on the ragged ſtones beat out our brains,
And make a mutual cloſure of our houſe:
Speak, *Romans*, ſpeak; and, if you ſay, we ſhall,
Lo, hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor: for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it ſhall be ſo.

Mar. Lucius, all hail, *Rome*'s royal Emperor!
Go, go, into old *Titus'* ſorrowful houſe,
And hither hale that miſbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death;

(27) *The villain is alive in* Titus' *houſe*,
And *as he is, to witneſs this is true.*] The villain *alive, and as he is*, ſurely, can never be right. The manuſcript muſt have been obſcure and blindly writ, ſo that the firſt editors could not make out the word which I have ventur'd to reſtore. The epithet, I have replac'd, admirably ſorts with the *Moor*'s character: and *Lucius* uſes it again, ſpeaking of him at the concluſion of the play.

See juſtice done on *Aaron* that *damn'd* Moor.

Beſides, *damn'd as he is*--is a mode of expreſſion familiar with our author. So in *Othello*:

O thou foul thief! where ha'ſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou ha'ſt enchanted her.

And the ſame faſhion of expreſſing himſelf he likewiſe uſes in beſtowing praiſe.

2 *Henry* VI.

But, *noble as he is*, look, where he comes.

As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius, all hail, *Rome*'s gracious governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans:* may I govern ſo,
To heal *Rome*'s harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy taſk:
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this trunk:
Oh, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face;
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſon.
Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:
O, were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers; thy grandſire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo;
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends, in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.
Boy. O grandſire, grandſire! ev'n with all my heart,
Would I were dead, ſo you did live again——
O Lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping——
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans *with* Aaron.

Rom. You ſad *Andronici*, have done with woes:
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.
Luc. Set him breaſt-deep in earth, and famiſh him:
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies: this is our doom.

Some

Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aar. O, why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb!—
I am no baby, I, that with baſe prayers
I ſhould repent the evil I have done:
Ten thouſand worſe, than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſhold's monument:
As for that heinous tygreſs *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds of prey;
Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity,
And, being ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
See juſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, we'll order well the State;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MACBETH.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.
Malcolm, } *Sons to the King.*
Donalbain, }
Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Banquo, }
Lenox, }
Macduff, }
Roſſe, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
Menteeth, }
Angus, }
Cathneſs, }
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Siward, *General of the* Engliſh *Forces.*
Young Siward, *his Son.*
Siton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewomen, attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three other Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE, in the End of the fourth Act, lies in *England*; through the reſt of the Play, in *Scotland*; and, chiefly, at *Macbeth*'s Caſtle.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE, an open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 WITCH.

WHen ſhall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's loſt and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere ſet of ſun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth.*
1 *Witch.* I come, I come, *Grimalkin.*——
2 *Witch. Padocke* calls—anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[*They riſe from the ſtage, and fly away.*

SCENE changes to the Palace at *Foris.*

Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. WHat bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.

Mal.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy ſoldier fought
'Gainſt my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it ſtood:
As two ſpent ſwimmers that do cling together,
And choak their art: the mercileſs *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a Rebel; for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern iſles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glaſſes* was ſupply'd;
And fortune, on his damned quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that name)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſht ſteel
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his paſſage,
'Till he had fac'd the ſlave;
Who ne'er ſhook hands nor bid farewel to him,
'Till he unſeam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant couſin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the ſun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking ſtorms and direful thunders break; (1)
So

(1) *As whence the ſun 'gins his reflection,*
Shipwracking ſtorms, and direful thunders break;] Mr. *Pope* has degraded this word, *'gins*, againſt the general authority of the copies, without any reaſon aſſign'd for ſo doing; and ſubſtituted, *gives*, in the room of it. But it will ſoon be obvious, how far our author's good obſervation and knowledge of nature goes to eſtabliſh his own reading, *'gins*. For the ſenſe is this;—"As from the place, from whence "the ſun begins his courſe, (*viz.* the *Eaſt*,) ſhipwrecking ſtorms "proceed; *&c.*"—And it is ſo in fact, that ſtorms generally come from the *Eaſt*. And it muſt be ſo in reaſon, becauſe the natural and conſtant motion of the ocean is from Eaſt to Weſt: and becauſe the motion of the wind has the ſame general direction. *Præcipua & generalis* [Ventorum] *cauſa eſt ipſe* Sol, *qui igneo ſuo jubare aerem rarefacit & attenuat; imprimis illum, in quem perpendiculares radios mittit, ſive ſupra quem hæret. Aer enim rarefactus multo majorem locum poſtulat. Inde fit, ut aer a ſole impulſus alium vicinum aerem magno impetu protrudat; cumque* Sol *ab* Oriente *in occidentem circumrotetur, præcipuus ab eo*

So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come, (2)
Diſcomfort ſwell'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No ſooner juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping *Kernes* to truſt their heels;
But the *Norweyan* Lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſht arms and new ſupplies of men
Began a freſh aſſault.

King. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo?*

Cap. Yes,
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks, (3)

So

eo aëris impulſus fiet verſus occidentem.---*Quia plerumque ab* aëris *per* Solem *rarefactione oritur, qui cum continue feratur ab* Oriente *in occidentem,* majori *quoque* impetu protruditur aër *ab* Oriente *in occidentem.* Varenii Geograph. *l.* i. *c.* 14, &c. 20. *prop.* 10. and 15.----This being ſo, it is no wonder that ſtorms ſhould come moſt frequently from that quarter; or that they ſhould be moſt violent, becauſe here is a concurrence of the natural motions of wind and wave. This proves clearly, that the true reading is *'gins*, i. e. begins: for the other reading does not fix it to *that* quarter: for the ſun may *give* its reflection in *any* part of its courſe above the horizon; but it can *begin* it only in *one.* Mr. *Warburton.*

(2) *So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,*
Diſcomfort ſwell'd.] I have not diſturb'd the text here, as the ſenſe does not abſolutely require it; tho' Dr. *Thirlby* preſcribes a very ingenious and eaſy correction:

So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomforts well'd.

i. e. ſtream'd, flow'd forth: a word that peculiarly agrees with the metaphor of a *ſpring.* The original is *Anglo-Saxon* peallian, *ſcaturire*; which very well expreſſes the diffuſion and ſcattering of water from its head. CHAUCER has uſed the word in theſe acceptations.

For whiché might ſhe no lengir reſtrain
Her Teris, thei ganin ſo up to *well.*
Troil. & Creſſ. l. iv. v. 709.

I can no more, but here out caſt of all welfare abide the daie of my deth, or els to ſe the ſight that might all my *wellynge* ſorowes voide, and of the flode make an ebbe. *Teſtament* of *Love.*

(3) ——— *I muſt report they were*
As cannons overcharg'd *with double* cracks,] Cannons overcharg'd with cracks I have no idea of: My pointing, I think, gives the eaſy and natural ſenſe. *Macbeth* and *Banquo* were like cannons over-

charg'd;

So they redoubled ſtrokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell——
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help.——
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They ſmack of honour both. Go, get him ſurgeons.

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

But who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſſe*.
Len. What haſte looks through his eyes?
So ſhould he look, that ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.
Roſſe. God ſave the King!
King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane*?
Roſſe. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norwegian* banners flout the ſky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway, himſelf with numbers terrible, (4)
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a diſmal conflict;
'Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof, (5)
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,

charg'd; why? becauſe they redoubled ſtrokes on the foe with twice the fury, and impetuoſity, as before.

(4) *Norway* himſelf, *with numbers terrible*,
Aſſiſted by that, &c.] *Norway* himſelf aſſiſted, *&c.* is a reading we owe to the editors, not to the poet. That energy and contraſt of expreſſion are loſt, which my pointing reſtores. The ſenſe is, *Norway*, who was in himſelf terrible by his own numbers, when aſſiſted by *Cawdor*, became yet more terrible.

(5) *'Till that* Bellona's *bridegroom, lapt in proof*,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point, rebellious *arm 'gainſt arm*,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit.] Here again we are to quarrel with the tranſpoſition of an innocent comma; which however becomes dangerous to ſenſe, when in the hands either of a careleſs or ignorant editor. Let us ſee who is it that brings this rebellious arm? Why, it is *Bellona*'s bridegroom: and who is he, but *Macbeth*. We can never believe, our author meant any thing like this. My regulation of the pointing reſtores the true meaning; that the loyal *Macbeth confronted* the diſloyal *Cawdor*, arm to arm.

Curbing

Curbing his laviſh ſpirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happineſs!

Roſſe. Now *Sweno, Norway's* King, craves compoſition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he diſburſed, at Saint *Colmes-kill*-iſle
Ten thouſand dollars, to our gen'ral uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom int'reſt. Go, pronounce his death;
And with his former title greet *Macbeth.*

Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.

King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHere haſt thou been, ſiſter?

2 *Witch.* Killing ſwine.

3 *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, witch!—the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her huſband's to *Aleppo* gone, maſter o' th' *Tyger*:
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myſelf have all the other,
And the very points they blow;
All the quarters that they know,
I' th' ſhip-man's card.——
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;

He ſhall live a man forbid; (6)
Weary ſev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look, what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, ſhew me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrackt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3 Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The Weird ſiſters, hand in hand, (7)
Poſters

(6) *He ſhall live a man* forbid:] i. e. as under a curſe, an *Interdiction*. So, afterwards, in this play;

By his own interdiction *ſtands* accurs'd.

So, among the *Romans*, an outlaw's ſentence was *aquæ & ignis* interdictio. *i. e.* He was *forbid* the uſe of water and fire: which imply'd the neceſſity of baniſhment.

(7) *The* weyward *ſiſters, hand in hand,*] The *Witches* are here ſpeaking of themſelves; and it is worth an enquiry why they ſhould ſtile themſelves the *weyward*, or *wayward* ſiſters. This word in its general acceptation ſignifies, *perverſe, froward, moody, obſtinate, untractable*, &c. and is every where ſo uſed by our *Shakeſpeare*. To content ourſelves with two or three inſtances;

Fy, fy, how *wayward* is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty baby, *&c.* *Two Gent. of Verona.*
This wimpled, whining, purblind, *wayward* boy.
Love's Labour loſt.

And, which is worſe. All you have done
Is but for a *wayward* ſon. *Macbeth.*

It is improbable, the *Witches* would adopt this epithet to themſelves, in any of theſe ſenſes; and therefore we are to look a little farther for the poet's word and meaning. When I had the firſt ſuſpicion of our author being corrupt in this place, it brought to my mind the following paſſage in CHAUCER's *Troilus* and *Creſſeide*. lib. iii. v. 618.

But O fortune, executrice of *wierdes*.

Which word the gloſſaries expound to us by *fates* or deſtinies. I was ſoon confirm'd in my ſuſpicion, upon happening to dip into *Heylin's Coſmography*, where he makes a ſhort recital of the ſtory of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

Theſe two (*ſays he,*) travelling together thro' a foreſt, were met by three Fairies, Witches, *Wierds*, the *Scots* call them, *&c.*

I preſently recollected, that this ſtory muſt be recorded at more length by *Holingſhead*; with whom I thought it was very probable that

Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo, *with Soldiers and other Attendants.*

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris?*—what are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips;—You ſhould be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,
That you are ſo.
Macb. Speak, if you can; what are you?
1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis!*
2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor!*
3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that ſhalt be *King* hereafter.
Ban. Good Sir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed [*To the Witches.*

that our author had traded for the materials of his tragedy: and therefore confirmation was to be fetch'd from this fountain. Accordingly, looking into his hiſtory of *Scotland*, I found the writer very prolix and expreſs, from *Hector Boethius*, in this remarkable ſtory; and in p. 170. ſpeaking of theſe Witches, he uſes this expreſſion.

But afterwards the common opinion was, that theſe women were either the *weird* ſiſters, that is, as ye would ſay, the goddeſſes of *deſtiny*, *&c.* Again, a little lower;

The words of the three *weird* ſiſters alſo, (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him thereunto.

And, in ſeveral other paragraphs there, this word is repeated. I believe, by this time, it is plain beyond a doubt, that the word *wayward* has obtain'd in *Macbeth*, where the Witches are ſpoken of, from the ignorance of the copyiſts, who were not acquainted with the *Scotch* term: and that in every paſſage, where there is any relation to theſe *Witches* or *Wizards*, my emendation muſt be embraced, and we muſt read *weird*.

Which outwardly ye ſhew? my noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay, which grain will grow and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo!*

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more;
By *Sinel*'s death, I know, I'm *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how, of *Cawdor?* the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſp'rous gentleman; and, to be *King*,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way,
With ſuch prophetick greeting?—ſpeak, I charge you.
[*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what ſeem'd corporal
Melted, as breath, into the wind,——
Would they had ſtaid!

Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about? (8)
Or

(8) *Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?*
Or have we eaten of the infane root,
That takes the reaſon priſoner?] The *infane* root, *viz.* the root which makes *infane*; as in HORACE *Pallida Mors*; nempè, *quæ facit pallidos.*---This ſentence, I conceive, is not ſo well underſtood, as I would have every part of *Shakeſpeare* be, by his audience and readers. So ſoon as the Witches vaniſh from the ſight of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, *and leave* them in doubt whether they had really *ſeen* ſuch *Apparitions*,

Or have we eaten of the inſane root,
That takes the reaſon priſoner?

Macb. Your children ſhall be Kings.

Ban. You ſhall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not ſo?

Ban. To th' ſelf ſame tune, and words; who's here?

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy ſucceſs; and when he reads
Thy perſonal venture in the rebels fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the reſt o' th' ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came poſt on poſt; and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence:

ons, or whether their eyes were not deceiv'd by ſome illuſion; *Banquo* immediately ſtarts the queſtion,

Were ſuch things here, &c.

I was ſure, from a long obſervation of *Shakeſpeare*'s accuracy, that he alluded here to ſome particular circumſtance in the hiſtory, which, I hoped, I ſhould find explain'd in *Holingſhead*. But I found myſelf deceived in this expectation. This furniſhes a proper occaſion, therefore, to remark our author's ſignal diligence; and happineſs at applying whatever he met with, that could have any relation to his ſubject. *Hector Boethius*, who gives us an account of *Sueno*'s army being intoxicated by a preparation put upon them by their ſubtle enemy, informs us; that there is a plant, which grows in great quantity in *Scotland*, call'd *Solatrum Amentiale*; that its berries are purple, or rather black, when full ripe; and have a quality of laying to ſleep; or of *driving into madneſs*, if a more than ordinary quantity of them be taken. This paſſage of *Boethius*, I dare ſay, our poet had an eye to: and, I think, it fairly accounts for his mention of the *inſane* root. *Dioſcorides* lib. iv. c. 74. Περὶ Στρύχνου μανικοῦ, attributes the ſame properties to it. Its *claſſical* name, I obſerve, is *Solanum*; but the *ſhopmen* agree to call it *Solatrum*. This, prepar'd in medicine, (as *Theophraſtus* tells us, and *Pliny* from him;) has a peculiar effect of filling the patient's head with *odd images* and *fancies*: and particularly that of ſeeing *ſpirits*: an effect, which, I am perſuaded, was no ſecret to our author. *Bochart* and *Salmaſius* have both been copious upon the deſcription and qualities of this plant.

And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy *Thane!*
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?
Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dreſs me in his borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not:
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and *Thane* of *Cawdor!* [*Aſide.*
The greateſt is behind. Thanks for your pains.
[*To* Angus.
Do you not hope, your children ſhall be Kings?
[*To* Banquo.
When thoſe, that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?
Ban. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths,
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you. [*To* Roſſe *and* Angus.
Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aſide.*
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen——
This ſupernatural ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why

Why hath it giv'n me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good; why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs
Againſt the uſe of nature? preſent feats (9)
Are leſs than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whoſe murder yet is but fanſtaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me, [*Aſide.*
Without my ſtir,

Ban. New honours, come upon him,

(9) ——— *preſent fears*

Are leſs than horrible imaginings.] *Macbeth*, while he is projecting the murder, which he afterwards puts in execution, is thrown into the moſt agonizing affright at the proſpect of it: which ſoon recovering from, thus he reaſons on the nature of his diſorder. But *imaginings* are ſo far from being more or leſs than *preſent fears*, that they are the ſame things under different words. *Shakeſpeare* certainly wrote;

——— *preſent* feats

Are leſs than horrible imaginings.

i. e. When I come to execute this murder, I ſhall find it much leſs dreadful than my frighted imagination now preſents it to me. A conſideration drawn from the nature of the *imagination*.

Mr. *Warburton*.

Macbeth, ſpeaking again of this murder in a ſubſequent ſcene, uſes the very ſame term;

——— I'm ſettled, and bend up
Each corp'ral agent to this terrible *feat*.

And it is a word, elſewhere, very familiar with our poet. I'll only add, in aid of my friend's correction, that we meet with the very ſame ſentiment, which our poet here advances, in OVID's *Epiſtles*;

Terror *in his* ipſo major *ſolet eſſe* periclo.

Paris Helenæ. ver. 349.

And it is a maxim with *Machiavel*, that many things are more fear'd afar off, than near at hand. *E ſono molte coſe che* diſcoſto *paiono terribili, inſopportabili, ſtrani; & quando tu ti* appreſſi *loro, le rieſcono humane, ſopportabili, domeſtiche. Et pero ſi dice, che ſono* maggiori *li* ſpaventi *che i* mali. Mandragola, Atto. 3. Sc. 11.

Like

Like our ſtrange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs thro' the rougheſt day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſtred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them—Let us tow'rd the King;
Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,
[*To* Banquo.
(The *Interim* having weigh'd it,) let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough: come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *and Attendants.*

King. IS execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Or not thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your Highneſs' pardon, and ſet forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one, that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face;
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, *and* Angus.

O worthieſt Coſin!
The ſin of my ingratitude e'en now

Was

Was heavy on me. Thou'rt ſo far before, (10)
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. Would thou'dſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to ſay,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itſelf. Your Highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties (11)
Are to your throne, and ſtate, children and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd, and muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves

(10) *Thou art ſo far before,*
That ſwifteſt wind *of recompence is ſlow*
To overtake thee] Thus the editions by Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*; whether for any reaſon, or purely by chance, I cannot determine. I have choſe the reading of the more authentick copies, *Wing*.

We meet with the ſame metaphor again in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

But his evaſion, *wing'd* thus *ſwift* with ſcorn,
Cannot *outfly* our apprehenſion.

(11) —— *and our duties*
Are to your throne and ſtate, children and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe towards your love and honour.] This may be ſenſe; but, I own it gives me no very ſatisfactory idea: And tho' I have not diſturb'd the text, I cannot but embrace in my mind the conjecture of my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton*, who would read;

—— by doing every thing,
Fiefs towards your love and honour.

i. e. We hold our duties to your throne, &c. under an obligation of doing every thing in our power: as we hold our *Fiefs*, *(feuda)* thoſe eſtates and tenures, which we have on the terms of *homage* and *ſervices*.

In drops of ſorrow. Sons, kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe Places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate upon
Our eldeſt *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honour muſt,
Not unaccompanied, inveſt him only;
But ſigns of Nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers. —— Hence to *Inverneſs*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be myſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor!*

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland!* —— that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full ſo valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE, changes to an Apartment in *Macbeth*'s Caſtle, at *Inverneſs*.

Enter Lady Macbeth *alone, with a letter.*

Lady. *THEY met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learn'd by the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd. While I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſives from the King, who all-hail'd me* Thane *of* Cawdor; *by which title, before, theſe weïrd ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail,* King that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to*

deliver

deliver thee (my deareſt partner of greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoycing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*——and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win. Thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, "thus thou muſt do, if thou have it;
"And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,
"Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?
Meſ. The King comes here to-night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming.
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.
Lady. Give him tending;
He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe,
[*Exit Meſ.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, all you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direct cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,

That

That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring miniſters!
Where-ever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief.—Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold!

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ign'rant preſent time, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. Deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purpoſes.
Lady. Oh, never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee!——
Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men (12)
May read ſtrange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,

(12) *Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men*
May read ſtrange matters to beguile the Time.
Look like the Time,] I have ventur'd, againſt the Authority of all the copies, to alter the pointing of this paſſage: and, I hope, with ſome certainty. The *Lady* certainly means, that *Macbeth* looks ſo full of thought and ſolemn reflection upon the purpos'd act, that, ſhe fears, people may comment upon the reaſon of his gloomy and therefore deſires him, in order to take off and prevent ſuch Comments, to wear a face of pleaſure and entertainment; and look like the time, the better to deceive the time. So *Macbeth* ſays, in a ſubſequent ſcene;

Away and *mock* the *time* with *faireſt Show.*

So *Macduff* ſays to *Malcolm*

——the *time* you may ſo *hoodwink.*

i. e. blind the eye of obſervation, and ſo deceive people's thoughts.

But

But be the ſerpent under't. He, that's coming,
Muſt be provided for; and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.
Macb. We will ſpeak further.
Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, before *Macbeth*'s Caſtle Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, *and Attendants.*

King. THIS caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.
Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd manſionry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, ſee! our honour'd Hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometimes is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady. All our ſervice
(In every point twice done, and then done double,)
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majeſty loads our houſe. For thoſe of old,

And

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We courſt him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, (ſharp as his ſpur,) hath holp him
To'e home before us; fair and noble Hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.

Lady. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine Hoſt, we love him highly;
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, Hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, changes to an Apartment in *Macbeth*'s Caſtle.

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers ſervants with diſhes and ſervice over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. IF it were *done*, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all——*here*, (13)
But *here*, upon this bank and ſhoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.——But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions; which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. Even-handed juſtice

(13) *But here, upon this bank and* ſchool *of Time.*] *Bank* and *ſchool*——What a monſtrous couplement, as Don *Armado* ſays, is here of heterogeneous ideas! I have ventured to amend, which reſtores a conſonance of images,

——— on this bank and *ſhoal* of time.

i. e. this *ſhallow*, this *narrow ford* of human life, oppoſed to the *great abyſs* of eternity. This Word has occurr'd again, before, to us in the life of King *Henry* VIIIth.

And founded all the depths and *ſhoals* of honour.

Returns

Returns th' ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed: Then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murd'rer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heav'ns cherubin hors'd (14)
Upon the ſightleſs courſers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
That tears ſhall drown the wind.—I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er leaps itſelf,
And falls on th' other——

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almoſt ſupp'd; why have you left the [chamber?

Macb. Hath he aſk'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſort of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt yourſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? wouldſt thou have that,

(14)—— *or heav'n's cherubin hors'd upon the ſightleſs* couriers *of the air.*] But the cherubin is the *courier*; ſo that he can't be ſaid to be *hors'd* upon another *courier*. We muſt read, therefore, *courſers*.
Mr. Warburton.

Which

Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' th' Adage.
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady. What beaſt was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And (to be more than what you were) you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then co-here, and yet you would make both:
They've made themſelves; and that their fitneſs now
Does unmake you. I have given ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me——
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſht the brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.
Macb. If we ſhould fail?——
Lady. We fail!
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reaſon
A limbeck only; when in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan?* what not put upon
His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That

That they have don't?
Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?
Macb. I'm ſettled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, A Hall in *Macbeth*'s Caſtle.

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *with a torch before him.*

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Ban. Hold, take my ſword. There's huſbandry in heav'n,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful pow'rs!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my ſword: who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a-bed.
He hath to-night been in unuſual pleaſure,
And ſent great largeſs to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſs, and ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,

Our

Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weïrd ſiſters:
To you they've ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs;
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind leiſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent, when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.
Ban. So I loſe none
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while!
Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you.
[*Exeunt* Banquo, *and* Fleance.
Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.——
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt—I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing.——
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe

The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s offerings: and wither'd murder,
(Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch) thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing ſtrides, tow'rds his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt.—Thou ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about;
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it—whilſt I threat, he lives——
[*A Bell rings.*
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That, which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night—he is about it—
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms,
Do mock their charge with ſnores. I've drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho?——
Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd;
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em.—Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had don't—My huſband!
Macb. I've done the deed—didſt not thou hear a noiſe?
Lady. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?
Macb. When?

Lady.

Lady. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?
Lady. Ay.
Macb. Hark!—who lies i' th' ſecond chamber?
Lady. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looks on his hands.*
Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay, a ſorry ſight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleep, and one cry'd, murder!
They wak'd each other; and I ſtood and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs them
Again to ſleep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd, God bleſs us! and Amen, the other;
As they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands.
Liſtening their fear, I could not ſay, Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.
Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought,
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, ſleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder ſleep; the innocent ſleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt.——
Lady. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cry'd, ſleep no more, to all the houſe;
Glamis hath murder'd ſleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleep no more; *Macbeth* ſhall ſleep no more!
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things; go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lie there. Go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

Macb.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of child-hood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when every noise appals me? (15)
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune*'s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red——

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white; I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then? your constancy
Hath left you unattended--hark more knocking! [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake, *Duncan*, with this knocking: 'would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

(15) *How is't with me, when ev'ry noise appals me?*]
This reflection is not only drawn from the truth and working of nature; but is so exprest, as that it might have been copied from this passage of SOPHOCLES, which *Stobœus* has quoted in his chapter upon *fearfulness*;

Ἅπαντα γάρ τοι τῷς φοβουμένῳ ψοφεῖ.
Each noise is sent t' alarm the man of fear.

Port.

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of *Belzebub?* here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf on the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Who's there, in th' other devil's name? faith, here's an equivocator, (16) that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale, who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? faith, (17) here's an *Engliſh* taylor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* hoſe: come in, taylor, here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to th' everlaſting bonfire. [*Knock*] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie ſo late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock: And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink eſpecially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with

(16) *Here's an equivocator---who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, &c.*] This ſarcaſm is levell'd at the Jeſuits, who were ſo miſchievous in the reigns of Q. *Elizabeth* and K. *James* 1ſt. and who then firſt broach'd that damnable doctrine. Mr. *Warburton.*

(17) *Here's an* Engliſh *taylor come hither for ſtealing out of a* French *hoſe:*] The archneſs of this joak conſiſts in this; That a *French* hoſe being ſo very ſhort and ſtrait, a taylor muſt be a perfect maſter of his art, who could ſteal any thing out of it. As to the nature of the *French* hoſe, we have ſeen that in *Henry* VIIIth: our poet calls them *ſhort-bolſter'd breeches.* Mr. *Warburton.*

lechery;

lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to; in concluſion, equivocates him into a ſleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie laſt night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane?*

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I've almoſt ſlipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, phyſicks pain;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited ſervice.
[*Exit* Macduff.

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He did appoint ſo.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: And, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, ſtrange ſcreams of death,
And propheſying with accents terrible
Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woeful time:
The obſcure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some ſay, the earth was fev'rous, and did ſhake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee--
Macb. and Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece;
Moſt ſacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o' th' building.
Macb. What is't you ſay? the life?——
Len. Mean you his Majeſty?——
Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.*—Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak yourſelves: awake! awake!
[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.
Ring the alarum-bell—murder! and treaſon!
Banquo, and *Donalbain! Malcolm!* awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf—up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image—*Malcolm! Banquo!*
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
(18) To countenance this horror.——

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak.
Macd. Gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak.
The repetition in a woman's ear

(18) *To countenance this horror.* Ring the bell.]
I have ventur'd to throw out theſe laſt words, as no part of the text. *Macduff* had ſaid at the beginning of his ſpeech, *Ring out th' alarum-bell*; but if the bell had rung out immediately, not a word of what he ſays could have been diſtinguiſh'd. *Ring the bell*, I ſay, was a marginal direction in the *Prompter*'s book for him to order the bell to be rung, the minute that *Macduff* ceaſes ſpeaking.

In proof of this, we may obſerve, that the hemiſtich ending *Macduff*'s ſpeech, and that beginning Lady *Macbeth*'s, make up a compleat verſe. Now if *Ring the bell* had been a part of the text, can we imagine the poet would have begun the Lady's ſpeech with a broken line?

Would

Would murder as it fell.—O *Banquo, Banquo!*

Enter Banquo.

Our royal maſter's murder'd.
Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe?——
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Macduff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and* Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, *and* Donalbain.

Don. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted;
No man's life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.——
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauſer, reaſon. Here, lay *Duncan*;
His ſilver ſkin laced with his golden blood,
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance; there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?
Lady. Help me hence, ho!— [*Seeming to faint.*
Macd. Look to the Lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the Lady; [*Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.
Macb. So do I.
All. So, all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i' th' hall together.
All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*
Mal. What will you do? let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſy. I'll to *England.*
Don. To *Ireland,* I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,
There's daggers in mens ſmiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous ſhaft, that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals itſelf when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Outſide of *Macbeth*'s Caſtle.

Enter Roſſe, *with an Old Man.*

Old M. THreeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I've ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody ſtage: by th' clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tueſday* laſt,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawkt at, and kill'd.

Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain!) (19)
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of the race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.

(19) *And* Duncan's *horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain!) Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of* their *race,*]

I am pretty certain, all the copies have err'd, one after another, in this reading: and that I have reſtor'd the true one. The poet does not mean, that they were the beſt of their breed; but that they were *excellent racers*: in which ſenſe he very poetically calls them, the *minions* of the *race*. This is a mode of expreſſion, which he ſeems very fond of. So, before, in this play,

Like *valour's minion*, carved out his paſſage;

King *John*.

Fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide *her* happy *minion*.

1ſt. *Henry*. IV.

Who is ſweet *fortune's minion*, and her pride.

And again;

——Gentlemen of the ſhade, *minions* of the moon.

Roſſe. They did ſo; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff.*
How goes the world, Sir, now?
Macd. Why, ſee you not?
Roſſe. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe, that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.
Roſſe. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſuborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two ſons,
Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill;—
Thriftleſs ambition! that will ravin up
Thine own life's means.—Then 'tis moſt like,
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth?*
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*,
To be inveſted.
Roſſe. Where is *Duncan*'s body?
Macd. Carried to *Colmes-hill*,
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his Predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.
Roſſe. Will you to *Scone?*
Macd. No, couſin, I'll to *Fife.*
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there, (adieu;)
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!
Roſſe. Farewel, father.
Old M. God's beniſon go with you, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

THou haſt it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The weïrd women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou plaid'ſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? but, huſh, no more.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Macbeth *as King*, *Lady* Macbeth, Lenox, Roſſe, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.
Ban. Lay your Highneſs'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good Lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd
Your good advice (which ſtill hath been both grave
And proſperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?
Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper. Go not my horſe the better,

I muſt become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feaſt,
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody coufins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*; not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horſe: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. [*Exit* Banquo.
Let ev'ry man be maſter of his time (20)
'Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
'Till ſupper-time alone: 'till then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, *and Lords.*

Manent Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?
Ser. They are, my Lord, without the palace-gate.
Macb. Bring them before us—To be thus, is nothing;
[*Exit Servant.*
But to be ſafely thus.—Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,

(20) *Let ev'ry man be maſter of his time*
'Till ſeven at night, to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome: We will keep ourſelf
'Till ſupper-time alone.] I am ſurpriz'd, none of the editors ſhould quarrel with the pointing. How could ev'ry man's being maſter of his own time 'till night, make ſociety then the ſweeter? for, ſo, every man might have gone into company in the mean while, and pall'd himſelf for the night's entertainment. My regulation, I dare warrant, retrieves the poet's meaning. "Let every man (ſays the "King,) be maſter of his own time 'till ſeven o' clock: and that I "may have the ſtronger enjoyment of your companies then, I'll "abſtain from all company 'till ſupper-time."

And

And to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as it is ſaid,
Antony's was by *Cæſar*. He chid the ſiſters,
When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them ſpeak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If 'tis ſo,
For *Banquo*'s iſſue have I 'fil'd my mind:
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd:
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them: and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings: the ſeed of *Banquo* Kings:
Rather than ſo, come fate into the liſt,
And champion me to th' utterance!—who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Go to the door, and ſtay there, 'till we call. [*Exit Ser.*
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.
Macb. Well then, now
You have conſider'd of my ſpeeches? know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf; this I made good to you
In our laſt conf'rence, paſt in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croſt; the inſtruments,
Who wrought with them: and all things elſe, that might
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.
1 *Mur.* True, you made it known.
Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go? are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,

Whom

Whom I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye
For ſundry weighty reaſons.
2 *Mur.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives—— [moſt,
Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. In this hour, at
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves;
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o' th' time,
The moment on't; (for't muſt be done to-night, (21)
And ſomething from the palace: always thought,
That I require a clearneſs:) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
(Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me,
Than is his father's) muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve yourſelves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.
Mur. We are reſolv'd, my Lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*

(21) *for't muſt be done to night,*
And ſomething from the palace: always thought,
That I require a clearneſs:] The latter branch of this ſentence Mr. *Pope* has ſunk upon us, in both his editions, tho' it is authoriz'd by all the preceding copies. If I may venture to gueſs at the reaſon of his ſuppreſſing theſe words, it was becauſe he did not underſtand them: but *Macbeth* means, that the murderers muſt in every ſtep, remember, he requires not to be ſuſpected of the fact; to ſtand clear from all imputations, which might affect him in the opinions of people. I have frequently obſerv'd, how minutely *Shakeſpeare* is uſed to follow his hiſtory in little particular circumſtances. This is one ſignal inſtance. Let us hear honeſt *Holingſhead* (from whom he has copied this whole tale) in his hiſtory of *Scotland* p. 172.—He willed therefore the ſame *Banquho* with his ſon named *Fleance* to come to a ſupper that he had prepared for them; which was, indeed, as he had deviſed, preſent death at the hands of certain Murderers whom he hired to execute that deed; appointing them to meet with the ſame *Banquho* and his ſon *without the palace*, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to ſlea them, ſo that *he would not have his houſe ſlandered*; but that in time to come he might *clear himſelf*, if any thing were laid to his charge upon *any ſuſpicion that might ariſe*.

It is concluded;—*Banquo*, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heav'n, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE, another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Lady. IS *Banquo* gone from court?

Ser. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.

Ser. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making,
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould, indeed, have dy'd
With them they think on? things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it--(22)
She'll

(22) *We have* ſcorch'd *the ſnake, not kill'd it,*
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf;] This is a paſſage, which has all along paſſed current thro' the editions, and yet, I dare affirm, is not our author's reading. What has a ſnake, *cloſing* again, to do with its being *ſcorch'd?* ſcorching would never either *ſeparate*, or *dilate*, its parts; but rather make them inſtantly *contract* and *ſhrivel*. SHAKESPEARE, I am very well perſuaded, had this notion in his head; that if you cut a ſerpent or worm aſunder, in ſeveral pieces, there is ſuch an unctuous quality in their blood, that the diſmember'd parts, being only placed near enough to touch one another, will cement and become as whole as before the injury receiv'd. The application of this thought is to *Duncan*, the murder'd King, and his ſurviving ſons. *Macbeth* conſiders them ſo much as members of the father, that tho' he has cut off the old man, he would ſay, he has not entirely kill'd him, but he'll revive again in the lives of his ſons. Can we doubt therefore but that the poet wrote, as I have reſtor'd to the text,

We have ſcotch'd *the ſnake, not kill'd it?*

To *ſcotch*, however the generality of our Dictionaries happen to omit the

She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtaſy.—*Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on;
Gentle my Lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright, and jovial, 'mong your gueſts to-night.

Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo, I pray, be you;
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo*.
Preſent him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our honours
In theſe ſo flatt'ring ſtreams, and make our faces
Vizors t'our hearts, diſguiſing what they are!—

Lady. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, lives.

Lady. But in them, nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyſter'd flight, ere to black *Hecate*'s ſummons
The ſhard-born beetle with his drowſy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done

the word, ſignifies, to *notch*, *flaſh*, *hack*, *cut*, with twigs, ſwords, &c. and ſo our poet more than once has uſed it in his works.

CORIOLANUS.

He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the troth on't: Before *Corioli*, he *ſcotch'd* him, and notch'd him, like a Carbonado.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for ſix *ſcotches* more.

I made this emendation, when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſafed to embrace it in his laſt edition.

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed: come, ſeeling night, (23)
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and inviſible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes Wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drouze.
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouze,
Thou marvell'ſt at my words; but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Park; the Caſtle at a diſtance.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* BUT who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur. Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not our miſtruſt, ſince he delivers (24)

(23) ——— *come,* ſcaling *night,*

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;] Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope,* neither of them were aware of the poet's metaphor here, and ſo have blunder'd the text into nonſenſe. I have reſtor'd from the old copies,

——— *come,* ſeeling *night,*

i. e. *blinding.* It is a term in *falconry,* when they run a thread thro' the eyelids of a hawk firſt taken, ſo that ſhe may ſee very little, or not at all, to make her the better endure the hood. This they call, *ſeeling* a hawk.

(24) *He needs nôt* to *miſtruſt,*—] Mr. *Pope* has here ſophiſticated the text, for want of underſtanding it. I can eaſily ſee, that he conceiv'd this to be the meaning; that *Macbeth* had no occaſion to miſtruſt the murderers he had employ'd, and plant another upon them. But the text in the old copies ſtands thus,

He needs not our *miſtruſt,*——

Macbeth had agreed with the two murderers, and apppoints a *third* to aſſiſt them. The *two* are ſomewhat jealous of him at firſt, but finding that he was ſo particular and preciſe in his directions, that he knew every part of their commiſſion, they agree, that there is no need to miſtruſt him, and ſo bid him ſtand with them.

Our

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.
1 *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day;
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horſes.
Banquo within. Give us light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the reſt,
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' court.
1 *Mur.* His horſes go about.
3 *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
(So all men do,) from hence to th' palace-gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *with a Torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They aſſault* Banquo.
Ban. Oh, treachery!
Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'ſt revenge. Oh ſlave! [*Dies.* Fleance *eſcapes.*
3 *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon
Is fled.
2 *Mur.* We've loſt beſt half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Room of State in the Caſtle.

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, *Lady*, Roſſe, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. YOU know your own degrees, ſit down:
At firſt and laſt, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Majeſty.
Macb. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt:
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate, but in beſt time
We will require her welcome. [*They ſit.*
Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart ſpeaks, they're welcome.

Enter firſt Murderer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both ſides are even: here I'll ſit i' th' midſt;
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a meaſure
The table round—There's blood upon thy face.
[*To the Murderer, aſide, at the door.*
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?
Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the beſt of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for *Fleance:* if thou didſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.
Mur. Moſt royal Sir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and gen'ral, as the caſing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſaucy doubts and fears. But *Banquo*'s ſafe?——
Mur. Ay, my good Lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that;

There

There the grown ſerpent lies: the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' preſent. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear 't ourſelves again. [*Exit Murderer.*
Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feaſt is ſold,
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making;
'Tis given, with welcome. To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
[*The Ghoſt of* Banquo *riſes, and ſits in* Macbeth's *place.*
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May't pleaſe your Highneſs ſit?
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent,—
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance!)
Roſſe. His abſence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleas't your Highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full. [*Starting.*
Len. Here's a place reſerv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highneſs?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay, I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his Highneſs is not well.
Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep ſeat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
[*To* Macb. *aſide.*
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,

Which

Which might appall the devil.
Lady. O proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear; [*aſide.*
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to *Duncan.* Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!——
Why do you make ſuch faces? when all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there!
Behold! look! lo! how ſay you? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Why, what care I! if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.——
If charnel-houſes and our graves muſt ſend
Thoſe, that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.——
Lady. Fy, for ſhame!
Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gen'ral weal; (25)
Ay, and ſince too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they riſe again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools; this is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murder is.
Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends,
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all!

(25) *Ere human ſtatute purg'd the* gentle *weal.*] Thus all the editions: but Mr. *Warburton* very juſtly adviſ'd, as I have reform'd the text, gen'ral weal: "And it is a very fine *Periphraſis* (ſays he) to "ſignify, *ere civil ſocieties were inſtituted.* For the early murders, "recorded in ſcripture, are here alluded to: and *Macbeth*'s apolo-"gizing for murder from the antiquity of the example is very natu-"ral."

Then

Then I'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full—
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[*The Ghoſt riſes again.*

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my ſight! let the earth hide thee! (26)
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes,
Which thou doſt glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom; 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcanian* tyger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit, then proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! why, ſo,——being gone,

[*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

I am a man again: pray you, ſit ſtill. [*The Lords riſe.*

Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good
With moſt admir'd diſorder. [meeting

Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Ev'n to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

(26) *Avaunt, and quit my ſight! let the* earth hide thee!] i. e. As thou art a dead thing, the earth, thy grave, ought to overwhelm and cover thee from human ſight. Thus *Io* (in the *Prometheus* chain'd, by *Æſchylus*) in her frenzy fancying that ſhe ſaw the apparition of *Argus*, complains that the earth does not hide him tho' dead.

Ον ὐδὲ κατθανόντα γαῖα κεύθει.

When

When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Roſſe. What ſights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe;
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty!

Lady. Good-night, to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood, they ſay; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augurs, that underſtood relations, have (27)
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff* denies his perſon,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:

(27) *Augurs, that underſtood relations, have*
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.] *Conſcience*, as we may learn from *Plutarch*, has ſometimes ſupply'd the office of *augury* in this point. One *Beſſus*, he tells us, who had a long time before murder'd his father, going to ſup at a friend's houſe, ſuddenly with his ſpear pull'd down a ſwallow's neſt, and kill'd all the young ones. The company enquiring into the reaſon of his cruelty, *Don't you hear*, ſays he, *how they falſely accuſe me of having kill'd my father?* Vid. *Plutarchum* de *Sera Numinis Vindicta*. As remarkable a ſtory is recorded by him, in another tract, upon which the *Greeks* founded their proverb, Αἱ Ἰβύκου γέρανοι. *Ibycus* the poet being ſurpriz'd by robbers in a deſart, as they were about to kill him, call'd out to a flock of cranes, that flew over his head, to bear witneſs of his murder. Theſe murderers ſometime afterwards ſitting in the theatre, and ſeeing a flight of cranes, ſaid in triumph to one another; *behold*, Ibycus's *avengers!* The words being overheard, the robbers were apprehended, rack'd upon ſuſpicion, and brought to a confeſſion of the murder.
And thus, as *Auſonius* ſays,

Ibycus *ut periit*, vindex *fuit altivolans grus.*

Monſieur *Le Fevre*, in his lives of the *Greek* poets, has concluded with remarking on *Ibycus*, that as he liv'd a *Poet*, ſo he dy'd a *Prophet*.

There's

There's not a Thane of them, but in his houſe (28)
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weird ſiſters:
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good.
All cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcann'd.

Lady. You lack the ſeaſon of all nature's ſleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep; my ſtrange and ſelf abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We're yet but young in deed. (29) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

(28) *There is not* one *of them.*] Thus the modern editors. But, *one of whom? Macbeth* has juſt ſaid, that he heard, *Macduff* meant to diſobey his ſummons: and he would immediately ſubjoin, that there is not a man of *Macduff*'s quality in the kingdom, but he has a ſpy under his roof. This is underſtood, not expreſs'd, as the text as yet has ſtood. The old *folio*'s give us the paſſage thus;

There's not a one *of them* ——

Here we again meet with a deprav'd reading; but it is ſuch a one, as, I am perſuaded, has led me to the poet's true word and meaning.

There's not a Thane *of them,*

i. e. a nobleman: and ſo the Peers of *Scotland* were all call'd, 'till Earls were created by *Malcolm* the ſon of *Duncan*. The etymology of the word is to be found in *Spelman's Saxon* gloſſary, *Wormius's Daniſh* hiſtory, *Caſaubon* de Linguâ *Saxonica*, &c. And my emendation, I conceive, is ſufficiently confirm'd by what *Holingſhead*, from whom our author has extracted ſo many particulars of hiſtory, expreſsly ſays in proof of this circumſtance. For *Macbeth* had in every *nobleman's houſe* one ſly fellow or other, in *fee* with him; to reveal all that was ſaid or done, within the ſame: by which ſlight he oppreſs'd the moſt part of the *nobles* of his realm.

(29) *We're yet but young* indeed.] If we tranſpoſe theſe words, we ſhall find, they amount to no more than this, *we are yet* indeed *but young*. But this is far from comprizing either the poet's, or *Macbeth*'s, meaning. I read,—*in deed*, i. e. but little inur'd yet to acts of blood and cruelty: for time and practice harden villains in their trade, who are timorous 'till ſo harden'd.

So *Macbeth* ſays before;

Things bad begun *ſtrengthen* themſelves in *ill*.

So, afterwards,

Diſcuſſ

SCENE changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Wit.* WHY, how now, *Hecat'*, you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are?
Saucy, and over-bold! how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles and affairs of death?
And I the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?
And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a weyward ſon;
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i' th' morning: thither he
Will come, to know his deſtiny;
Your veſſels and your ſpells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide.
I am for th' air: this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that, diſtill'd by magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:

Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once *ſtart me.*
So in 3d. *Henry* VI.
Made *impudent* with *uſe* of *evil deeds*,

And

And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortals chiefeſt enemy. [*Muſick and a Song.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in the foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Sing within. Come away, come away,* &c.
1 *Wit.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter Lenox, *and another Lord.*

Len. MY former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*—marry, he was dead:——
And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may ſay, if't pleaſe you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous too
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth*? did he not ſtraight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I ſay,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he *Duncan*'s ſons under his key,
(As, and 't pleaſe heav'n, he ſhall not;) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father: ſo ſhould *Fleance*.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,
Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?
Lord. The ſon of *Duncan*, (30)
From

(30) *The* ſons *of* Duncan
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth] I have ſet right this paſſage againſt the authority of our unobſerving editors. And the proofs of my emendation are obvious. In the firſt place, *Macbeth* could not be

From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the *Engliſh* court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*;
That by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſp'rated their King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*.

Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I*,
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, "you'll rue the time,
"That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might

be ſaid to hold the due of birth from both *Duncan*'s ſons. The ſucceſſion to the crown was the right of *Malcolm*; and *Donalbaine* could have no right to it, as long as his elder brother or any of his iſſue were in being. In the next place, the ſons of *Duncan* did not both ſhelter in the *Engliſh* court. Upon the diſcovery of their father's murder, we find them thus determining.

Malc. —— *I'll to* England.
Donal. *To* Ireland *I*; *our* ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer. ——

This determination, 'tis plain, they immediately put into act, or *Macbeth* had very ill intelligence:

We hear, our bloody Couſins are beſtow'd
In England *and in* Ireland.

Nor were they together, even at the time when *Malcolm* diſputed his right with *Macbeth*.

Who knows, if Donalbaine *be with his brother?*
Len. *For certain, Sir, he is* not.

Beſides, *Hector Boethius* and *Holingſhead* (the latter of whom our author preciſely follows;) both inform us that *Donalbaine* remain'd in *Ireland* till the death of *Malcolm* and his Queen; and then, indeed, he came over, invaded *Scotland*, and wreſted the crown from one of his nephews.

Adviſe

Adviſe him to a care to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy Angel
Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come! that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll ſend my pray'rs with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, a dark Cave; in the middle, a great Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 WITCH.

THrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Twice, and once the hedge pig whin'd (31)

3 *Witch. Harper* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients as for the preparation of their Charm.*

Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
Days and nights has, thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got;
Boil thou firſt i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog:
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;

(31) Thrice *and once the hedge-pig whin'd.*] I have ventur'd, againſt the concurrence of the copies to read, *twice* and *once*: becauſe, as *Virgil* has remark'd, *numero Deus impare gaudet*: and *three* and *nine* are the numbers us'd in all inchantments, and magical operations.

Adder's

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravening ſalt ſea-ſhark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew:*
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s lips;
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick and ſlab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and other three Witches.*

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i'th' gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſick and a Song.

Black ſpirits and white,
Blue ſpirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(How e'er you come to know it) anſwer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though caſtles topple on their warders heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of nature's germins tumble all together, (32)
Even till deſtruction ſicken: anſwer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll anſwer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten
From the murd'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All Come high or low:
Thyſelf and office deftly ſhow. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed head riſes. (33)

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power——

1 *Witch.*

(32) ——*tho' the treaſure*
Of nature's germains *tumble all together,*]
Thus all the printed copies; and Mr. *Pope* has explain'd *Germains* by *kindred:* but I have already prov'd in a note upon K. *Lear*, that we muſt read, Germins, i. e. Seeds.

(33) Apparition *of an* armed head *riſes.*——Apparition *of a* bloody child.——Apparition *of a* child crown'd, *with a* Tree *in his hand,*] I was at a loſs, why this particular *apparatus* and *furniture* was employ'd to theſe three apparitions. I propos'd the queſtion to my ingenious

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware *Macduff!*
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife*—diſmiſs me——enough.
[*Deſcends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou'ſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute; laugh to ſcorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Deſcends.*

Macb. Then live, *Macduff:* what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate; thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder. [*Thunders.*

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.

What is this,
That riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of Sovereignty?

Friend Mr. *Warburton*, and he gave me the following ſolution. "Did "our author only uſe it for ſhow, we ſhould not, I think, quarrel "with him for it. But on examination you will find, that the *In-* "*ſignia* of theſe three ghoſts exactly anſwer to their ſpeeches. The "firſt bids *Macbeth* beware of *Macduff*; this is therefore an *armed* "*head*, the emblem of caution, and circumſpection. The ſecond "ghoſt encourages him to perſiſt in his bloody courſes; for none of "woman born ſhall harm him. This ghoſt has therefore the figure "of a *bloody child:* inſinuating, that the height of barbarity is the "murder of children. The third ghoſt tells him, He ſhould never "be vanquiſh'd till *Birnam*-wood remov'd from its ſituation: and "conformably to the ſubject of its ſpeech, It has a *branch* in its "hand and is *crown'd*; inſinuating, that he ſhould wear the crown "till *Birnam*-wood remov'd."

All

All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great *Birnam*-wood to *Dunſinane*'s high hill
Shall come againſt him. [*Deſcends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellious head riſe never, till the wood (34)
Of *Birnam* riſe, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal cuſtom!——Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much) ſhall *Banquo*'s iſſue ever

(34) *Rebellious* dead, *riſe never till the wood*
Of Birnam *riſe*, &c.] Thus all the impreſſions, from the very beginning, exhibit this paſſage: but I cannot imagine what notion the editors could have of the *dead* being *rebellious*. It looks to me, as if they were content to believe the poet genuine, wherever he was myſterious beyond being underſtood. The emendation of one letter gives us clear ſenſe, and the very thing which *Macbeth* ſhould be ſuppos'd to ſay here. We muſt reſtore

Rebellious head *riſe never*, ———

i. e. Let rebellion never make head againſt me, till a foreſt moves, and I ſhall reign long enough in ſafety. *Shakeſpeare* very frequently uſes this term to this purpoſe; of which I'll ſubjoin a few examples.

1 *Henr.* IV.

———*Douglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels *met*,
Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury*;
A mighty and a fearful *head* they are,

2 *Henr.* IV.

For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three *heads*; one pow'r againſt the *French*, &c.

Again, in the 1ſt. *Henr.* IV.

We were inforc'd for ſafety's ſake to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent *head*.

Henr. VIII.

My noble father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt *rais'd head againſt uſurping* Richard.

Coriolanus.

When *Tarquin* made a *head* for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others.
&c. &c. &c.

Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron ſinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be ſatisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! let me know,
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and paſs over in order, and* (35) Banquo; *the laſt, with a glaſs in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of *Banquo*; down!
Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls.—And thy hair
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the firſt——
A third is like the former—filthy hags!
Why do you ſhew me this?—A fourth?—Start eye!
What! will the line ſtretch out to th' crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A ſeventh! I'll ſee no more——
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry,
Horrible ſight! nay, now, I ſee, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this ſo?

(35) *Eight Kings appear, and paſs over in order, and* Banquo *laſt, with a glaſs in his hand.*] The editors could not help blundering even in this ſtage-direction. For 'tis not *Banquo*, who brings the glaſs; as is evident from the following ſpeech:

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs
Which ſhews me many more: —— *and ſome I ſee,*
That twofold balls, and treble ſcepters carry.

I have quoted the laſt line, becauſe it will not be amiſs to obſerve, that this fine play, 'tis probable, was not writ till after Q. *Elizabeth's* death. Theſe apparitions, tho' very properly ſhewn with regard to *Macbeth*, yet are more artfully ſo, when we conſider the addreſs of the poet in complimenting K. *James* I. here upon his uniting *Scot-Land* to *England*: and when we conſider too, that the family of the *Stuarts* are ſaid to be the direct deſcendants of *Banquo*.

1 *Witch.*

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come, ſiſters, chear we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antick round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Muſick.*

[*The witches dance and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they! gone!—Let this pernicious hour
Stand ay accurſed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird ſiſters?
Len. No, my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them! I did hear
The galloping of horſe. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England.*
Macb. Fled to *England?*
Len. Ay, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'er-took,
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done!
The caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurpriſe,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o' th' ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpoſe cool.
But no more ſights. Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, changes to *Macduff*'s Caſtle at *Fife*.

Enter Lady Macduff, *her Son, and* Roſſe.

L. Macd. WHAT had he done, to make him fly the land?

Roſſ. You muſt have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madneſs; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.

Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.

Roſſe. My deareſt Couſin,
I pray you, ſchool yourſelf; but for your husband,
He's noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o' the ſeaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent ſea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty Couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!

L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Roſſe.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,

And

And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, I mean, and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dſt never fear the net, nor
The pit-fall, nor the gin. [lime:

Son. Why ſhould I, mother? poor birds they are not ſet for.
My father is not dead, for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a huſband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit, and yet,
With wit enough for thee, [i' faith,

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one, that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools; for there are liars and ſwearers enow to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler! how thou talk'ſt?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;

I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heav'n preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now,
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I'd done no harm?—what are theſe faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your huſband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He 'as kill'd me, mother,
Run away, pray you. [*Exit L.* Macduff, *crying murder;*
[*Murderers purſue her.*

SCENE changes to the King of *England*'s Palace.

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. LET us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
Beſtride our downfal birth doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like ſyllables of dolour.

Mal.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo, perchance;
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt; you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but ſomething (36)
You may deſerve of him through me, and wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.
Macd. I've loſt my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs left you wife and children?
Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties: you may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,

(36) ——— *I'm young, but ſomething*
You may diſtern *of him through me*, &c.] If the whole tenour of the context could not have convinced our blind editors, that we ought to read *deſerve* inſtead of *diſtern*, (as I have corrected in the text,) yet *Macduff*'s anſwer, ſure, might have given them ſome light,—*I am not treacherous.* There is another paſſage, in which *vice verſa* the ſame error has been committed upon the other word:
K. *Lear.* (old 4to in 1608)
——— an eye *deſerving*
Thine honour from thy ſuff'ring. ———
where the ſenſe evidently demands, *diſcerning*.

His title is affear'd. Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.
Mal. Be not offended;
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think, our country ſinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.
Macd. What ſhould he be?
Mal. It is myſelf I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow, and the poor ſtate
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils to top *Macbeth*.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of ev'ry ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Than ſuch an one to reign.
Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And

H. Gravelot in Vol: 6. P: 347. G. Vandergucht Sculp.

And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour ſo many,
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that, were I King,
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe;
And my more-having would be as a ſauce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root (37)
Than ſummer-teeming luſt; and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain Kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foyſons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

(37) ——— *grows with more pernicious root*
*Than ſummer-*ſeeming *luſt.*] Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd with me in obſerving, that *ſummer-ſeeming* has no manner of ſenſe: We therefore both corrected conjecturally,

*Than ſummer-*teeming *luſt.*

i. e. the paſſion, which laſts no longer than the *heat* of life, and which goes off in the *winter* of age. Beſides, the metaphor is much more juſt by our emendation; for ſummer is the ſeaſon in which weeds get ſtrength, grow rank, and dilate themſelves.

2 *Henry* VI.

——— Now 'tis the *ſpring*,
And *weeds* are *ſhallow-rooted*; ſuffer them now,
And they'll o'ergrow the garden.

The ſame image our author in another paſſage conveys by an equivalent epithet, *ſummer-ſwelling*.

2 Gent. *of* Verona.

Diſdain to *root* the *ſummer-ſwelling* flow'r,
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.

Mal.

Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temp'rance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſeverance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh *Scotland!, Scotland!*——

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?
No, not to live. Oh, nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-ſceptred!
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And does blaſpheme his breed. Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted King; the Queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Oh, fare thee well!
Theſe evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thyſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from *Scotland*. Oh, my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. *Macduff*, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh *Macbeth*
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte; But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forſworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,

At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe-ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Siward* with ten thouſand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodneſs
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you;

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That ſtay his cure; their malady convinces
The great aſſay of art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil;
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here-remain in *England*
I've ſeen him do. How he ſollicits heav'n,
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken, (38)

To

(38) —— *and 'tis ſpoken,*
To the ſucceeding royalty *he leaves*
The healing benediction.] Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to me upon this paſſage, that as, it muſt be own'd, *Shakeſpeare* is often guilty of moſt ſtrange abſurdities; ſo, on the other hand, in this inſtance he has artfully avoided one. He had a mind to hint, that the cure of the *evil* was to deſcend to the ſucceſſors in the royal line. But the *confeſſor* was the firſt, who pretended to this *gift*: How then could it be at that time generally ſpoken of, that the *gift* was to be, hereditary?

To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here!
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us ſtrangers!
Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Roſſe. Alas, poor country,
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtaſy: the dead-man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for whom: and good mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What's the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Roſſe. Why, well.——
Macd. And all my children?
Roſſe. Well too.——
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

tary?----This he has ſolv'd by inſinuating, that *Edward* had a heavenly gift of *prophecy*; by which he was inform'd, the cure ſhould remain in his poſterity. 'Tis certain, he was reſolv'd to throw in the tradition as a compliment to K. *James* I. who was very fond of practiſing this *ſuperſtition*; and, I doubt not, had great faith in the *ſanctity* of his hand upon this occaſion.

Roſſe.

Roſſe. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how goes it?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create ſoldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath (39)
Lent us good *Siward* and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.
Roſſe. 'Would, I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſart air,
Where hearing ſhould not catch them.
Macd. What concern they?

(39) ——*gracious* England *hath*
Lent us good Siward, *and ten thouſand men.*] This *Siward* was Earl of *Northumberland*; and an approv'd old ſoldier. But it was not for this reaſon alone, probably, that *Edward* the confeſſor appointed him his General againſt *Macbeth*: but becauſe the Earl, by his daughter, was nearly link'd with *Malcolm*'s family. We find *Malcolm* afterwards calling him uncle. It may not be diſpleaſing to the curious if I ſubjoin a pedigree, which will at one view ſhew *Siward*'s relation to *Malcolm*, and *Macbeth*'s to the *Scotch* crown.

Malcome II.
had two daughters

Beatrice, who married *Crinen*; by whom ſhe had *Duncan*; who, marrying *Siward*'s daughter, by her he had *Malcolm Cammoir*.

and *Doada*, who married *Sinel* Earl of *Glamis*; by whom ſhe had *Macbeth*.

So that *Duncan* and *Macbeth* were ſiſters' children: and *Siward* was *Malcolm*'s grandfather by the mother's ſide.

The

The gen'ral cauſe? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of theſe murder'd deer
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heav'n!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words; the grief, that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too!——
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence! my wife kill'd too!
Roſſe. I've ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge, (40)

To

(40) *Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,*
To cure the deadly grief.

Macd. *He has no children.*----] This may appear at firſt ſight very abrupt, and foreign to the ſentiment we muſt ſuppoſe the *ſpeaker* then agitated with. But, on examination, we ſhall have reaſon to confeſs it an inſtance of our author's great knowledge of nature. Old *Hobbes* has obſerv'd, that we always think in a chain, and that our ideas are concatenated one with another. We ſhall find this obſervation very true in the inſtance before us. *Macduff*'s thoughts are all employ'd now on revenge: He firſt conſiders the manner of it: and, in his firſt tranſports, nothing appears ſo ſuitable as retaliation: but this brings him to reflect, that he can't have it here, for that *Macbeth* had no children: on which he breaks out into this ſorrowful reflection. Mr. *Warburton.*

We muſt, indeed, acknowledge this ſentiment to have its ſource from the reflection of an intended revenge; or from an other reflection purely of tenderneſs, that if *Macbeth* had had any children,

he

To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay all? what, all? oh, hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?

Mal. Diſpute it like a man.

Macd. I ſhall do ſo:
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me: did heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? ſinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: heav'n reſt them now!

Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n!
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Then heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

he could not have been capable of ſuch a barbarity on *Macduff*'s offſpring.

So *Conſtantia*, in K. *John*, when *Pandulfe* would comfort her for the loſs of her ſon, cries;

He talks to me, that never had a ſon!

And ſo Queen *Margaret*, (in 3 Henry VI.) when her ſon is ſtabb'd in her preſence, thus exclaims againſt his murderers.

You have no children, butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have ſtir'd up remorſe.

ACT V.

SCENE, an Anti-chamber in *Macbeth's* Caſtle.

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it, ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady Macbeth *with a taper.*

Lo, you! here ſhe comes: this is her very guiſe, and, upon my life, faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? look, how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus

thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks. I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out! damned ſpot; out, I ſay—one; two; why then, 'tis time to do't—hell is murky. Fy, my Lord, fy, a ſoldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane* of *Fife* had a wife; where is ſhe now? what, will theſe hands ne'er be clean?—no more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that: you marr all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: heav'n knows, what ſhe has known.

Lady. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? the heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: yet I have known thoſe which have walkt in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown, look not ſo pale—I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent.

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her; so, good night.
My mind she' as mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Field, with a Wood at a distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. THE *English* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes (41)
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam*-wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if *Donalbain* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Siward*'s son, (42)
And

(41) ——*for their dear causes*
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite *the* mortified *man.*] i. e. the man, who had abandon'd himself to despair, who had no spirit or resolution left. So *Caius Ligarius* replies to *Brutus*;

——Soul of *Rome*,
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast *conjur'd up*
My *mortified* spirit. *Jul. Cæsar.*

(42) ——*there is* Siward's *son*,
And many unruff'd *youths, that even now*,
Protest their first of manhood.] This *unruff'd* is a tacit sophistication put upon us by Mr. *Pope*, in his extraordinary sagacity; implying, that *Malcolm* had many soldiers in his ranks too young to wear a ruffe.

And many unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies;
Some ſay, he's mad: others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murders ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.

Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd;

---

ruffe. This happy conſtruction might ſeduce one into an error, who was not acquainted with that gentleman's ſpirit of criticiſm. 'Tis true, the old editions read *unruffe* youths; and our great *Orbilius* did not diſcern that this was the antiquated way of ſpelling, *unrough*, i. e. ſmooth-chin'd, *imberbis*. And our author particularly delights in this mode of expreſſion. To ſubjoin a few inſtances;

——a twelvemonth and a day,
I'll mark no words that *ſmooth-fac'd* wooers ſay.
Love's Labour loſt.

Now, *Jove*, in his next commodity of *hair*, ſend thee a *beard!*
Twelfth-night.

——or who knows,
If the *ſcarce-bearded Cæſar* have not ſent
His pow'rful mandate to you. *Ant. and Cleop.*

For who is he, whoſe *chin* is but *enrich'd*.
With *one appearing hair*, —— *Henry V.*

——'Till *new-born chins*
Be *rough* and *razorable*. *Tempeſt.*

When with his *amazonian chin* he drove
The *briſtled lips* before him. *Coriolanus.*

This *unhair'd* faucineſs, and *boyiſh troops*
The King does ſmile at. *K. John.*

Mac-

Meet we the med'cine of the ſickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Caſtle of *Dunſinane*.

Enter Macbeth, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. BRing me no more reports, let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam*-wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?
Was he not born of woman? ſpirits, that know
All mortal conſequences, have pronounc'd it:
'Fear not, *Macbeth*; no man, that's born of woman,
'Shall e'er have power upon thee.--Then fly falſe *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *Engliſh* epicures. (43)
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſag with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

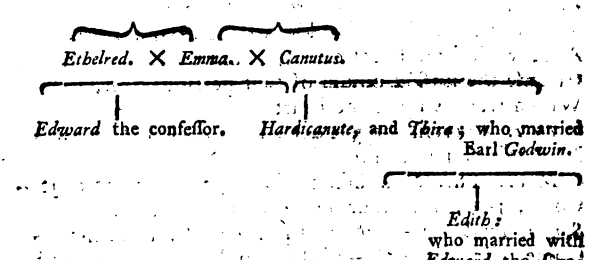
Enter

(43) —— *Fly, falſe Thanes;*
And mingle with the Engliſh epicures.] I thought this paſſage might deſerve a note, if it were only to excuſe our author from any imputation of throwing a ſlur on the *Engliſh* of his own times, for gluttony and epicuriſm. He had no ſuch intention; but artfully throws in a ſatirical reflection in which he is countenanc'd by hiſtory. The fact is this. *Hardicanute*, (or *Canutus* III.) the *Dane*, a contemporary of *Macbeth*, and who reign'd *here* juſt before the uſurpation of the latter in *Scotland*, was a Prince of a courteous and liberal nature; but, withal, ſuch a lover of good cheer, that he would have his table cover'd four times a day, and largely furniſh'd. So that the *Engliſhmen* were ſaid to have learn'd from him exceſſive gluttony in diet, and intemperance in drinking. He reign'd barely two years, and was ſucceeded by *Edward* the *Confeſſor*. Now as *Edward* ſent a force againſt *Scotland*, *Macbeth* malevolently is made to charge this temperate Prince (in his ſubjects,) with the riots of his predeceſſor. And the inſinuation may ſeem to bear the harder, becauſe *Hardicanute* and *Edward* were allied by a double tye of affinity. It may pleaſe ſome readers, if I ſubjoin a ſhort ſketch of their pedigree and relation to one another.

Ethelred,

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loun!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe-look?
Ser. There are ten thouſand——
Macb. Geeſe, villain?
Ser. Soldiers, Sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linnen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, whey-face?
Ser. The *Engliſh* force, ſo pleaſe you.
Macb. Take thy face hence—*Seyton!*—I'm ſick at heart,
When I behold—*Seyton*, I ſay!—this puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſeaſe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life (44)
Is fall'n into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
And that, which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have: but, in their ſtead,



So that *Edward* and *Hardicanute* were brothers by the mother; and *Edward* married *Hardicanute*'s own ſiſter's daughter.

(44) ——*My way of life*
Is fall'n into the fear:] i. e. The progreſs of my life. So, in a fragment of *Menander*;

—— ἐπὶ γήρως ὁδῷ.

The', I am aware, that ſome commentators have thought, ὁδῷ by a poetical licence, and with regard to the meaſure, is put for ὁδῷ, ſtill upon the *threſhold* of old age.

Curſe

Curſes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton, ——————

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?
Mach. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.
Mach. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my fleſh be hackt;
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Mach. I'll put it on.
Send out more horſes, ſkirre the country round;
Hang thoſe, that talk of fear. Give me mine armour,
How does your patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſick, my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.
Mach. Cure her of that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter unto himſelf.
Mach. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put my armour on; give me my ſtaff.
Seyton, ſend out—Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me—
Come, Sir, diſpatch—If thou could'ſt, Doctor, caſt
The water of my land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health;
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again. Pull't off, I ſay—
What rubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe *Engliſh* hence! hear'ſt thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.
Mach. Bring it after me;

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam*-foreſt come to *Dunſinane*.
Doct. Were I from *Dunſinane* away, and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Birnam*-Wood.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's *Son*, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, *and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. COuſins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.
Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcov'ry
Err in report of us.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate;
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE changes to the Caſtle of *Dunſinane*.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and Soldiers with drums and colours.*

Macb. HAng out our banners on the outward walls.
The cry is ſtill, *they come:* our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouze and ſtir,
As life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-mor.ow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools (45)

The

(45) *And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools*
The way to ſtudy *death.* ——] This reading is as old as the 2d edition in *folio*; but, ſurely, it is paying too great a compliment to the capacities of fools. It would much better ſuit with the character of wiſe men, to ſtudy how to die from the experience of paſt times. I have reſtor'd the reading of the firſt *folio*, which Mr. *Pope* has thrown out of his text.

The way to duſty *death.*

i. e. Death, which reduces us to duſt and aſhes. *Μετωνυμια effecti pro efficiente.* Or, perhaps, the poet might have wrote;

The way to duſky *death.*

i. e dark; a word very familiar with him.

Myſelf, as far as I could well diſcern
For ſmoak and *duſky* vapours of the night: 1 *Henry* VI.

Here

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more! it is a tale,
Told, by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.
Mes. My gracious Lord,
I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, say it, Sir.
Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*
Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.——
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till *Birnam* wood
"Do come to *Dunsinane*,"—and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunsinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I 'gin to be a weary of the sun; (46)
And wish, the state o' th' world were now undone.

Here dyes the *dusky* torch of *Mortimer*. *Rid.*
And when the *dusky* sky began to rob, &c. 2 *Henry* VI.
Untimely smother'd in their *dusky* graves. *Rich.* III.

(46) *I 'gin to be a weary of the sun;*
And wish, &c.] *Macbeth* seems here exactly in the circumstance of *Dido* in *Virgil*. He knows his fate; and his misfortunes sit so heavy upon him, that he is weary of being longer in the world.

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat; tædet cœli convexa tueri, *Encid.* IV.

Ring the alarum-bell; blow, wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt, we'll die with harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE before *Dunſinane.*

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, *and their Army with Boughs.*

Mal. NOW, near enough: your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my couſin, your right-noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battle. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak, give them all breath,
Thoſe clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exe.*
[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a ſtake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe. What's he,
That was not born of woman? ſuch a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No: though thou call'ſt thyſelf a hotter name,
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*

Yo. Siw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Y. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.
[*Fight, and young* Siward's *ſlain.*

Macb.

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman;——
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: tyrant, ſhew thy face;
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched *Kernes*, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves: Or thou, *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbatter'd edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be—
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Siward.

Siw. This way, my Lord, the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes,
That ſtrike beſide us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whilſt I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

To him; enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words;
My voice is in my ſword! thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour;
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Deſpair thy charm!
And let the angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accurſed be that tongue, that tells me ſo!
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe jugling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward.
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
'Here may you ſee the tyrant.
Macb. I will not yield
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm*'s feet:
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though *Birnam*-wood be come to *Dunſinane*,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body.
I throw my warlike ſhield. Lay on, *Macduff*;
And damn'd be he, that firſt cries, hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat and flouriſh. Enter with drum and colours, Malcolm, Siward, Roſſe, Thanes, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends, we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.
Siw. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my Lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt;
He only liv'd but till he was a man,

The

The which no ſooner had his prow'ſs confirm'd, (47)
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Siw. Then is he dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They ſay, he parted well, and paid his ſcore.
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, *with* Macbeth's *head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for ſo thou art. Behold, where ſtands
Th' uſurper's curſed head; the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy kingdom's Peers,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine.
Hail, King of *Scotland!*
All. Hail, King of *Scotland!* [*Flouriſh.*
Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinſmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,

(47) *The which no ſooner had his prowe ſs confirm'd,*
In the unſhrinking ſtation *where he* fought,
But like a man, he dy'd.] The reſolution, with which young *Siward* is deſcrib'd to have dy'd, ſeems very much a copy of *Cataline* and his deſperate aſſociates behaviour, in a much worſe cauſe. *Nam fere quem quiſque* vivus pugnando locum *ceperat*, eum *amiſſa* anima corpore *tegebat.* Saluſt.

As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what needful elſe (48)
That calls upon us, by the grace of grace,
We will perform in meaſure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at *Scone*.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.*

(48) —— *This, and what needful elſe*
That calls upon us, by the grace of heaven.] This is a reading only of Mr. *Pope*; for all the copies, that I have ſeen, read,
—— *by the grace of* grace.
It is an expreſſion our author is fond of: and ſo he often ſtyles the divinity himſelf, as well as his attribute.

Whilſt I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the *grace* that with ſuch *grace* hath bleſt them.
2 *Gent.* of *Vero.*

Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The greateſt *grace* lending *grace*, &c. *All's Well*, &c.

In the like manner he loves to redouble other words:

And *ſpight* of *ſpight* needs muſt I reſt awhile,
Now, for the *love* of *love* and his ſoft hours,
3 *Henry* VI.
Anto. and *Cleo.*

&c. &c.

C. MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble* Roman, *hated by the common People.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals againſt the* Volſcians, *and*
Cominius, } *Friends to* Coriolanus.

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to* Coriolanus.

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People, and enemies to*
Junius Brutus, } Coriolanus.

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the* Volſcians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young Marcius, *Son to* Coriolanus.

Conſpirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, *Mother to* Coriolanus.

Virgilia, *Wife to* Coriolanus.

Valeria, *Friend to* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volſcian *Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to* Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

The SCENE is partly in *Rome*; and partly in the Territories of the *Volſcians*, and *Antiates*.

CORIO-

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE, A Street in *Rome*.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with ſtaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 CITIZEN.

BEfore we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die, than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, *Caius Marcius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patricians, good: what authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholeſome, we might gueſs, they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear; the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory

inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Marcius?*

All. Againſt him firſt: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you, what ſervices he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't; but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end; though ſoft-conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay, it was for his country; he did it to pleaſe his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you muſt in no way ſay, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within*] What ſhouts are thoſe? the other ſide o' th' city is riſen; why ſtay we prating here? To the capitol.——

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft—who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough; 'would, all the reſt were ſo!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? the matter—Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the Senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend

to

to do, which now we'll ſhew 'em in deeds: they ſay, poor ſuitors have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know, we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. Why, maſters, my good friends, mine honeſt neighbours,
Will you undo yourſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
Have the patricians of you: For your wants,
Your ſufferings in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the *Roman* State; whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
Of more ſtrong links aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them (not arms) muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by calamity
Thither, where more attends you; and you ſlander
The helms o' th' ſtate, who care for you like fathers,
When you curſe them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—true, indeed!—they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their ſtore-houſes cramm'd with grain: make edicts for uſury, to ſupport uſurers; repeal daily any wholeſome act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and provide more piercing ſtatutes daily to chain up and reſtrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt,
Confeſs yourſelves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale, (it may be, you have heard it;)
But ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
(1) To ſtale't a little more.

2 *Cit.*

(1) *To ſcale't a little more.*] Thus all the editions, but without any manner of ſenſe, that I can find out. The poet muſt have wrote, as I have corrected the text: and then the meaning will be plainly this. "Perhaps, you may have heard my tale already, but for all that, "I'll venture to make it more *ſtale* and familiar to you, by telling it

2 *Cit.* Well,
I'll hear it, Sir—yet you muſt not think
To fob off our diſgraces with a tale:
But, and't pleaſe you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it;——
That only, like a gulf, it did remain
I' th' midſt o' th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where th' other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter,
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwer'd——

" over again." And nothing is more common than the verb in this ſenſe, with our three capital *Dramatic* poets. To begin, with our own author. *Anth.* and *Cleop.*

Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom *ſtale*
Her infinite variety.

Jul. Cæſ.

Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To *ſtale* with ordinary oaths my love *&c.*

And, again,

——— and imitations,
Which out of uſe, and *ſtaled* by other men,
Begin his faſhion.

So *B. Jonſon*, in his *Every Man* in his *Humour.*

——and not content
To *ſtale* himſelf in all ſocieties,
He makes my houſe here common as a mart.

Cynthia's Revels.

I'll go tell all the argument of his play aforehand, and ſo *ſtale* his invention to the auditory, before it come forth.

And ſo *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Beggar's Buſh.*

But I ſhould loſe myſelf to ſpeak him further,
And *ſtale*, in my relation, the much good
You may be witneſs of.

Queen of *Corinth.*

——I'll not *ſtale* 'em,
By giving up their characters; but leave you
To make your own diſcov'ries.

Wit at *ſeveral weapons.*

You ſhall not be ſeen yet, we'll *ſtale* your friend firſt,
So pleaſe but him to ſtand for th' anti-maſk.

2 Cit.

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what anſwer made the belly?

Men. (2) Sir, I ſhall tell you.—With a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
(For, look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak) it tauntingly reply'd
To th' diſcontented members, th' mutinous parts,
That envied his receipt; even ſo moſt fitly,
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you——

2 *Cit.* Your belly's anſwer—what!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they——

Men. What then?—'Fore me, this fellow ſpeaks.
What then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o' th' body,——

Men. Well,—what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's anſwer.

2 *Cit.* Y' are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh, like his accuſers; and thus anſwer'd:
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,

(2) *Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kind of ſmile,*
Which ne'er came from the lungs,] Thus all the editors, moſt ſtupidly, hitherto; as if *Menenius* were to ſmile in telling his ſtory, tho' the lines, which immediately follow, make it evident that the belly was meant to ſmile.

Even to the court, the heart; to th' ſeat o' th' brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this ſays the belly) mark me—

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer;—how apply you this?

Men. The ſenators of *Rome* are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counſels, and their cares; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o' th' common; you ſhall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourſelves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this aſſembly!—

2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why, the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt,
Of this moſt wiſe rebellion, thou goeſt foremoſt:
Thou raſcal, that are worſt in blood to run.
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome vantage.—
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:
(3) The one ſide muſt have bale.

Enter

(3) *The one ſide muſt have* bail.] It muſt be the vanquiſht ſide, ſure, that could want it; and who were likely to be their *bail?* but it is endleſs to queſtion with negligence and ſtupidity. The poet, undoubtedly wrote, as I have reſtor'd;

The one ſide muſt have bale.

i. e. Sorrow, misfortune, muſt have the worſt of it, be diſcomfited. I have reſtor'd this word in ſome other paſſages of our author; and we meet with it in a play, attributed to him, call'd *Locrine:*

----Yea, with theſe eyes thou haſt ſeen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy *bale.*

Mr. *Rowe*, indeed, in his editions of our poet, has erroneouſly printed *bail* too in this paſſage; but in the old *quarto* which I have of *Locrine*, printed

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble *Marcius!* [rogues,
Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you diſſentious
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourſelves ſcabs?
2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.
Mar. He, that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geeſe: You are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice, did it. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate; and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt that
Which would increaſe his evil. He, that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye—truſt ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,

printed in 1595, we find the word ſpelt as it ought. And it was a term familiar both with authors prior in time, and contemporaries with *Shakeſpeare.*

——and eke her fingirs long and ſmale
She wrong full oft, and bade God on her rue,
And with the death to doe bote on her *bale: &c.*
Chaucer's Troil. *and* Creſeide. *Book* IV. *verſe* 738.

And the black holme, that loves the wat'ry vale,
And the ſweet cypreſs, ſign of deadly *bale.*
Spenſer's Tranſlation of *Virgil's* Gnat.

And again,

Said he, what have I wretch deſerv'd, that thus
Into this bitter *bale* I am out caſt. *Idem* ibid.
Thus greateſt bliſs is prone to greateſt *bale.*
Firſt Chorus of *Hercules Oetæus* from *Senaca*; *printed in* 1581.
And leaſt my foe, falſe *Promos* here,
Do interrupt my tale;
Grant, gracious King, that, uncontroul'd,
I may report my *bale.*
Promos and *Caſſandra,* (a Play,) printed in 1578.

And

And call him noble, that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the ſeveral places of the city
You cry againſt the noble Senate, who
(Under the gods) keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another? what's their ſeeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they ſay,
The city is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: they ſay!——
They'll ſit by th' fire, and preſume to know
What's done i' th' capitol; who's like to riſe;
Who thrives, and who declines; ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch, as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled ſhoes. They ſay, there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me uſe my ſword, I'd make a quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded:
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd; hang 'em,
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth proverbs;
That *hunger broke ſtone walls*—that *dogs muſt eat*,—
That *meat was made for mouths*—that *the gods ſent not*
Corn for the rich men only—With theſe ſhreds
They vented their complainings: which being anſwer'd,
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To break the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power look pale; they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—s' death,
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroof'd the city,

Ere

Ere ſo prevail'd with me! it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For inſurrection's arguing.
Men. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where's *Caius Marcius?*
Mar. Here—what's the matter?
Meſ. The news is, Sir, the *Volſcians* are in arms.
Mar. I'm glad on't, then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity. See, our beſt elders!—

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *with other Senators.*

1 *Sen. Marcius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volſcians* are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wiſh me only he.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion,
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then worthy *Marcius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to theſe wars.
Com. It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus'* face.
What, art thou ſtiff? ſtand'ſt out?
Tit. No *Caius Marcius*,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other;
Ere ſtay behind this buſineſs.
Men. O true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to th' capitol; where, I know,
Our greateſt friends attend us.

Tit.

Tit. Lead you on;
Follow, *Cominius*; we muſt follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble *Lartius!*——
1 *Sen.* Hence to your homes—be gone.
[*To the Citizens.*
Mar. Nay, let them follow;
The *Volſcians* have much corn: take theſe rats thither,
To gnaw their garners. Worſhipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.— [*Exeunt.*
[*Citizens ſteal away. Manent* Sicinius *and* Brutus.
Sic. Was ever man ſo proud, as is this *Marcius?*
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were choſen tribunes for the people—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the gods—
Sic. Be-mock the modeſt moon,—
Bru. (4) The preſent wars devour him; he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder,
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius.*
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the firſt; for what miſcarries
Shall be the General's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure

(4) *The preſent wars devour him; he is grown*
Too proud to be ſo valiant.] This is very obſcurely expreſs'd; but the poet's meaning muſt certainly be this. *Marcius* is ſo conſcious of, and ſo elate upon, the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with pride; devour'd with the apprehenſions of that glory which he promiſes himſelf from the enſuing war. A ſentiment, like this, occurs again in *Troilus* and *Creſſida.*

He, that is *proud, eats up himſelf.* Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, *devours* the deed in the praiſe.

Will

Will then cry out of *Marcius*: oh, if he
Had borne the buſineſs—
Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on *Marcius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.
Bru. Come,
Half all *Cominius*' honours are to *Marcius*,
Though *Marcius* earn'd them not; and all his faults
To *Marcius* ſhall be honours, though, indeed,
In ought he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made; and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Corioli*.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Senators of* Corioli.

1 *Sen.* SO, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our counſels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this ſtate,
That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence—theſe are the words—I think,
I have the letter here; yes—here it is;
" They have preſt a power, but it is not known
[*Reading.*
" Whether for Eaſt or Weſt; the dearth is great,
" The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
" *Cominius*, *Marcius* your old enemy,
" (Who is of *Rome* worſe hated than of you)
" And *Titus Lartius*, a moſt valiant *Roman*,
" Theſe three lead on this preparation
" Whither 'tis bent—moſt likely, 'tis for you:
" Conſider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready

To

To anſwer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves; which in the hatching,
It ſeem'd, appear'd to *Rome*. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhortened in our aim, which was
To take in many towns, ere (almoſt) *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.

2 *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your commiſſion, hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard *Corioli*:
If they ſet down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find,
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours,
If we and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The gods aſſiſt you!

Auf. And keep your honours ſafe!

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, changes to *Caius Marcius*'s Houſe in *Rome*.

Enter Volumnia *and* Virgilia; *they ſit down on two low ſtools, and ſow.*

Vol. I Pray you, daughter, ſing, or expreſs yourſelf in a more comfortable ſort: if my ſon were my huſband, I would freelier rejoice in that abſence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only ſon of my womb; when youth with comelineſs plucked all gaze his way;

when

when for a day of King's intreaties, a mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding; I, conſidering how honour would become ſuch a perſon, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not ſtir, was pleas'd to let him ſeek danger where he was like to find fame: to a cruel war I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I ſprang not more in joy at firſt hearing he was a man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

Vir. But had he died in the buſineſs, Madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely; had I a dozen ſons each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good *Marcius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.

Vir. Beſeech you, give me leave to retire myſelf.

Vol. Indeed, thou ſhalt not:
Methinks, I hither hear your huſband's drum;
I ſee him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair;
(As children from a bear) the *Volſci* ſhunning him:
Methinks, I ſee him ſtamp thus—and call thus——
Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
Though you were born in *Rome*; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harveſt man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! oh, *Jupiter*, no blood! —

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy. The breaſt of *Hecuba*,
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector*'s forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At *Grecian* ſwords contending; tell *Valeria*,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.

Vir. Heav'ns bleſs my Lord from fell *Aufidius*!

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius'* head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria *with an Uſher, and a Gentlewoman.*

Val. My Ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam ———

Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip ——

Val. How do you both? you are manifeſt houſekeepers. What are you ſowing here? a fine ſpot, in good faith. How does your little ſon?

Vir. I thank your Ladyſhip: well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum, than look upon his ſchoolmaſter.

Val. O' my word, the father's ſon: I'll ſwear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' *Wedneſday* half an hour together—h'as ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; and caught it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and did tear it, oh, I warrant, how he mammockt it!

Vol. One of's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery; I muſt have you play the idle huſwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threſhold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they ſay, all the yarn, ſhe ſpun in *Ulyſſes*'s abſence, did but fill

Ithaca

Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your huſband.

Vir. Oh, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed, madam —

Val. In earneſt, it's true; I heard a Senator ſpeak it. Thus it is——the *Volſcians* have an army forth, againſt whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* power. Your Lord and *Titus Lartius* are ſet down before their city *Corioli*; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, Lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, ſhe would: fare you well, then. Come, good ſweet Lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy ſolemneſs out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Walls of *Corioli*.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, *with Captains and Soldiers: To them a Meſſenger.*

Mar. YOnder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Meſ. They lie in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.
Mar. I'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I'll not ſell, nor give him: lend him you, I will,
For half an hundred years: Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie theſe armies?
Meſ. Within a mile and half.
Mar. Then ſhall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded Friends! Come, blow thy blaſt.

They ſound a Parley. Enter two Senators with others on the Walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little: hark, our drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,
Rather than they ſhall pound us up; our gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes;
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off.
[*Alarum far off.*
There is *Aufidius*. Liſt, what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven army.
Mar. Oh, they are at it! ——
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volſcians.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their city.
Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than ſhields. Advance brave *Titus*,
They do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts;
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volſcian*,
And he ſhall feel mine edge.
Alarum; *the* Romans *beat back to their Trenches.*

Re-enter Marcius.

Mar. (5) All the contagion of the ſouth light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*, you! — herds of boils and plagues
Plaiſter you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the wind a mile!—you ſouls of geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From ſlaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale,
With flight, and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
Or by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you; look to't, come on;
If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum, and Marcius *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good ſeconds;
'Tis for the followers, fortune widens them;
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is ſhut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Marcius*.

All. Slain, Sir, doubtleſs.

(5) *All the contagion of the ſouth light on you,*
You ſhames of Rome; *you herds; of boils and plagues*
Plaiſter you o'er, &c.] Thus miſerably did the old editors give us this paſſage mangled, by bad pointing; and Mr. *Pope* would not *indulge his private ſenſe*, by any alteration to make it intelligible. The meaneſt judges of *Engliſh* muſt be aware, that no member of any ſentence can begin with a *genitive* caſe, and a preceding *nominative* be wanting to govern *that* and the *verb*. Where, therefore, is the nominative to, ——— *of boils and plagues plaiſter you o'er?* or what ſenſe or ſyntax is there in the paſſage, as it here ſtands? I reform'd the pointing in the *appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſafed to embrace my correction in his laſt edition.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the ſudden,
Clapt to their gates; he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the City.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow!
Who, ſenſible, out-does his ſenſeleſs ſword, (6)
And when it bows, ſtands up: thou art left, *Marcius.*—
A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier (7)

(6) *Who* ſenſibly outdares *his ſenſeleſs ſword,*
And when it bows, ſtands up.]

The fine and eaſy emendation of this paſſage, which I have inſerted in the text, is owing to the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby.*

(7) *Thou waſt a ſoldier*
Ev'n to Calvus' *wiſh*;]

T. Lartius is here ſumming up his friend's character, as a warrior that was terrible in his ſtrokes, in the tone of his voice, and the grimneſs of his countenance. But who was this *Calvus*, that wiſh'd theſe three characteriſticks in a ſoldier? I'm afraid, *Greek* and *Roman* hiſtory will be at a loſs to account for ſuch a man and ſuch circumſtances join'd to ſignalize him. I formerly amended the paſſage, and prov'd that the poet muſt have wrote,

Even to Cato's *wiſh*; ——

The error probably aroſe from the ſimilitude in the manuſcript of *to* to *lv*: and ſo this unknown wight *Calvus* ſprung up. I come now to the authorities for my emendation. *Plutarch*, in the life of *Coriolanus*, ſpeaking of this *Hero*, ſays; *He was a man (that which* CATO *requir'd in a warrior) not only* dreadful *to meet with in the field, by reaſon of his* hand *and* ſtroke; *but inſupportable to an enemy, for the very* tone *and* accent *of his* voice; *and the ſole* terror *of his* aſpect. ——This again is confirm'd by the hiſtorian, in the life of *Marcus* CATO the Cenſor. *In engagements* (ſays he;) *he would uſe to* ſtrike luſtily, *with a* fierce countenance *ſtare upon his enemies, and with a* harſh threatning voice *accoſt them. Nor was he out in his opinion, whilſt* he taught, *that ſuch rugged kind of behaviour ſometimes does ſtrike the enemy more than the ſword itſelf.* Mr. *Pope* owns, I have clearly prov'd this point: but he ſeems incli'n'd to think, the blunder ſhould rather have continued, than I ſhould have diſcover'd the author guilty of ſuch a terrible *anachroniſm.* But is Mr. *Pope* conſcious of no other anachroniſm committed by our poet in this play? *Menenius* in one paſſage talks of *Alexander* the Great; tho' that Prince was not born till 130 years after *Coriolanus*'s death; nay, and in another he mentions *Galen*, whoſe birth was above 420 years later than that of *Alexander.* And there are certain other anachroniſms, that lie blended together, which I ſhall have occaſion to inform Mr. *Pope* of, before I have done with the 2d Act of this tragedy.

Ev'n

Even to *Cato*'s wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were ſeverous, and did tremble.

Enter Marcius *bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir. ——
Lart. O, 'tis *Marcius.*
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

Enter certain Romans *with Spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome.*
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for ſilver.
[*Alarum continues ſtill afar off.*

Enter Marcius *and* Titus Lartius, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here theſe movers, that do prize their honours
At a crack'd drachm: cuſhions, leaden ſpoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe ſlaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;
And hark, what noiſe the General makes!—to him;—
There is the man of my ſoul's hate, *Aufidius,*
Piercing our *Romans*; then, valiant *Titus*, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilſt I, with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help *Cominius.*
Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent
For a ſecond courſe of fight.
Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood, I drop, is rather phyſical
Than dangerous to me.
T' *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddeſs fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms

Miſguide thy oppoſers ſwords! bold gentleman!
Proſperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no leſs,
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt! ſo, farewel.
Lart. Thou worthieſt *Marcius*,
Go ſound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
Where they ſhall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, changes to the *Roman* Camp.

Enter Cominius *retreating, with Soldiers.*

Com. BReathe you, my friends; well fought; we are come off
Like *Romans*, neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,
By interims and conveying guſts, we have heard
The charges of our friends. The *Roman* gods
Lead their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our own;
That both our powers, with ſmiling fronts encountring,
May give you thankful ſacrifice! Thy news?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The citizens of *Corioli* have iſſued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Marcius* battle.
I ſaw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Tho' thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Methinks, thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Above an hour, my lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly, we heard their drums.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volſcians*
Held me in chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; elſe had I, Sir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.

Enter

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd? O Gods!
He has the ſtamp of *Marcius*, and I have
Before time ſeen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor, (8)
More than I know the ſound of *Marcius'* tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye (9)
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius?*

Mar. As with a man buſied about decrees;
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threatning th' other;
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.

(8) *The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,*
More than I know the ſound of Marcius' *tongue*
From ev'ry meaner man.]

This has the air of an imitation, whether *Shakeſpeare* really borrow'd it, or no, from the original: I mean, what *Ulyſſes* ſays in the *Greek* poet of being able to diſtinguiſh *Minerva*'s voice, tho' he did not ſee her.

Ὡς ἐυμαθὴς Σον, κἂν ἄποπλος ἦς, ὅμως
Φώνημ' ἀκούω, κ᾽ ξυναρπάζω φρενὶ
Χαλκοςόμου κώδωνος ὡς Τυρσηνικῆς.

Sophoc. *in* Ajace.

(9) *Oh! let me clip ye*
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart;]

Dr. *Thirlby* adviſed the different regulation in the pointing of this paſſage; which I have embraced, as I think it much improves the ſenſe and ſpirit, and conveys too the poet's thought, that *Marcius* was as ſound in limb, as when he went a wooing; and as merry in heart, as when going to bed to his bride.

Com. Where is that ſlave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but, for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? are you Lords o' th' field?
If not, why ceaſe you 'till you are ſo?
Com. Marcius, we have at diſadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lies their battle? know you on what ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſs, *Marcius*,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the *Antiates*
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood w' ave ſhed together, by the vows
W' ave made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me againſt *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*;
And that you not delay the preſent, but
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.—
Com. Though I could wiſh,
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your aſking; take your choice of thoſe,
That beſt can aid your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they,
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſin to doubt) that love this painting,
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſs for his perſon than an ill report:
If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himſelf,

Let

Let him, alone, (or many, if ſo minded)
Wave thus, t' expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow *Marcius*.

[*They all ſhout, and wave their ſwords, take him up in their arms, and caſt up their caps.*

Oh! me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volſcians?* none of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great *Aufidius*
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number,
(Tho' thanks to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight,
As cauſe will be obey'd; pleaſe you to march,
And four ſhall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Corioli.*

Titus Lartius *having ſet a guard upon* Corioli, *going with drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Caius Marcius; *Enter with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a ſcout.*

Lart. SO, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe centries to our aid; the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding; if we loſe the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and ſhut your gates upon's:
Our guider, come! to th' *Roman* camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Roman* Camp.

Alarum, as in battle. Enter Marcius *and* Aufidius, *at ſeveral doors.*

Mar. I'LL fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe than a promiſe-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not *Africk* owns a ſerpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy; fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, *Marcius*,
Hollow me like a hare.
Mar. Within theſe three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſee'ſt me maſk'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' higheſt.
Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not 'ſcape me here.
[*Here they fight, and certain* Volſcians *come to the aid of* Aufidius. Marcius *fights, 'till they be driven in breathleſs.*
Officious, and not valiant!—you have ſham'd me
In your condemned ſeconds.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A retreat is ſounded. Enter at one door, Cominius *with the* Romans; *at another door,* Marcius, *with his arm in a ſcarf.*

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where ſenators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles;
Where great patricians ſhall attend and ſhrug;
I' th' end, admire; where Ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That with the fuſty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts,—We thank the gods,
Our *Rome* hath ſuch a ſoldier!——

Yet

Yet cam'ſt thou to a morſel of this feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius *with his Power, from the purſuit.*

Lart. O General,
Here is the ſteed, we the capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been; that's, for my country;
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You ſhall not be
The grave of your deſerving: *Rome* muſt know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worſe than a theft, no leſs than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to ſilence that,
Which, to the ſpire and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: therefore, I beſeech you,
In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart,
To hear themſelves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death: Of all the horſes,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore, of all
The treaſure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A bribe, to pay my ſword: I do refuſe it,
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flouriſh. They all cry,* Marcius! Marcius! *caſt up their caps and launces:* Cominius *and* Lartius *ſtand bare.*

Mar.

Mar. May theſe ſame inſtruments, which you profane, (10)
Never ſound more! when drums and trumpets ſhall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of falſe-fac'd ſoothing! when ſteel grows
Soft, as the paraſite's ſilk, let hymns be made
An overture for th' wars!—No more, I ſay;
For that I have not waſh'd my noſe that bled,

(10) *May theſe ſame inſtruments, which you profane,*
Never ſound more: when drums and trumpets ſhall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let courts and *cities*
Be made all *of falſe-faced ſoothing.*
When ſteel grows ſoft, as the paraſite's ſilk,
Let him *be ma e an overture for th' wars:*
No more I ſay; for that I have not waſh'd
My noſe that bled, or foil'd ſome debile wretch,
Which without note here's many elſe have done,
You ſhout me forth in acclamations hyperbolical, &c]

Many of the verſes in this truly fine paſſage are diſmounted, unnumerous, and imperfect: and the laſt is no leſs than two foot and a half too long. For this reaſon I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe them to their meaſure; and the ſenſe, 'tis plain, has been no leſs maim'd than the numbers. To remedy this part, I have had the aſſiſtance of my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton*; and with the benefit of his happy conjectures, which I have inſerted in the text, the whole, I hope, is reſtor'd to that purity, which was quite loſt in the corruptions. I ſhall now ſubjoin his comment, in proof of the emendations. "The meaning, that ſenſe requires in the antitheſis evidently "deſign'd here, is this. If one change its uſual nature to a thing "moſt oppoſite, then let the other do ſo too. But *courts* and *cities*, "being made all of *ſmooth-fac'd ſoothing*, remain in their proper na- "ture. In the ſecond part of the ſentence, the antitheſis between "*ſteel* and the *paraſite's ſilk* does not indeed labour with this abſurdi- "ty: but it labours with another equally bad, and that is, nonſenſe "in the expreſſion. The poet's whole thought ſeems to be this. *If* "drums *and* trumpets *change their nature prepoſterouſly, let* camps *do* "*ſo too:* And in the latter part of the ſentence, the emendation "ſeems to give a particular beauty to the expreſſion. He had ſaid "before, *If* drums *and* trumpets *prove* flatterers; now here, alluding "to the ſame thought, he ſays, *Then let* hymns, *ſoft muſick deſtin'd* "*to the praiſes of gods and heroes, be an* overture *for the wars:* Where "the *overture* is uſed with great technical propriety ——I ſhould ob- "ſerve one thing, that the members of theſe two *antitheſes* are con- "founded one with another, which is a practice common with the "beſt authors: and it is a figure the rhetoricians have found a name "for.

Or

Or foil'd ſome debile wretch, which, without note
Here's many elſe have done; you ſhout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd, my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes, ſauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt yourſelf you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one, that means his proper harm) in manacles;
Then reaſon ſafely with you: therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Marcius*
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble ſteed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
With all th' applauſe and clamour of the hoſt,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly ever.
[*Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound and drums.*
Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
Mar. I will go waſh:
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to ſtride your ſteed, and at all time
To undercreſt your good addition,
To th' fairneſs of my power.
Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To *Rome* of our ſucceſs: you, *Titus Lartius*,
Muſt to *Corioli* back; ſend us to *Rome*
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I ſhall, my Lord,
Mar. The gods begin to mock me:
I, that but now refus'd moſt princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my Lord General.
Com. Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Mar. I ſometime lay here in *Corioli*,
At a poor man's houſe: he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him priſoner:

But

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sic. Eſpecially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſting.

Men. This is ſtrange now; do you two know how you are cenſur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' th' right hand file, do you?

Bru. Why,—how are we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience: —give your diſpoſitions the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures; at the leaſt, if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo:—you blame *Marcius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride—oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves! Oh that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you ſhould diſcover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates, *alias* fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: ſaid to be ſomething imperfect, in favouring the firſt complaint; haſty and tinderlike, upon too trivial motion: one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the fore-head of the morning. What I think, I utter; and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you *Lycurguſſes*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adverſly, I make a crooked face at it. I can't ſay, your worſhips have deliver'd

the

the matter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of your ſyllables; and tho' I muſt be content to bear with thoſe, that ſay, you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you, you have good faces; if you ſee this in the map of my microcoſm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? (11) what harm can your biſſon conſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourſelves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller, and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers, ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſy bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a

(11) *What harm can your* beſom *conſpectuities glean out of this character,* &c.] If the editors have form'd any conſtruction to themſelves, of this epithet *beſom*, that can be *à propos* to the ſenſe of the context;--Davus *ſum*, *non* Oedipus: it is too hard a riddle for me to expound. *Menenius*, 'tis plain, is abuſing the tribunes, and bantering them ironically. By *conſpectuities* he muſt mean, their *ſagacity*, *clearſightedneſs*; and that they may not think he's complimenting them, he tacks an epithet to it, which quite undoes that character; i. e. *biſſon*, blind, bleer-ey'd. *Skinner*, in his *Etymologicon*, explains this word, *cæcus*; vox agro *lincoln.* uſitatiſſima. *Ray* concurs, in his north and ſouth country words. And our author gives us this term again in his *Hamlet*, where the ſenſe exactly correſponds with this interpretation.

Run barefoot up and down, threatning the flames,
With *biſſon* rheum.

i. e. blinding. It is ſpoken of *Hecuba*, whoſe eyes o'erflow and are blinded, both with tears, and the rheume of age.

perfecter

perfecter gyber for the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are; when you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a grave, as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, *Marcius* is proud; who, in a cheap eſtimation, (12) is worth all your predeceſſors ſince *Deucalion*; though, peradventure, ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worſhips; more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the herdſmen of the beaſtly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus *and* Sicinius *ſtand aſide.*

As Menenius *is going out,* *Enter* Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Valeria.

How now my (as fair as noble) Ladies, and the moon, were ſhe earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes ſo faſt?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Marcius* approaches; for the love of *Juno*, let's go.

Men. Ha! *Marcius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee—hoo, *Marcius* coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him, the ſtate hath

(12)---*who, in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors ſince* Deucalion, *tho' peradventure, ſome of the beſt of them were* hereditary hangmen.] I won't pretend to affirm, this is an imitation of the cloſe of *Juvenal*'s 8th ſatire; though it has very much the ſame caſt, only exceeds it, I think, in humour, and poignancy of ſatire.

Et tamen ut longè repetas, longéque revolvas
Nomen, *ab infami gentem deducis aſylo:*
Majorum primus *quiſquis fuit ille tuorum,*
Aut paſtor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.

another,

another, his wife another, and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very houſe reel to-night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I ſaw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an eſtate of ſeven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the phyſician; the moſt ſovereign preſcription in *Galen* is but emperic, and to this preſervative of no better report than a horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings a'victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he diſciplin'd *Aufidius* ſoundly?

Vol. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: if he had ſtaid by him, I would not have been ſo *fidius'd* for all the cheſts in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Vol. Good Ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my ſon the whole name of the war: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, waw.——

Men. True? I'll be ſworn, they are true. Where is he wounded? god ſave your good worſhips;—*Marcius* is coming home; he has more cauſe to be proud:—where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes.*

Vol. I' th' ſhoulder, and i' th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to ſhew the people, when he ſhall ſtand for

for his place. He receiv'd in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeven hurts i' th' body. (13)

Men. One i' th' neck, and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine, that I know.

Vol. He had, before this laſt expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty ſeven; every gaſh was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[*A ſhout and flouriſh.*

Vol. Theſe are the uſhers of *Marcius*; before him he carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark ſpirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Cominius *the General, and* Titus Lartius; *between them* Coriolanus, *crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Marcius* did fight
Within *Corioli* gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to *Caius Marcius*.
Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus!*

[*Sound. Flouriſh.*

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus!*

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother,——

Cor. Oh!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my proſperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good ſoldier, up;
My gentle *Marcius*, worthy *Caius*, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,

(13) *He receiv'd, in the repulſe of* Tarquin, *ſeven hurts i' th' body.* Men. *One i' th' neck, and two i' th' thigh: there's nine, that I know.*] Seven,---one,---and two, and theſe make but nine? ſurely, we may with ſafety aſſiſt *Menenius* in his arithmetick. This is a ſtupid blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable reaſon for the cauſe of it, that directs the emendation. Here it was eaſy for a negligent tranſcriber to omit the ſecond *one* as a needleſs repetition of the firſt, and to make a numeral word of *too*.

Mr. *Warburton*.

What

What is it, *Coriolanus*, muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy wife——

Cor. My gracious ſilence, hail!
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? O my ſweet Lady, pardon.
[*To* Valeria.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, General! y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy;—welcome!
A curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee.—You are three,
That *Rome* ſhould doat on: yet, by the faith of men,
We've ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.
Ere in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good patricians muſt be viſited;
(14) From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But

(14) *From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,*
But, with them, change *of honours.*] *Change* of honours is a very poor expreſſion, and communicates but a very poor idea. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute, *charge*; i. e. a freſh charge or commiſſion. Theſe words are frequently miſtaken for each other. So, afterwards, in this play;

To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to *change* thy ſulphur with a bolt,
That ſhould but rive an oak.

For here we muſt likewiſe correct, *charge*;
And ſo in *Anth.* and *Cleopat.*

Oh,

But, with them, charge of honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To ſee inherited my very wiſhes,
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing
Is wanting, which, I doubt not, but our *Rome*
Will caſt upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the capitol. [*Flouriſh. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in State, as before.*

Brutus, *and* Sicinius, *come forward.*

Bru. All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling nurſe
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the walls to eye him; ſtalls, bulks, windows,
Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown *Flamins*
Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damaſk, in
Their nicely-gauded cheeks, to th' wanton ſpoil
Of *Phœbus'* burning kiſſes; ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever god, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.

Sic. On the ſudden,
I warrant him conſul.

Oh, that I knew this huſband, which, you ſay, muſt *change* his horns with garlands!

Here likewiſe we muſt read, *charge*, i. e. put garlands upon his horns. In the *Maid's Tragedy*, (by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*) *charge* is *vice verſa* printed in all the editions inſtead of *change*.

For we were wont to *charge* our ſouls in talk.

This, 'tis evident, is nonſenſe; but friends, by the communication of their thoughts to each other, are finely ſaid to *exchange ſouls* in talk.

Bru.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go ſleep.
Sic. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his honours,
From where he ſhould begin and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't.
Bru. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for conſul, never would he
Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put
The napleſs veſture of humility;
Nor ſhewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their ſtinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word: oh, he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit o' th' gentry,
And the deſire o' th' nobles.
Sic. I wiſh no better,
Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis moſt like, he will.
Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills,
A ſure deſtruction.
Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in their war, who have their provender
Only for bearing burdens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.

Sic.

Sic. (15) This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time, when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall reach the people, (which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as eaſy,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Meſ. You're ſent for to the capitol: 'tis thought,
That *Marcius* ſhall be conſul: I have ſeen
The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind
To hear him ſpeak; the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he paſs'd; the nobles bended
As to *Jove*'s ſtatue, and the commons made

(15) ——This, *as you ſay, ſuggeſted*
At ſome time, when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall reach the people, which, *(time ſhall not want,*
If he be put upon't, and that's as eaſy,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.] As nominatives are ſometimes wanting to the verb, ſo, on the other hand, as this paſſage has been all along pointed, we have a redundance: for two relative pronouns, *this* and *which*, ſtand as nominatives to *will be.*——There is, beſides, one word ſtill in this ſentence, which, notwithſtanding the concurrence of the printed copies, I ſuſpect to have admitted a ſmall corruption. Why ſhould it be imputed as a crime to *Coriolanus*, that he was prompt to *teach* the people? Or how was it any ſoaring inſolence in a *patrician* to attempt this? The poet muſt certainly have wrote.

——*When his ſoaring inſolence*
Shall reach *the people*;

i. e. When it ſhall extend to impeach the conduct, or touch the character of the people. A like miſtake, upon this word, has poſſeſs'd the *Maid's Tragedy* in all the copies.

If thy hot ſoul had ſubſtance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being paſt my ſteel,
My tongue ſhall *teach.*

For here too we muſt correct, *reach.* I regulated and amended this paſſage in the appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has reform'd it, with me, in his laſt edition.

A ſhower and thunder with their caps and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cuſhions.

1 *Off.* COme, come, they are almoſt here; how many ſtand for conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay; but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; ſo that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition, and out of his noble careleſsneſs lets them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their oppoſite. Now to ſeem to affect the malice and diſpleaſure of the people, is as bad as that, which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his country: and his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſy degrees as thoſe, who have been ſupple and courteous to the people; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation and report: but he hath ſo planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be ſilent, and not con-

feſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwiſe, were a malice, that, giving itſelf the lye, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius *the Conſul:* Sicinius *and* Brutus *take their places by themſelves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volſcians,* and
To ſend for *Titus Lartius,* it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble ſervice, that
Hath thus ſtood for his country. Therefore, pleaſe you,
Moſt reverend and grave elders, to deſire
The preſent conſul, and laſt General,
In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By *Caius Marcius Coriolanus*; whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himſelf.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius:*
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our ſtate's defective for requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out. Maſters o' th' people,
We do requeſt your kindeſt ear; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what paſſes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleaſing treaty; (16) and have hearts
Inclinable

(16) ——— *and have hearts*
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our *aſſembly.*] Without doubt it would have been more proper for the *tribune,* who is here addreſſing himſelf to the Senate, to have ſaid:
The theme of your *aſſembly.*
But *Shakeſpeare,* contrary to the truth of hiſtory, makes the *tribunes* ſit in the *Senate,* as part of that body. For 'till the *Lex Attinia* (which

Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our aſſembly.
Bru. Which the rather
We ſhall be bleſt to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off:——
I would, you rather had been ſilent: pleaſe you
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak?
Bru. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people,
But tie him not to be their bed-fellow:
Worthy *Cominius*, ſpeak.
[Coriolanus *riſes and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.
1 *Sen.* Sit, *Coriolanus*; never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay, how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words diſ-bench'd you not?
Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh,——
Men. Pray now, ſit down.
Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i' th' ſun,
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my nothings monſter'd. [*Exit* Coriolanus.
Men. Maſters of the people,
Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter,
That's thouſand to one good one? when you ſee,

(which *Attinius* is ſuppos'd by *Sigonius*, *De Vetere* Italiæ *Jure*, to have been contemporary with *Quintus Metellus Macedonicus*;) the *tribunes* had not the privilege of entring the *ſenate*, but had ſeats placed for them, near the door, on the outſide of the houſe.
Mr. Warburton.

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, *Cominius.*

Com. I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the Haver: if it be,
The man, I ſpeak of, cannot in the world
Be ſingly counter-pois'd. At ſixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er preſt *Roman*, and i'th' conſul's view
Slew three Oppoſers: *Tarquin*'s ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,
He prov'd beſt man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a ſea;
(17) And, in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince,
He

(17) *And in the brunt of* ſev'nteen battles *ſince.*] I cannot help making a remark upon this circumſtance of our author's conduct, whether caſual or deſignedly. It is ſaid, and the fact is true, that he has follow'd *Plutarch* very cloſely in his ſtory; but he deviates from him in one point, by which he ſeems to decline a ſtrange abſurdity in the calculation of time. *Shakeſpeare* tells us, that, at ſixteen years old, *Coriolanus* began his ſoldierſhip, when *Tarquin* made head to regain his kingdom; and that in *ſeventeen battles* he diſtinguiſh'd himſelf with exemplary bravery and ſucceſs. *Plutarch* likewiſe ſays, that our hero ſet out in arms a youth, that his firſt expedition was when *Tarquin* made this puſh, and that he ſignaliz'd himſelf in war for ſeventeen years ſucceſſively. Now it happens a little unluckily for *Plutarch*'s account that this attempt of *Tarquin* was made *Anno* U. C. 258, and *Coriolanus* was baniſh'd, nay and kill'd within the period of eight years after his firſt campaign, *Anno* U. C. 266.——There is ſomething again lies croſs on the other ſide, that if *Coriolanus* was ſo young when he commenced ſoldier, and if the interval was ſo ſhort betwixt that and his baniſhment, he was too young to have been admitted a candidate for the conſulſhip. The compliment of that office ſo early to any man was a proſtitution of Dignity, that, I think, was never made 'till the times of the

He lurcht all ſwords o' th' garland. For this laſt,
Before, and in *Corioli*, let me ſay,
I cannot ſpeak him home; he ſtopt the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into ſport. As waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtern: his ſword, (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' th' city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny: aidleſs came off.
And with a ſudden re-enforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe, when ſtreight his doubled ſpirit
Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil; and 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours,
Which we deviſe him.

Com. Our ſpoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' th' world; he covets leſs
Than miſery itſelf would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To ſpend his time to end it.

the Emperors, when ſervitude had debaſed the very ſpirits of the *Romans*. 'Tis certain, there is ſome miſtake in the computation of this great man's years. I ſhould conjecture (were there any proofs to ſecond it) that he ſtarted into notice as a ſoldier, when *Tarquin* was expell'd *Rome*, *Anno* U. C. 245; and allowing him only to be eighteen years of Age then, at the time of his own baniſhment (U. C. 264) we ſhall find him 37 years old; a period of life, at which the city could ſcarcely have refus'd one of his extraordinary merit the *conſulſhip*. —— But this is no more than an attempt to reconcile improbabilities by gueſs.

Men. He's right noble,
Let him be call'd for.
Sen. Call *Coriolanus.*
Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The ſenate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Conſul.
Cor. I do owe them ſtill
My life, and ſervices.
Men. It then remains
That you do ſpeak to th' people.
Cor. I do beſeech you,
Let me o'er-leap that cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' ſake, to give their ſuffrages:
Pleaſe you, that I may paſs this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people muſt have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't; pray, fit you to the cuſtom,
And take t'ye, as your predeceſſors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did,—and thus,—
Shew them th' unaking ſcars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only ——
Men. Do not ſtand upon't:
We recommend t'ye, tribunes of the people,
Our purpoſe to them, and to our noble Conſul
Wiſh we all joy and honour.
Sen. (18) To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!
[*Flouriſh Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

(18) Sic. To Coriolanus *come all joy and honour!*] How Mr. *Pope* came to put this kindly wiſh in the mouth of the tribune, I can't ſay. We will ſuppoſe it to be *chance-medley*. I have reſtor'd it to the body of the ſenate, with all the preceding editions.

Manent

Manent Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. You ſee, how he intends to uſe the people.
Sic. May they perceive's intent! he will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.
Bru. (19) Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th' market place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, changes to the *Forum.*

Enter ſeven or eight citizens.

1 *Cit.* (20) ONCE, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them:

(19) *Come, we'll inform them*
Of our proceedings here on th' market place,
I know they do attend us.] But the *Tribunes* were not now on the *market place*, but in the *Capitol.* The pointing only wants to be rectified, and we ſhall know what this magiſtrate would ſay; *viz.* Come, I know, the people attend us in the *forum*; we'll go and inform them what proceedings have been here in the *ſenate.*

(20) *Oons! if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.*] What more anachroniſms, and more than ever the poet either deſign'd or ſ pt into! but this, like the boil'd pig and colliflower in the *farce*, is of 'Squire *ſomebody's* own beſpeaking; and 'twill be but kind to let him have the diſh to himſelf. Mr. *Pope*, I preſume, hardly thinks that *blood* and *wounds* ever came into an oath, 'till after the crucifixion of our Saviour. But, to ſet that queſtion apart, our citizens here are no ſuch bluſtering blades. They ſay honeſtly, in all the other editions, no more than this: ——once, *if he do require our voices*, &c. i. e. In a word, once for all, I've ſaid it once and I'll ſtand to it.
So in *Much Ado* about *Nothing.*
'Tis *once*, thou lov'ſt:
So in *Anthonio* and *Cleopatra.*
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
Pomp. What ſay'ſt thou?
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world? that's *twice.*
And in a number more of inſtances.

ſo, if he tells us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring ourſelves to be monſtrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: for once when we ſtood up about the corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many; not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diverſly colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſcull, they would fly eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; and their conſent of one direct way would be at once to all points o'th' compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, ſure, ſouthward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe itſelf in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks —— you may, you may ——

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolv'd to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I ſay, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus *in a gown, with* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility, mark his behaviour: we are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by one's, by two's, and by three's. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, wherein every one of us has a ſingle honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known,
The worthieſt men have done't?

Cor. What muſt I ſay?
I pray, Sir,—plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace! look, Sir,—my wounds—
I got them in my country's ſervice, when
Some certain of our brethren roar'd, and ran
From noiſe of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the gods!
You muſt not ſpeak of that; you muſt deſire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.
(21) I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines loſe by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.
I'll leave you: pray you, ſpeak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholeſome manner. [*Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them waſh their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace:
You know the cauſe, Sirs, of my ſtanding here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your own deſert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own deſire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own deſire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my deſire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You muſt think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'th' conſulſhip?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall be yours in private; your good voice, Sir; what ſay you?

(21) *I would they would forget me, like the virtues*
Which our Divines loſe by them.] i. e. I wiſh they would forget me, as they do thoſe virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and loſe by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice.

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again:—but 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt.*

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may be conſul, I have here the cuſtomary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deſerved nobly of your country, and you have not deſerved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma.——

1 *Cit.* You have been a ſcourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You ſhould account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love; I will, Sir, flatter my ſworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and ſince the wiſdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly: that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountifully to the deſirers: therefore, beſeech you, I may be conſul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not ſeal your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, Sir, heartily! [*Exit.*

Cor. Moſt ſweet voices——

Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire, which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this woolviſh gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needleſs voucher? cuſtom calls me to't——

What

What cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lie unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.
Your voices—for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battles thrice ſix
I've ſeen, and heard of: for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more:--your voices:—
Indeed, I would be conſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be conſul, the gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people.

All. Amen, Amen. God ſave thee, noble conſul.
[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, *with* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Men. You've ſtood your limitation: and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That in th' official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The cuſtom of requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the Senate-houſe?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus.*

Cor. May I change theſe garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll ſtraight do: and knowing myſelf again,
Repair to th' Senate-houſe.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru-

Bru. We ſtay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* Coriol. *and* Men.
He has it now, and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at 's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: will you diſmiſs the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my maſters, have you choſe this man?
1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.
Bru. We pray the gods, he may deſerve your loves!
2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.
2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave yourſelf, but ſays,
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.
Sic. Why, ſo he did, I am ſure.
All. No, no man ſaw 'em. [private;
3 *Cit.* He ſaid, he'd wounds, which he could ſhew in
And with his cap, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be conſul, ſays he: aged cuſtom,
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was—I thank you for your voices—thank you—
Your moſt ſweet voices—now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?
Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd; when he had no power,
But was a petty ſervant to the ſtate,
He was your enemy; ſtill ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and charters that you bear
I' th' body of the weal: and now arriving
At place of potency, and ſway o' th' ſtate,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to the plebeians, your voices might

Be

Be curſes to yourſelves. You ſhould have ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice tow'rds you, into love,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Sic. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluckt
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature;
Which eaſily endures not article,
Tying him to ought; ſo, putting him to rage,
You ſhould have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſollicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves? and do you think,
That his contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? why had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
Againſt the rectorſhip of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the aſker? and, now again
On him that did not aſk, but mock, beſtow
Your ſu'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound.

1 *Cit.* I, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe friends,
They've choſe a conſul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

Sic. Let them aſſemble;
And on a ſafer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride,

And his old hate to you: beſides, forget not,
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance;
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your tribunes, that
We labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you muſt caſt your election on him.

Sic. Say, you choſe him, more after our commandment,
Than guided by your own affections;
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather muſt do, than what you ſhould do,
Made you againſt the grain to voice him conſul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, ſpare us not: ſay, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his country,
How long continued; and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The noble houſe of *Marcius*; from whence came
That *Ancus Marcius*, *Numa*'s daughter's ſon,
Who, after great *Hoſtilius*, here was King:
Of the ſame houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were, (22)
That

(22) *Of the ſame houſe* Publius—] I have taken notice, in the courſe of theſe notes, of many *anachroniſms* knowingly committed by our author: I cannot help obſerving, that he is guilty of more than one here, thro' an inadvertence, and deſire of copying *Plutarch* at all hazards. This paſſage, as Mr. *Pope* rightly informs us, is directly tranſlated from that *Greek* biographer: but I'll tell Mr. *Pope* a piece of hiſtory, which, I dare ſay, he was no more aware of than our author was. *Plutarch*, in the entrance of *Coriolanus*'s life, tracing the origin of the *Marcian* family, blends his account not only with the *anceſtors*, but the *deſcendants* of that great man: and *Shakeſpeare* in his haſte, (or perhaps, his inacquaintance with this particular point;) not attending to *Plutarch*'s drift; but taking all the perſons named to be *Coriolanus*'s anceſtors; has ſtrangely tripp'd in time, and made his tribune talk of perſons and things not then in being. For inſtance, he is made to talk of *cenſors:* Now *Coriolanus* was kill'd in the year, after *Rome* built, 266: But no cenſors were ever created at *Rome* 'till 46 years after that period, in the year 312. Again; here is mention not only of a *cenſor*, but of *Cenſorinus*. Now *Caius Marcius Rutilus*, when he came a ſecond time to that office, on account of the

That our beſt water brought by conduits hither.
And *Cenſorinus*, darling of the people,
(And nobly nam'd ſo for twice being cenſor)
Was his great anceſtor.

Sic. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your ſudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that ſtill) but by our putting on;
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' capitol.

All. We will ſo; almoſt all repent in their election.
[*Exeunt Plebeians.*

Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay paſt doubt for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To th' capitol, come;
We will be there before the ſtream o' th' people:
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

the known law propounded by him, was dignified with that additional name, in the year 487. But this was not 'till 220 years after *Coriolanus*'s death. And then, again, here is mention of the *Marcian* waters being brought into *Rome*. But we have the poſitive teſtimony of *Julius Frontinus*, that they had no *aquæducts* at *Rome* 'till the year 441; and that the *Marcian* water was not introduced 'till the year 613: So that the tribunes are made to talk of a fact 347 years later in time than the period of *Coriolanus*. I would not be ſuppoſed to found any merit on this diſcovery; much leſs, to be deſirous of convicting my author of ſuch miſtakes; but I thought it proper to decline a charge of ignorance, that might have been laid at my door, had I paſs'd this affair over in ſilence. Mr. *Pope*, 'tis plain, tho' he took the pains to add the conjectural line about *Cenſorinus*, was not aware of this confuſion in point of chronology, or of our author's innocent treſpaſs. *Non omnia poſſumus omnes.*

ACT III.

SCENE, a publick Street in *Rome.*

Cornets. *Enter* Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other Senators.*

CORIOLANUS.

TULLUS *Aufidius* then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my Lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our ſwifter compoſition.
Cor. So then the *Volſcians* ſtand but as at firſt,
Ready, when time ſhall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.
Com. They're worn, Lord conſul, ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you *Aufidius?*
Lart. On ſafe-guard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the *Volſcians,* for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the town; he is retir'd to *Antium.*
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my Lord.
Cor. How?—what?——
Lart. How often he had met you, ſword to ſword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your perſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your vanquiſher.
Cor. At *Antium* lives he?
Lart. At *Antium.*
Cor. I wiſh, I had a cauſe to ſeek him there;
To oppoſe his hatred fully.—Welcome home.
[*To* Lartius.

Enter

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Behold! theſe are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth: I do deſpiſe them;
For they do prank them in authority
Againſt all noble ſufferance.

Sic. Paſs no further.

Cor. Hah!—what is that!——

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on—no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paſs'd the nobles and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to th' market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd againſt him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are theſe your herd?
Muſt theſe have voices, that can y'eld them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues? what are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot;
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to nobleneſs.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them ſince?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.

Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then ſhould I be conſul? by yond clouds.

Let

The corn o' th' ſtorehouſe, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece*——
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more abſolute power:
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the ſtate.
Bru. Why ſhall the people give
One, that ſpeaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reaſons,
More worthy than their voice. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; reſting aſſur'd,
They ne'er did ſervice for't; being preſt to th' war,
Even when the navel of the ſtate was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ſervice
Did not deſerve corn *gratis*: Being i' th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them. Th' accuſation,
Which they have often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the native
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this boſom-multiplied digeſt
The Senate's courteſy? let deeds expreſs,
What's like to be their words—we did requeſt it——
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.—Thus we debaſe
The nature of our ſeats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' th' Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles——
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over meaſure.
Cor. No, take more.
What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worſhip,
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it muſt omit
Real neceſſities, and give way the while
T' unſtable ſlightneſs; purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothing

Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore, beſeech you,
(You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet,
That love the fundamental part of ſtate
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wiſh
To vamp a body with a dangerous phyſick,
That's ſure of death without;) at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon. Your diſhonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the ſtate
Of that integrity which ſhould become it:
Not having power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as ſaid enough.

Sic. H'as ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! Deſpight o'erwhelm thee!—
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i' th' duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt treaſon——

Sic. This a conſul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho! let him be apprehended.

[Ædiles *enter.*

Sic. Go call the people, in whoſe name myſelf.
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator:
A foe to th' publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.

[*Laying hold on* Coriolanus.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll ſurety him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Enter

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians, *with the* Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides, more reſpect.
Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles.*
All. Down with him, down with him!
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all buſtle about* Coriolanus.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens—what hoe——
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near, I cannot ſpeak.—You tribunes,
Coriolanus, patience; ſpeak, *Sicinius.*
Sic. Hear me, people—peace.
All. Let's hear our tribune; peace; ſpeak, ſpeak, ſpeak.
Sic. You are at point to loſe your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you: *Marcius,*
Whom late you nam'd for conſul.
Men. Fy, fy, fy.
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
All. True, the people are the city.
Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd
The people's magiſtrates.
All. You ſo remain.
Men. And ſo are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deſerves death.
Bru. Or let us ſtand to our authority,
Or let us loſe it; we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' th' people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, *Marcius* is worthy
Of preſent death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian,* and from thence

Into

Into deſtruction caſt him.

Bru. Ædiles, ſeize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Marcius*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word; 'beſeech you, tribunes, hear me but a word——

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.

Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poiſonous,
Where the diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock. [Cor. *draws his Sword.*

Cor. No; I'll die here.
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon yourſelves, what you have ſeen me.

Men. Down with that ſword; tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Marcius*, help—you that be noble, help him young and old.

All. Down with him. down with him. [*Exeunt.*

[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the people are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your houſe; be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand faſt, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy houſe,
Leave us to cure this cauſe.

Men. For 'tis a ſore,
You cannot tent yourſelf; begone, 'beſeech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would, they were *Barbarians*, (as they are
Though in *Rome* litter'd;) not *Romans*: (as they are not,
Though calved in the porch o' th' capitol:)
Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myſelf take up a brace o' th' beſt of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd fool'ry, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whoſe rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try, if my old wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patcht
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come, away. [*Exeunt* Coriolanus *and* Cominius.

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:
What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noiſe within.*
Here's goodly work.

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would, they were in *Tyber.*—What, the vengeance,
Could he not ſpeak 'em fair? [

Enter Brutus *and* Sicinius, *with the rabble again.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himſelf?

Men. You worthy tribunes——

Sic. He ſhall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* rock
With rigorous hands; he hath reſiſted law,
And therefore law ſhall ſcorn him further trial
Than the ſeverity of publick power,
Which he ſo ſets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know, the noble tribunes are
The people's mouths, and we their hands.

All. He ſhall, be ſure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir,——

Sic. Peace.

Men.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes it, you
Have holp to make this reſcue?
Men. Hear me ſpeak;
As I do know the conſul's worthineſs,
So can I name his faults——
Sic. Conſul!—what conſul!
Men. The conſul *Coriolanus.*
Bru. He conſul!——
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If by the tribunes leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence, (24)
Were but our danger; and to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whoſe gratitude
Tow'rds her deſerving children is enroll'd
In *Jove*'s own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.
Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, eaſy.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country:
And what is left, to loſe it by his country,

(24) —— *To eject him hence*
Were but one *danger, and to keep him here*
Our *certain death*;] This reading, which has obtain'd in the printed copies, deſtroys that climax which evidently ſeems deſign'd here, and flattens the ſentiment. In my opinion, the tribune would ſay, "To baniſh him, will be hazardous to us; to let him remain "at home, our certain deſtruction.

Were to us all that do't, and ſuffer it,
A brand to th' end o' th' world.
Sic. This is clean kamme.
Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The ſervice of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then reſpected
For what before it was——
Bru. We'll hear no more.
Purſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence;
Leſt his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unſkann'd ſwiftneſs, will (too late)
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by proceſs,
Leſt parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans*.
Bru. If 'twere ſo——
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?
Our *Ædiles* ſmote, ourſelves reſiſted, come——
Men. Conſider this; he hath been bred i' th' wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmoſt peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way; the other courſe
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Maſters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Marcius*, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me desire your company; he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Coriolanus*'s House.

Enter Coriolanus, *with Nobles.*

Cor. LET them pull all about mine ears, present me,
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses heels,
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war; (I talk of you)
Why did you wish me milder? wou'd you have me
False to my nature? rather say, I play
The man I am.
Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let it go.—
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been (25)
The thwartings of your dispositions, if

(25) ——*Lesser had been*
The things that thwart *your dispositions,*]
The old copies exhibit it,
The things *of your dispositions,*
A few letters replac'd, that by some carelessness drop'd out, restore us the poet's genuine reading;
The thwartings *of your dispositions.*

You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to eroſs you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, *with the Senators.*

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, ſomething too rough:
You muſt return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good city
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray, be counſell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my uſe of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well ſaid, noble woman:
(26) Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o' th' times craves it as phyſick
For the whole ſtate, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.

Cor. What muſt I do?

Men. Return to th' tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it for the gods,
Muſt I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too abſolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities ſpeak. I've heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
I' th' war do grow together; grant that, and tell me

(26) *Before he thus ſhould ſtoop to th'* heart,—] But how did *Coriolanus* ſtoop to his heart? he rather, as we vulgarly expreſs it, made his proud heart ſtoop to the neceſſity of the times. I am perſuaded, my emendation gives the true reading. So, before, in this play;

Are theſe your *herd?*

So, in *Julius Cæſar*;

When he perceiv'd, the common *herd* was glad he refus'd the crown, *&c.*

And in many other paſſages.

In

In peace, what each of them by th' other loſes,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tuſh, tuſh——

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You call your policy: how is 't leſs, or worſe,
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace
With honour, as in war; ſince that to both
It ſtand in like requeſt?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Becauſe it lies on you to ſpeak to th' people:
Not by your own inſtruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with ſuch words
But roted in your tongue; baſtards, and ſyllables
Of no allowance, to your boſom's truth.
Now, this no more diſhonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——
I would diſſemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in honour. (27) I'm in this
Your wife, your ſon, theſe ſenators, the nobles.—
And you will rather ſhew our general lowts
How you can frown, than ſpend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafeguard
Of what that want might ruin!

Men. Noble Lady!
Come, go with us, ſpeak fair: you may ſalve ſo
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my ſon,

(27) ——*I'm in this*
Your wife, your ſon: the ſenators the nobles,
And you &c.] The pointing of the printed copies makes ſtark nonſenſe of this paſſage. *Volumnia* is perſuading *Coriolanus* that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at ſtake; and ſays, that, in this advice, ſhe ſpeaks as his wife, as his ſon; as the Senate, and body of the patricians; who were in ſome meaſure link'd to his conduct. Mr. Warburton.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having ſtretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones; (for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears;) (28) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
Thou art their ſoldier, and, being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou doſt confeſs
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In aſking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as ſhe ſpeaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being aſk'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd: altho', I know, thou'dſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius.*

Com. I've been i' th' market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have ſtrong party, or defend yourſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence: all's in anger.

(28) ——*waving thy* head,
Which often, *thus, correcting thy ſtout heart,*] But do any of the ancient, or modern maſters of elocution preſcribe the *waving the head,* when they treat of action? or how does the waving the head correct the ſtoutneſs of the heart, or evidence humility? or laſtly, where is the ſenſe or grammar of theſe words, *Which often thus* &c. Theſe queſtions are ſufficient to ſhew the abſurd corruption of theſe lines. I would read therefore;

——*waving thy* hand,
Which ſoften *thus, correcting thy ſtout heart;*

This is a very proper precept of action ſuiting the occaſion; wave thy hand, ſays ſhe, and ſoften the action of it thus,-- then ſtrike upon thy breaſt, and by that action ſhew the people thou haſt corrected thy ſtout heart. All here is fine and proper. *Mr. Warburton.*

Mer.

Men. Only, fair ſpeech.

Com. I think, 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.

Vol. He muſt and will:
Pr'ythee now, ſay you will, and go about it.

Cor. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarbed ſconce?
Muſt my baſe tongue give to my noble heart
A lye, that it muſt bear? well, I will do't:
(29) Yet were there but this ſingle plot to loſe,
This mould of *Marcius*, they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw't againſt the wind. To th' market-place!
You've put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, ſweet ſon; as thou haſt ſaid,
My praiſes made thee firſt a ſoldier, ſo,
To have my praiſe for this, perform a part
Thou haſt not done before.

Cor. Well, I muſt do't:
Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls aſleep! the ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and ſchool-boys tears take up
The glaſſes of my ſight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,——
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.

Vol. At thy choice then:

(29) *Yet were there but this ſingle plot, to loſe*
This mould of Marcius,] The pointing of all the impreſſions ſhews, the editors did not underſtand this paſſage. What *plot* is this, they are dreaming of, to loſe the mould of *Marcius*?---but *plot* and *mould* are but one and the ſame thing; and mean no more than the fleſh and ſubſtance of *Marcius*'s body. "Were there no other conſequences annex'd, ſays he, than the deſtruction of my body, they "ſhould grind it to powder; &c.

To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous ſtoutneſs: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou liſt:
Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'dſt it from me:
But own thy pride thyſelf.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I'm going to the market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return conſul,
Or never truſt to what my tongue can do
I'th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit* Volumnia.

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
Yourſelf to anſwer mildly: for they're prepar'd
With accuſations, as I hear, more ſtrong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuſe me by invention; I
Will anſwer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Forum*.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. IN this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the ſpoil, got on the *Antiates*,
Was ne'er diſtributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe ſenators
That always favour'd him.

Sic.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Aſſemble preſently the people hither,
And, when they hear me ſay, It ſhall be ſo,
I' th' right and ſtrength o' th' commons; (be it either
For death, for fine, or baniſhment,) then let them,
If I ſay fine, cry fine; if death, cry death;
Inſiſting on the old prerogative
And power i' th' truth o' th' cauſe.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the preſent execution
Of what we chance to ſentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint,
When we ſhall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit* Ædile.
Put him to choler ſtreight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he ſpeaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, *and* Cominius, *with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beſeech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hoſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume:—The honour'd gods
Keep *Rome* in ſafety, and the chairs of juſtice
Supply with worthy men, (30) plant love amongſt you,
Throng

(30) ——*plant love among you*
Through *our large temples with the ſhews of peace,*
And not our ſtreets with war.] Though this be the reading of all the copies, it is flat nonſenſe. There is no verb either expreſt, or

Throng our large temples with the ſhews of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wiſh.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Liſt to your tribunes: audience;
Peace, I ſay.

Cor. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.

Both Tri. Well, ſay: peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this preſent?
Muſt all dete mine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he ſays, he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which ſhew
Like graves i' th' holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, ſcars to move laughter only.

Men. Conſider further:
That when he ſpeaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a ſoldier; (31) do not take
His rougher accents for malicious ſounds:

o underſtood, that can govern the latter part of the ſentence. I have no doubt of my emendation reſtoring the text rightly, becauſe Mr *Warburton* ſtarted the ſame conjecture, unknowing that I had m ddled with the paſſage.

(31) ——— *do not take*

His rougher actions *for malicious ſounds:*] I have no manner of apprehenſion how a man's *actions* can be miſtaken for *words*. It would be very abſurd, as well as extraordinary, were I to do a ſaucy thing in company, for the perſon offended to tell me, Sir, you give me very impudent language. This would be, certainly, taking *actions* for *ſounds*:—We may remember, a *roughneſs* of *accent* was one of *Coriolanus*'s diſtinguiſhing characteriſticks. I corrected this paſſage in the *appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has embraced it in his laſt edition.

But,

But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a ſoldier.
Rather than envy, you——
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being paſt for conſul with full voice,
I'm ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Anſwer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all ſeaſon'd office, and to wind
Yourſelf unto a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How? traitor?——
Men. Nay, temperately: your promiſe.
Cor. The fires i' th' loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes ſate twenty thouſand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would ſay,
Thou lieſt, unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
All. To th' rock with him.
Sic. Peace:
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your officers, curſing yourſelves,
Oppoſing laws with ſtrokes, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him, even this
So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,
Deſerves th' extreameſt death.
Bru. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for *Rome*——
Cor. What do you prate of ſervice?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?——
Men. Is this the promiſe, that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you——
Cor. I'll know no farther:

Let

Let them pronounce the ſteep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, fleaing, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people; ſeeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at laſt
Giv'n hoſtile ſtrokes, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the miniſters
That do diſtribute it; in the name o' th' people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this inſtant) baniſh him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome*'s gates. I' th' people's name,
I ſay, it ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo; let him away:
He's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.

Com. Hear me, my maſters, and my common friends—

Sic. He's ſentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me ſpeak:
(32) I have been conſul, and can ſhew for *Rome*
Her enemies marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate, her womb's increaſe,
And treaſure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that——

(32) *I have been conſul, and can ſhew* from Rome
Her enemies marks upon me?] How, from *Rome?* did he receive hoſtile marks from his own country? no ſuch thing: he receiv'd them in the ſervice of *Rome.* So, twice in the beginning of next act, it is ſaid of *Coriolanus*;

——Had'ſt thou foxſhip
To baniſh him, that ſtruck more blows *for Rome*,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words?
And again;
Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for Rome!*

Sic.

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o' th' rotten fens; whoſe loves I prize,
As the dead carcaſſes of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I baniſh you.
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair: have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders, till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels;
Making but reſervation of yourſelves
Still your own enemies) deliver you,
As moſt abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows. Deſpiſing then
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elſewhere———

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, *and others.*

[*The people ſhout, and throw up their caps.*

Ædile. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is baniſh'd; he is gone! hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go ſee him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all deſpight
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come; let's ſee him out at the gates; come;
The gods preſerve our noble tribunes!—come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, before the Gates of *Rome*.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *with the young Nobility of* Rome.

CORIOLANUS.

COme, leave your tears: a brief farewel: the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. Oh heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman——

Vol. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in *Rome*,
And occupations periſh.

Cor. What! what! what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your huſband ſo much ſweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not; adieu: farewel, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My ſometime General,
I've ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtrokes,

As

As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot,
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace; and
Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen:) your ſon
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My firſt ſon,
Where will you go? take good *Cominius*
With thee a while; determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſure to each chance,
That ſtarts i' th' way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee. So, if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man;
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' abſence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou'ſt years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my ſweet wife, my deareſt mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and ſmile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus, *with the* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further.
Vex'd are the nobles, who, we ſee, have ſided
In his behalf.

Bru.

Bru. Now we have ſhewn our power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home;
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.
Bru. Diſmiſs them home.
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They ſay, ſhe's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. Oh, y' are well met:
The horded plague o' th' gods requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not ſo loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear—
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome.—Will you be gone?
Vir. You ſhall ſtay too:—I would, I had the power
To ſay ſo to my huſband.
Sic. Are you man-kind?
Vol. Ay, fool: is that a ſhame? note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? hadſt thou foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words——
Sic. Oh bleſſed heav'ns!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wiſe words;
And for *Rome*'s good—I'll tell thee what—yet go—
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too—I would, my ſon
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good ſword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then? he'd make an end of thy poſterity.
Vol. Baſtards, and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome*!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would, he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.

Bru.

Bru. I would, he had.

Vol. I would, he had!—'twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe myſteries which heav'n
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.
You've done a brave deed; ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the capitol exceed
The meaneſt houſe in *Rome*; ſo far my ſon,
This Lady's huſband here, this, (do you ſee)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why ſtay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [*Exe. Tribunes.*

Vol. Take my pray'rs with you.
I wiſh, the gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirm my curſes! could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,
And, by my troth, have cauſe: you'll ſup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I ſup upon myſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding: come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, *Juno*-like; come, come, fy, fy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Antium.*

Enter a Roman *and* a Volſcian.

Rom. I Know you well, Sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is *Adrian.*

Vol. It is ſo, Sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my ſervices are as you are, againſt 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The ſame, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome?* I have a note from the *Volſcian*

ſtate

ſtate to find you out there. You have well ſaved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* ſtrange inſurrections: the people againſt the ſenators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our ſtate thinks not ſo: they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive ſo to heart the baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſs to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you! and is almoſt mature for the voilent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, the fitteſt time to corrupt a man's wife, is when ſhe's fall'n out with her huſband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in theſe wars, his great oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt of his country.

Vol. He cannot chuſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall between this and ſupper tell you moſt ſtrange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their adverſaries. Have you an army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt royal one. The centurions and their charges diſtinctly billetted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Coriolanus *in mean apparel, diſguis'd and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this *Antium.*——City,
'Tis I, that made thy widows: Many an heir
Of theſe fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not,
Leſt that thy wives with ſpits, and boys with ſtones,
In puny battle ſlay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies;
Is he in *Antium?*

Cit. He is, and feaſts the nobles of the ſtate, at his houſe this night.

Cor. Which is his houſe, I beſeech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir: Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*
Oh, world, thy ſlippery turns! friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal and exerciſe
Are ſtill together, whoſe twine (as 'twere) in love
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſenſion of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity. So, felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their iſſues. So, with me;——
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's town I'll enter; if he ſlay me,
He does fair juſtice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country ſervice. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Hall in *Aufidius's* Houſe.

Muſick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* WINE, wine, wine! what ſervice is here? I think, our fellows are aſleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus?* my maſter calls for him: *Cotus.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly houſe; the feaſt ſmells well; but I appear not like a gueſt.

Enter the firſt Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* [*Aſide.*

Enter ſecond Servant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch companions? pray, get you out.

Cor. Away! ——

2 *Ser.* Away? —— get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troubleſom.

2 *Ser.* Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The firſt meets him.

3 *Ser.* What fellow's this?

1 *Ser.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th' houſe: pr'ythee, call my maſter to him.

3 *Ser.* What have you to do here, fellow? pray you, avoid the houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Ser.* What are you?

Cor. A Gentleman.

3 *Ser.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor.

Cor. True; ſo I am.

3 *Ser.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation, here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits. [*Puſhes him away from him.*

3 *Ser.* What, will you not? pr'ythee, tell my maſter, what a ſtrange gueſt he has here.

2 *Ser.* And I ſhall. [*Exit ſecond ſerving-man.*

3 *Ser.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Ser.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Ser.* Where's that?

Cor. I' th' city of kites and crows.

3 *Ser.* I' th' city of kites and crows? what an aſs it is! then thou dwell'ſt with daws too?

Cor. No, I ſerve not thy maſter.

3 *Ser.* How, Sir! do you meddle with my maſter?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honeſter ſervice, than to meddle with thy miſtreſs: thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt; ſerve with thy trencher: hence. [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius, *with a Serving-man.*

Auf. Where is this felllow?

2 *Ser.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for diſturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? what would'ſt thou? thy name?

Why ſpeak'ſt not? ſpeak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, *Tullus*, yet thou know'ſt me not, and ſeeing me,
Doſt not yet take me for the man I am,
Neceſſity commands me name myſelf.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmuſical to *Volſcian* ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble veſſel: what's thy name?

Cor.

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'ſt thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not; thy name?
Cor. My name is *Caius Marcius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volſcians*,
Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My ſirname, *Coriolanus*. The painful ſervice,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankleſs country, are requited
But with that ſirname: a good memory,
And witneſs of the malice and diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhould'ſt bear me, only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;
And ſuffer'd me by th' voice of ſlaves to be
Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world
I'd have avoided thee. But in mere ſpite
To be full quit of thoſe my baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here: then if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn: ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Againſt my canker'd country, with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if ſo be
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaſt,
And cannot live, but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.
Auf. Oh, *Marcius*, *Marcius*,

Each

Each word, thou'ſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
Should from yon cloud ſpeak to me things divine,
And ſay, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble *Marcius*. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters: here I clip
The anvile of my ſword, and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath: but, that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou *Mars!* I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe my arm for't: thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dream't of encounters 'twixt thyſelf and me:
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcius*,
Had we no quarrel elſe to *Rome*, but that
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O come, go in,
And take our friendly ſenators by th' hands.
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your territories,
Though not for *Rome* itſelf.

Cor. You bleſs me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
One half of my commiſſion, and ſet down
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy country's ſtrength and weakneſs, thine own ways;

Whether

Whether to knock againſt the gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come, come in:
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe, that ſhall
Say *yea* to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes!
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
Yet, *Marcius*, that was much.——Your hand; moſt welcome! [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* Here's a ſtrange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a falſe report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had ſo: looking, as it were—would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be ſworn: he is ſimply the rareſt man i' th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think, he is; but a greater ſoldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my maſter?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth ſix on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not ſo neither; but I take him to be the greater ſoldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that; for the defence of a town, our General is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Ser.* Oh, ſlaves, I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.*

3 *Ser.* I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Marcius*.

1 *Ser.* Why do you ſay, thwack our General?

3 *Ser.* I do not ſay, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the troth on't: before *Corioli*, he ſcocht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But, more of thy news;——

3 *Ser.* Why, he is ſo made on here within, as if he were ſon and heir to *Mars*: ſet at upper end o' th' table; no queſtion aſk'd him by any of the ſenators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our General himſelf makes a miſtreſs of him, ſanctifies himſelf with's hands, and turns up the white o' th' eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i' th' middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter of *Rome* gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durſt not (look you, Sir) ſhew themſelves (as we term it) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they ſhall ſee, Sir, his creſt up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain (and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To-morrow, to-day, presently, you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, increase taylors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so; and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reason, because they then less need one another: the wars, for my money. I hope, to see *Romans* as cheap as *Volscians*.

They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a publick Place in *Rome*.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. (33) We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' th' present peace,
And quietness o' th' people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,

(33) *We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,*
His remedies are tame: the present peace
And quietness o' th' people, which before
Were in wild hurry.] As this passage has been hitherto pointed, it labours under two absurdities; first, that the peace abroad, and the quietness of the populace at home, are call'd *Marcius*'s remedies; whereas, in truth, these were the impediments of his revenge: In the next place, the latter branch of the sentence is imperfect and ungrammatical. My regulation prevents both these inconveniencies.

Though

Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, beheld
Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, than ſee
Our tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius?*

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown moſt kind of late. Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſs'd, but with his friends; the commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing:
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preſerve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive.

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours:
We wiſh'd, *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying confuſion.

Bru. *Caius Marcius* was
A worthy officer i' th' war, but inſolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one ſole throne,
Without aſſiſtance.

Men. Nay, I think not ſo.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth conſul, found it ſo.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy tribunes,
There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports, the *Volſcians* with two ſeveral powers
Are entred in the *Roman* territories;
And, with the deepeſt malice of the war
Deſtroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Auſidius*,
Who, hearing of our *Marcius'* baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-ſhell'd when *Marcius* ſtood for *Rome*,
And durſt not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Marcius!*

Bru. Go ſee this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volſcians* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can:
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow,
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this;
Leſt you ſhall chance to whip your information,
And beat the meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The nobles in great earneſtneſs are going
All to the Senate-houſe; ſome news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this ſlave:
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raiſing!

Nothing

Nothing but his report!

Meſ. Yes; worthy Sir,
The ſlave's report is ſeconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Marcius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainſt *Rome*;
And vows revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.

Sic. This is moſt likely!——

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Marcius* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.
He and *Aufidius* can no more atone, (34)
Than violenteſt contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearful army, led by *Caius Marcius*,
Aſſociated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-born their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men. What news? what news?

(34) *He* and *Aufidius can no more* be one
Than violenteſt contrariety.]

This is only Mr. *Pope*'s ſophiſtication. I have reſtor'd the reading of the genuine copies;---*can no more* atone, i. e be reconcil'd, agree; for in this ſenſe the word is as frequently uſed, as in the *active* one, to pacify, to reconcile.

So in *As you like it*;

Then is there mirth in heav'n,
When earthly things, made ev'n,
Atone together.

And in many other paſſages of our author.

Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, and
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To ſee your wives diſhonour'd to your noſes.
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, the news?
You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Marcius* ſhould be joined with the *Volſcians*,—
Com. If? he is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other deity than nature,
That ſhapes man better; and they follow him,
Againſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
Than boys purſuing ſummer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.
Com. He'll ſhake your *Rome* about your ears.
Men. As *Hercules* did ſhake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, Sir?
Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do ſmilingly revolt; and, who reſiſts,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools: who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find ſomething in him.
Men. We're all undone, unleſs
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who ſhall aſk it?
The tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: his beſt friends, if they
Shou'd ſay, be good to *Rome*, they charge him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like enemies.

Men.

Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That would conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, beſeech you, ceaſe. You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!
Com. You've brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beaſts,
And coward nobles, gave way to your cluſters,
Who did hoot him out o' th' city.
Com. But I fear,
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: Deſperation
Is all the policy, ſtrength, and defence,
That *Rome* can make againſt them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the cluſters.——
And is *Aufidius* with him?—You are they,
That made the air unwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a ſoldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he ſhould burn us all into one coal,
We have deſerv'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I ſaid, baniſh him; I ſaid, 'twas pity.
2 *Cit.* And ſo did I.
3 *Cit.* And ſo did I; and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us; that we did, we did for the beſt: and tho' we willingly conſented to his baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things; you, voices!——
Men. You have made good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the capitol?
Com. Oh, ay, what elſe? [*Exeunt.*
Sic. Go, maſters, get you home, be not diſmay'd.
Theſe are a ſide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhew no ſign of fear.
1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us: come, maſters, let's home. I ever ſaid, we were i' th' wrong, when we baniſh'd him.
2 *Cit.* So did we all; but come, let's home. [*Exit Citizens.*
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the capitol; would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE, a Camp, at a ſmall Diſtance from *Rome*.

Enter Auſidius, *with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. DO they ſtill fly to th' *Roman*?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your ſoldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now.
Unleſs, by uſing means, I lame the foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly,
Even to my perſon, than I thought, he would
When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changeling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wiſh, Sir.
(I mean for your particular) you had not

Join'd

Join'd in commiſſion with him; but had borne
The action of yourſelf, or elſe to him
Had left it ſolely.

Auf. I underſtand thee well; and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not,
What I can urge againſt him; though it ſeems
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly;
And ſhews good huſbandry for the *Volſcian* ſtate,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword: yet he hath left undone
That which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beſeech, think you, he'll carry *Rome?*

Auf. All places yield to him ere he ſits down,
And the nobility of *Rome* are his:
The ſenators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people
Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to *Rome* (35)
As

(35) ——— *I think, he'll be to* Rome
As is the Aſpray *to the fiſh, who takes it*
By ſov'reignty of nature.]

Though I confeſs it might have been very vain to find any ſuch word as *Aſpray*, yet I eaſily imagin'd, ſomething muſt be couch'd, under the corruption, in its nature deſtructive to fiſh, and that made a prey of them. And this ſuſpicion led me to the diſcovery. The *Oſprey* is a ſpecies of the eagle, of a ſtrong make, that haunts the ſea and lakes for its food, and altogether preys on fiſh. It is called the ἁλιαίετος, or *Aquila Marina*, as alſo *Avis oſſifraga*: thence contracted firſt, perhaps, into *Oſphrey*, and then, with regard to the eaſe of pronunciation, *Oſprey*. *Pliny* gives us this deſcription of its acute ſight, and eagerneſs after its prey. Haliæetus, *clariſſima oculorum acie, librans ex alto ſeſe, viſo in mari piſce, præceps in mare ruens, et diſcuſſis pectore aquis, rapiens.* It may not be diſagreeable to go a little farther to explain the propriety of the poet's alluſion. Why will *Coriolanus* be to *Rome*, as the *Oſprey* to the fiſh,

——— *he'll take it*
By ſov'reignty of nature?

Shakeſpeare, 'tis well known, has a peculiarity in thinking; and wherever he is acquainted with nature, is ſure to allude to her moſt

As is the Oſprey to the fiſh, who takes it
By ſovereignty of nature. Firſt, he was
A noble ſervant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even; whether pride,
(Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man) whether defect of judgment,
(To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances,
Whereof he was the Lord) or whether nature,
(Not to be other than one thing; not moving
From th' caſk to th' cuſhion; but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb,
As he controll'd the war;) But one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all) not all,
For I dare ſo far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd; but he has merit
To choak it in the utt'rance: ſo our virtues
Lie in th' interpretation of the time;

uncommon effects and operations. I am very apt to imagine, therefore, that the poet meant, *Coriolanus* would take *Rome* by the very opinion and terror of his name, as fiſh are taken by the *Oſprey*, thro' an inſtinctive fear they have of him. "The fiſhermen, (ſays our "old naturaliſt *William Turner*,) are uſed to anoint their baits with "*Oſprey*'s fat, thinking thereby to make them the more efficacious: "becauſe, when that bird is hovering in the air, all the fiſh, that "are beneath him, (the nature of the eagle, as it is believ'd, com-"pelling them to it;) turn up their bellies, and as it were, give him "his choice which he will take of them." *Geſner* goes a little farther in ſupport of this odd inſtinct, telling us, "that while this bird "flutters in the air, and ſometimes, as it were, ſeems ſuſpended "there, he drops a certain quantity of his fat, by the influence "whereof the fiſh are ſo affrighted and confounded, that they im-"mediately turn themſelves belly upwards; upon which he ſowſes "down perpendicularly like a ſtone, and ſeizes them in his talons". ---To this, I dare ſay, *Shakeſpeare* alludes in this expreſſion of the *ſov'reignty of nature*. This very thought is again touch'd by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*; a play in which there is a tradition of our author having been jointly concern'd.

——But, oh, *Jove!* your actions,
Soon as they move, as *Aſprays* do the *fiſh*,
Subdue before they *touch*.

For here again we muſt read, *Oſprays*,

And

And power, unto itſelf moſt commendable, (36)
Hath not a tomb ſo evident, as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do fail.
Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou'rt poor'ſt of all, then ſhortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

(36) *And pow'r, unto itſelf moſt commendable,*
Hath not a tomb ſo evident, as a chair
T' extol what it hath done]

This is a very common ſentiment, but moſt obſcurely expreſs'd. The ſenſe. That virtue, which delights to commend itſelf, will find the certaineſt *tomb* in that *chair*, in which it holds forth on its own commendations. *i. e.* Nothing ſo readily throws our own virtue into oblivion, as the practice of commending one's ſelf. That power, which is moſt jealous of competitors, [unto itſelf moſt commendable,] hath no certainer grave than that chair in which it extols its own worth. Mr. *Warburton*.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, a publick Place in *Rome*.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *with others.*

MENENIUS.

NO, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath ſaid,
Which was ſometime his General, who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me father;
But what o' that? go you, that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his tent, fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not ſeem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not anſwer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleleſs,
'Till he had forg'd himſelf a name o' th' fire
Of burning *Rome*.

Men. Why, ſo; you've made good work!
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for *Rome*,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leaſt expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a ſtate
To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Men. Very well, could he ſay leſs?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His anſwer to me was,
He could not ſtay to pick them in a pile
Of noiſom muſty chaff. He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,

And

And ſtill to noſe th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of thoſe: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the muſty chaff; and you are ſmelt
Above the moon. We muſt be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuſe your aid
In this ſo-never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our diſtreſs. But, ſure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our countryman.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What ſhould I do?

Bru. Only make tryal what your love can do
For *Rome*, towards *Marcius*.

Men. Well, and ſay, that *Marcius*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard: (what then?)
But as a diſcontented friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs. Say't be ſo?

Sic. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from *Rome*, after the meaſure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.——
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then (37)
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts; therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.

(37) *The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, &c.*] Lord *Bacon* ſomewhere in his eſſays makes this very remark concerning the *ſeaſons* of *ſollicitation*.

Bru.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does ſit in gold; his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, riſe: diſmiſs'd me
Thus, with his ſpeechleſs hand. What he would do,
He ſent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unleſs his mother
And wife,—who (as I hear) mean to ſollicit him
For mercy to his country: therefore hence,
And with our fair intreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Volſcian* Camp.

Enter Menenius *to the Watch or Guard.*

1 *Watch.* STay: whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But, by your leave,
I am an officer of ſtate, and come
To ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

1 *Watch.* Whence?

Men. From *Rome.* [General

1 *Watch.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch.* You'll ſee your *Rome* embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius.*

1 *Watch.* Be it ſo, go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy

Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts; whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd happily amplified:
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground,
I've tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the leaſing. Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *Watch.* Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lye, as to live chaſtely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember, my name is *Menenius*; always factionary of the party of your General.

2 *Watch.* Howſoever you have been his liar, (as you ſay, you have;) I am one that, telling true under him, muſt ſay, you cannot paſs. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 *Watch.* Then you ſhould hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the eaſy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd dotard as you ſeem to be? can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? no, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution; you are condemn'd, our General has ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would uſe me with eſtimation.

1 *Watch.* Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

1 *Watch.* My General cares not for you. Back, I

ſay, go; leſt I let forth your half pint of blood. Back, that's the utmoſt of your having. back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow.

Enter Coriolanus, *with* Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll ſay an errand for you; you ſhall know now, that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall perceive, that a *Jack*-gardant cannot office me from my ſon *Coriolanus*; gueſs but my entertainment with him; if thou ſtand'ſt not i' th' ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father *Menenius* does! Oh my ſon, my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being aſſured, none but myſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with ſighs; and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods aſſuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my acceſs to thee——

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are ſervanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, remiſſion lies
In *Volſcian* breaſts, That we have been familiar, (38)

Ingrate

(38) ——*That we have been familiar,*
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon, rather
Than pity: Note how much——]

We cannot deſire a more ſignal inſtance of the indolent ſtupidity of our editors. Forgetfulneſs might *poiſon*, in not remembering a converſation of friendſhip, but how could it, in ſuch an action, be ſaid to *pity* too? The pointing is abſurd; and the ſentiment conſequently ſunk into nonſenſe. As I have regulated the ſtops, both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* ſaw with me, they ought to be regulated. I have ſtill ventur'd beyond any ingenious friends, in changing *poiſon* into

Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall priſon, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone;
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy ſake,
[*Gives him a letter.*
And would have ſent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee ſpeak.—This man, *Auſidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'ſt—
Auf. You keep a conſtant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius?*

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a ſpell, you ſee, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear, how we are ſhent for keeping your greatneſs back?

2 *Watch.* What cauſe, do you think, I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your General: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He, that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another: let your General do his worſt. For you, be what you are, long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age! I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, away! —— [*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Ex. Watch.*

Re-enter Coriolanus *and* Auſidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of *Rome* to-morrow
Set down our hoſt. My partner in this action,
You muſt report to th' *Volſcian* Lords, how plainly
I've borne this buſineſs.

Auf. Only their ends you have reſpected; ſtopt
Your ears againſt the general ſuit of *Rome*;

into *priſon*: which adds an antitheſis, by which the ſenſe ſeems clearer and more natural: *viz.* That *forgetfulneſs* ſhall rather *keep it a ſecret*, that we have been familiar; than *pity* ſhall *diſcloſe* how much we have been ſo.

Never

Never admitted private whiſper, no,
Not with ſuch friends that thought them ſure of you.
Cor. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a father:
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old love, I have
(Tho' I ſhew'd ſow'rly to him) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions; (which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept,) to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: a very little
I've yielded to. Freſh embaſſy, and ſuits,
Nor from the ſtate, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what ſhout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not——

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, *young* Marcius, *with Attendants all in Mourning.*

My wife comes foremoſt, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.
What is that curt'ſy worth? or thoſe dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great nature cries,—Deny not. Let the *Volſcians*
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.
Virg. My Lord and huſband!
Cor. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in *Rome*.
Virg. The ſorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.

Cor.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay,
For that, forgive our *Romans*.—O a kiſs
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiſs
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.—You gods! I prate; (39)
And

(39) ——*You gods, I pray,*
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted,]

An old corruption muſt have poſſeſs'd this paſſage, for two reaſons. In the firſt place, whoever conſults this ſpeech, will find, that he is talking fondly to his wife, and not praying to the gods at all. Secondly, if he were employ'd in his devotions, no apology would be wanting for leaving his mother unſaluted. The poet's intention was certainly this. *Coriolanus*, having been laviſh in his tenderneſſes and raptures to his wife, bethinks himſelf on the ſudden, that his fondneſs to her had made him guilty of ill manners in the neglect of his mother; and, therefore correcting himſelf upon reflection, cries;

——*You gods!* I prate;

Prate, 'tis true, is a term now ill-ſounding to us, becauſe it is taken only, as the grammarians call it, *in malam partem*. Our language was not ſo refin'd, tho' more maſculine, in *Shakeſpeare*'s days; and therefore (notwithſtanding the preſent ſuppos'd κακοφωνία,) when he is moſt ſerious, he frequently makes uſe of the word. A little after, in this very ſcene, *Volumnia* ſays;

——yet here he lets me *prate*,
Like one i' th' ſtocks.

K. John.
If I talk to him, with his innocent *prate*
He will awake my mercy.

Hamlet.
And if thou *prate* of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us.

Nor is it infrequent with him to employ the diminutive of this term.

——But I *prattle*
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I do forget. *Tempeſt.*

Silence that fellow;---I would, he had ſome
Cauſe to *prattle* for himſelf. *Meaſ. for Meaſ.*

——O my ſweet,
I *prattle* out of faſhion, and I doat
In mine own comfort. *Othello.*

And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: ſink, my knee, i' th' earth; [*kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.
Vol. O ſtand up bleſt!
Whilſt with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty as miſtaken all the while, [*kneels.*
Between the child and parent.
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars: then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun:
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior,
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this Lady?
Cor. The noble ſiſter of *Poplicola*,
The moon of *Rome*; chaſte as the iſicle,
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on *Dian*'s temple: dear *Valeria*!——
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*ſhewing young* Marcius.
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May ſhew like all yourſelf.
Cor. The god of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupreme *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleneſs, that thou may'ſt prove
To ſhame unvulnerable, and ſtick i' th' wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this Lady, and myſelf,
Are ſuitors to you.
Cor. I beſeech you, peace:

I amended the paſſage in queſtion, in the appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to correct it from thence, in his laſt edition.

Or,

Or, if you'd aſk, remember this before:
The thing, I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome*'s mechanicks. Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: deſire not
T' allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.

Vol. Oh, no more; no more:
You've ſaid, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing elſe to aſk, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will aſk,
That if we fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you *Volſcians*, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private.—Your requeſt?

Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment
And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We've lead ſince thy exile. Think with thyſelf,
How more unfort'nate than all living women
Are we come hither; ſince thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to ſee
The ſon, the huſband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out: and to poor we,
Thine enmity's moſt capital; thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound? together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound? Alack! or we muſt loſe
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhou'd win. For either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our ſtreets; or elſe

Trium-

Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, 'till
Theſe wars determine: if I can't perſuade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He ſhall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires, nor child, nor woman's face, to ſee:
I've ſat too long.——

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the *Romans*, thereby to deſtroy
The *Volſcians* whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poiſonous of your honour. No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the *Volſcians*
May ſay, this mercy we have ſhew'd; the *Romans*,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, be bleſt
For making up this peace! thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit,
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with curſes:
Whoſe chronicle thus writ, 'the man was noble—
'But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out,
'Deſtroy'd his country, and his name remains
'To th' enſuing age, abhorr'd.' Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected the firſt ſtrains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,

And

And yet to charge thy ſulphur with a bolt, (40)
That ſhould but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' th' ſtocks. Thou'ſt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſy;
When ſhe, (poor hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: but if it be not ſo,
Thou art not honeſt, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, Ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees.
To's ſir-name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; and end;
This is the laſt. So we will home to *Rome*,
And die among our neighbours: nay, behold us.
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our petition with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a *Volſcian* to his mother: (41)
His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child

(40) *And yet to* change *thy ſulphur with a bolt,*
That ſhould but rive an oak.]
All the printed copies concur in this reading, but I have certainly reſtor'd the true word. *Vid.* the 14th note on this play.

(41) *This fellow had a* Volſcian *to his mother*;
His wife is in Corioli; *and* his *child*
Like him by chance;---] But tho' his wife was in *Corioli*, might not his child, nevertheleſs, be like him? the minute alteration I have made, I am perſuaded, reſtores the true reading. *Volumnia* would hint, that *Coriolanus* by his ſtern behaviour had loſt all family-regards, and did not remember that he had any child. I am not his mother, (ſays ſhe) his wife is in *Corioli*, and *this* child, whom we bring with us, (young *Marcius*) is not his child, but only bears his reſemblance by chance.

Like him by chance; yet give us our diſpatch:
I'm huſht, until our city be afire;
And then I'll ſpeak a little.
Cor. O mother, mother!——
[*Holds her by the hands, ſilent.*
What have you done? behold, the heav'ns do ope,
The gods look down, and their unnatural ſcene
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
You've won a happy victory to *Rome:*
But for your ſon, believe it, oh, believe it,
Moſt dang'rouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. Let it come:——
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my ſtead, ſay, would you have heard
A mother leſs? or granted leſs, *Aufidius?*
Auf. I too was mov'd.
Cor. I dare be ſworn, you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, adviſe me: for my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. O mother! wife!——
Auf. I'm glad, thou'ſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of that I'll work
Myſelf a former fortune. [*Aſide.*
Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you ſhall bear [*To* Vol. Virg. *&c.*
A better witneſs back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come, enter with us: Ladies, you deſerve
To have a temple built you: all the ſwords
In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, the *Forum*, in *Rome*.

Enter Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Men. SEE you yond coin o' th' capitol, yond corner-[ſtone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of *Rome*, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I ſay, there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Marcius* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horſe. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his ſtate, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark, what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that ſhall our poor city find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all ſwearing, if
The *Roman* Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Meſ. Good news, good news, the Ladies have prevail'd,
The *Volſcians* are diſlodg'd, and *Marcius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend,
Art certain, this is true? is it moſt certain?

Meſ. As certain, as I know the ſun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch ſo hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the ſhouting *Romans*
Make the ſun dance. Hark you! [*A ſhout within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia*
Is worth of conſuls, ſenators, patricians,
A city full: of tribunes, ſuch as you,
A ſea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day:
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Sound ſtill, with the ſhouts.*

Sic. Firſt, the gods bleſs you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.

Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city?

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, paſſing over the ſtage; with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our patroneſs, the life of *Rome*:
Call all your tribes together, praiſe the gods,
And make triumphant fires: ſtrew flowers before them:
Unſhout the noiſe, that baniſh'd *Marcius*;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry,—welcome, Ladies, welcome! [*Exeunt.*
All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome!——
[*A flouriſh with drums and trumpets.*

SCENE changes to a publick Place in *Antium*.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Attendants.*

Auf. GO tell the Lords o' th' city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He, I accuſe,
The city ports by this hath enter'd; and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himſelf with words. Diſpatch.--Moſt welcome!

Enter three or four Conſpirators of Aufidius's *faction.*

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?
Auf. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms impoiſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.
2 *Con.* Moſt noble Sir,
If you do hold the ſame intent, wherein
You wiſh'd us parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits

A good construction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping——

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him chuse
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holpe to reap the fame,
Which he did make all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong; 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my Lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and, at last,
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory——

Auf. There was it;——
(For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him;
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,

Ere

Ere he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.
Auf. Say no more,
Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're moſt welcome home.
Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
All. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the laſt, I think,
Might have found eaſy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, anſwering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, this admits no excuſe.
Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, *marching with drums and colours; the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, Lords; I am return'd, your ſoldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your wars, even to
The gates of *Rome:* Our ſpoils, we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoiſe, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no leſs honour to the *Antiates*,
Than ſhame to th' *Romans:* and we here deliver,
Subſcribed by the conſuls and patricians,
Together with the ſeal o' th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble Lords.

But

But tell the traitor, in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—how now?——

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Marcius*.

Cor. *Marcius!*——

Auf. Ay, *Marcius, Caius Marcius*; doſt thou think,
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtoln name
Coriolanus, in *Corioli?*
You Lords and heads o' th' ſtate, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of ſalt, your city *Rome*;
I ſay, your city, to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk, never admitting
Counſel o' th' war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages bluſh'd at him; and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at other.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou, *Mars!*——

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!——

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O ſlave!——
Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I'm forc'd to ſcold. Your judgments, my grave Lords,
Muſt give this cur the lye; and his own notion,
(Who wears my ſtripes impreſt upon him; that
Muſt bear my beating to his grave;) ſhall join
To thruſt the lye unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me ſpeak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volſcians*, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! falſe hound!—
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volſcians* in *Corioli*.
Alone I did it. Boy!——

Auf. Why, noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,

'Fore

Bore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:
He kill'd my son,—my daughter,—kill'd my cousin,—
He kill'd my father.— [*The Croud speak promiscuously.*

2 *Lord.* Peace,—no outrage—peace—
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' th' earth; his last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six *Aufidius*'s, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword——

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The Conspirators all draw, and kill* Marcius, *who falls, and* Aufidius *stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O *Tullus*——

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him—masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My Lords, when you shall know (as in this rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble coarse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow: take him up:

Help,

Help, three o' th' chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be one. (42)
Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully:
Trail your ſteel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.
[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Marcius. *A dead march ſounded.*

(42) *Help*, three *o' th' chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be* one.] Not one of the three, but one to aſſiſt them: he would make the fourth man. So, in the concluſion of *Hamlet*;

——Let *four* captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a ſoldier to the ſtage;

The End of the SIXTH Volume.

JAN 1 1 1961